

Britannia

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No. 15

MY acquaintance with Mr. Baldwin goes back to the year 1908, when he first entered the House of Commons. For countless years he was one of those unassuming back-bench members, very popular in the smoking-room, and indeed wherever he was known, who never attempted to take an effective part in the debates of the House. And yet his membership in these early days coincided with a period of fierce domestic strife in which increasingly grave controversial tasks were thrown upon the opposition.

Looking back now, though I never suspected it at the time, I think that Mr. Baldwin even then, while entertaining no doubt as to the merits of current controversy, felt somehow or other that it was not his special mission to take part in that fierce *gal. re.* Even in those days I can recall him in the smoking-room of the House of Commons, with his pipe as always, the genial centre of a genial group, gossiping and contributing always agreeably to the general conversational give and take of the smoke-room.

A Serious Thinker.

IT is very easy often for shrewd observers to make mistakes, and I do not much blame myself for failing—in common so far as I know with every other contemporary observer—to discern the possibilities which lay behind a pretension so modest and so reticent.

I do, however, recall one circumstance which made it plain that even then Mr. Baldwin was a serious thinker. He was the life and soul of a small committee of the Unionist Party which deeply concerned itself in opposition with the question of Social Reform as an integral element in the programme of the Unionist Party.

He was, even at that time, a convinced believer in the principles which Disraeli expressed in such splendid general language, although he was not afforded leisure or opportunity to translate them in any large measure on to the pages of the Statute Book.

Those were the days when iron and steel were prosperous. Stanley Baldwin was, as compared with the rest of us, a capitalist and a rich man. He largely financed our activities.

There are before me as I write five slim volumes entitled respectively: *Agricultural Problems*; *Industrial Unrest*; *Education*; *Poor Law*; *Housing*; which embody the result of much contemporary research, to which I am proud of having made many contributions, though not of a financial character, and which could not have been printed without the liberal financial support which Stanley Baldwin gave.

Almost all our recommendations have to-day been accepted; most of them find a place on the Statute Book.

His Gift to the Nation.

THEN came the war, without any increase in the importance of Mr. Baldwin's individual position. He undoubtedly was in entire sympathy with the letter which Lord Lansdowne and



MR. BALDWIN'S POWER

BY

The Right Hon. The Earl of Birkenhead, G.C.S.I., P.C.

Armistice, Europe staggered on in all its difficulties and perplexities.

The Coalition, as was inevitable, committed grave errors; but it nevertheless attained successes which were never sufficiently recognised. We did at least, against the whole of the popular Press, keep the Turk out of Europe to the everlasting benefit of European tranquillity.

In making this claim, I attempt no reflection at the expense of the present extremely efficient Turkish Government. I merely make the claim that the military intrusion of that Government into Europe at that moment would not have been a contributory element in the peace which it was our purpose to establish. But more and more it became obvious that Mr. Lloyd George with all his daemonic gifts was inflexibly wedded to purposes which were hard to reconcile with the fundamental convictions and prejudices of the Tory Party.

Mr. Bonar Law wrote Mr. Asquith, though I am quite sure that he was not made aware of the intention of these distinguished men.

For nearly nine months I was engaged in various activities outside England. I neither heard, nor, to be quite frank, thought of Stanley Baldwin until my return to become Solicitor-General in May, 1915.

I cannot recall the precise date, but I remember being immensely struck by an anonymous letter to *The Times*, in which the writer announced that he intended to dedicate a considerable proportion of his considerable fortune to help the finances of the nation in the long and desperate struggle which was obviously to test those finances.

There was no pose; no self-advertisement; no other publicity than such as was necessary in the hope of inducing others to follow so high an example.

A gesture so superb did not even in the agony of the war pass unnoticed. But to none, except perhaps to the Editor of *The Times*, was the identity of this generous and patriotic Englishman made known.

It was not indeed until years afterwards, and then through no revelation on his own part, that it became known that the anonymous patriot was Stanley Baldwin.

A Personality Revealed.

A LITTLE later, if I am chronologically right, he became a member of the Coalition Government. The first time I ever realised that I had not understood or done justice to Baldwin was one night in the House of Commons when he made a speech to which I happened to listen.

I have completely forgotten the occasion. But he employed a certain sentence in illustration of his argument of an arresting literary quality which made me suddenly realise that I had up to that time done him an injustice; and that there was something

seriously to be reckoned with in the personality of Stanley Baldwin.

Still, I was myself at that time immersed in great affairs, and our intercourse, though always friendly, was of the slightest. For four years after the

His Right to the Leadership.

AND so gradually there arose the crisis which culminated at the Carlton Club. I am not here concerned to decide whether the conclusion reached on that fateful day was right or wrong. Upon this point it will, in my opinion, be premature to dogmatise until we become aware of the results of the next two elections.

But upon one point there can be no doubt. The courageous speech of Mr. Baldwin—whether he was right or whether he was wrong—decided the issue. And it was altogether right when Mr. Bonar Law resigned the Premiership, that Mr. Baldwin should become the head of the new Conservative Government and not Lord Curzon, if only because Mr. Baldwin knew his own mind and courageously declared it; while Lord Curzon, who had promised to attend and support the Coalition, stayed away upon the ground that, in his opinion a Peer ought not to attend the meeting. Of this belated conclusion he had omitted to warn either Lord Balfour or myself, his principal colleagues in the House of Lords.

And so the Conservative Government came into existence, largely reinforced by die-hard antagonism against the Irish Treaty. Had the Treaty, from hostility to which they drew so much strength, not been carried, there would have been no majority at all; for it can hardly be doubted that the necessary number of Sinn Feiners would have come to Westminster to defeat it on the occasion of the King's speech. Nor was there the slightest prospect of a Conservative majority which would have rendered any other Conservative Government immune from such decisive incursions.

To put the matter shortly, that Treaty, which principally exasperated the die-hards against the Coalition, provided the only opportunity by a reliance on which the friends of the die-hards could have formed or could have sustained a government.

Mr. Baldwin was far too intelligent ever to be an enemy to the Treaty. He cannot, in this matter, be criticised for the slightest inconsistency.

Mr. Baldwin's Big Mistake.

WITH the resignation of Mr. Bonar Law, he became Prime Minister; in my judgment, for the reasons given above, rightly and inevitably.

And then there came the strange and unexplained mistake of the premature General Election upon Tariff Reform. I have always looked upon this risky experiment as the only incautious step which in my experience Mr. Baldwin has ever taken. I do not even now know how he came to take it. He succumbed incredibly to very foolish advisers.

It ended, as all the world knows, in incredible disaster; and the rally of the Conservative Party round Mr. Baldwin, in spite of that disaster, is the strongest testimony that ever was given by any Party to any leader. One can always get people to applaud you when you succeed; it is when one fails that one tests loyalty and character. At the moment of a failure so shattering, Mr. Baldwin quietly and steadfastly reasserted his hold over the Conservative Party.

He was quickly rewarded. The ludicrous errors of the Labour Party gave him an opportunity upon which no one could have counted. The fatal decision—since admitted by Mr. Lloyd George—of placing the Socialists in office was naturally of enormous assistance.

With the Zinovieff election, he came into his kingdom with an unexampled majority.

An Established Reputation.

I HAVE been his colleague for four years, and have learnt to value, and I believe accurately to appreciate, his qualities as clearly as any who have sat in council round the Cabinet table.

He is a man who has clearly realised that the interests of England, alike in domestic and foreign matters, require peace. As to foreign affairs I have not space to speak.

In domestic affairs it has been too quickly forgotten that he made every effort to avoid that Trade Union legislation which was rendered inevitable by the General Strike. His speech, with its peroration, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," will not soon be forgotten in the annals of Parliament.

Unhappily it did not prevail, and we found ourselves face to face with the crisis of the General Strike. In dealing with that crisis Stanley Baldwin never lost his head. If he did not prove himself as subtle or supple as Mr. Lloyd George



Mr. Baldwin with a pipe which is part of his personality.

would have done, there was compensating gain. Everyone knew at every moment and with exact precision, what he stood for and how far he would go.

I myself profoundly believe that the more critically the events of the last four years are examined, the higher will stand the reputation of the Government and of the Prime Minister.

Trusted by the Nation.

AS one who at a critical period held the high office of Secretary of State for India, I can testify to the loyal support which he never withheld from me during the whole of that period.

What then are the qualities which have made Mr. Baldwin one of those personalities called upon, and still to be called upon, to play a dominant part in the fortunes of a nation? It is not quite sufficient to compare him with Mr. W. H. Smith. Mr.

Smith was probably a greater business organiser than Mr. Baldwin, although the Prime Minister has lacked neither business experience nor acumen, but Mr. Smith was wholly lacking in the literary quality of which Mr. Baldwin is a master when he is dealing with congenial subjects. It is not all-round mastery. But why should it be? I have heard Mr. Baldwin at a dinner of the

Worcestershire County Association deliver a speech worthy of Mr. Kipling in his loving understanding of the county which he knows and understands so well. And a father may be forgiven for recalling the speech which he recently made at Gray's Inn on the twenty-first birthday of my son Furneaux. And if I must answer the question which I have asked myself, I must in default of any better make this reply.

The strength of Stanley Baldwin lies in the possession of a sincere and direct personality. It is so simple and so direct that it never becomes the prey of sophisticated dialectics. Though much tinctured by letters, he is not an intellectual. And over and above all he has mastered the gift of so projecting his personality over the national footlights, that, when he speaks, all England realises that they are listening to the advice of an honest and patriotic man.



The Political Eros.

Stanley Eros: "Steady Girls! If you want to return safely, not so much bumping!" (Daily Express)

LORD BIRKENHEAD

Upon his return to London (towards the end of January) Lord Birkenhead will contribute to *BRITANNIA* a weekly commentary on current affairs, political and otherwise.

The national importance of this arrangement—probably the most interesting ever made in modern journalism—is obvious.

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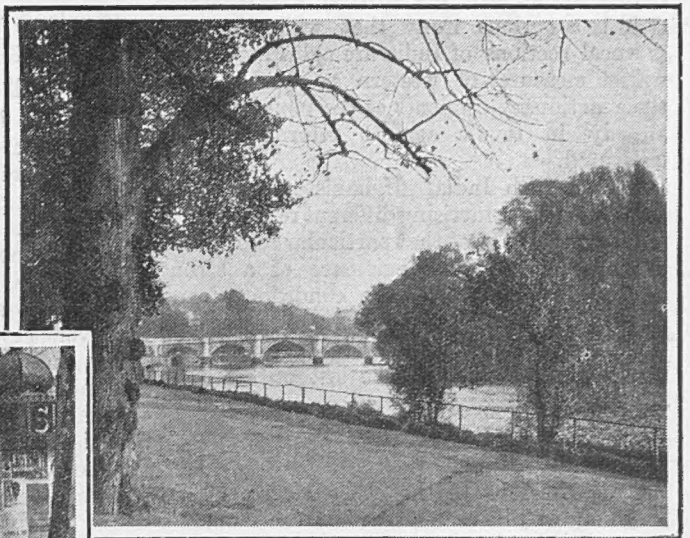
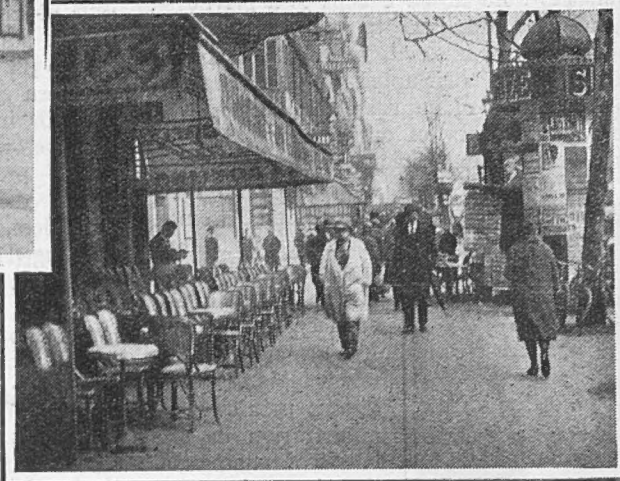
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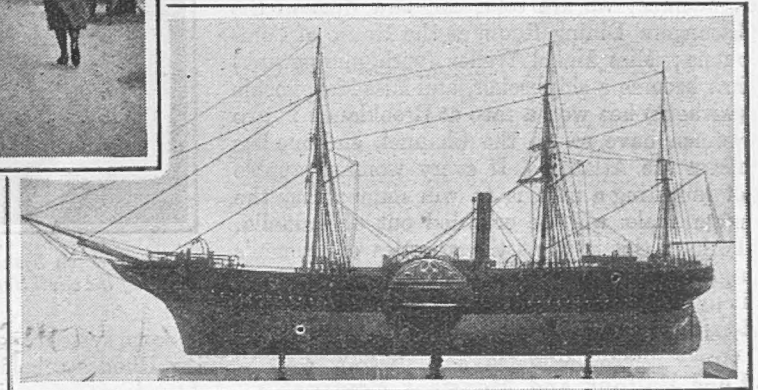


Leaving Croydon for the Swiss winter sports. The journey to Basle can be made in one day.

Paris without its out-door cafes would be a changed city. The Prefect of Police suggests that their removal would help to solve the traffic problem.



The picturesque bridge at Richmond. The proposal to build a new bridge has aroused opposition.



A model of the steamship "Britannia," the first Cunarder exhibited at the Teacher's College, Columbia University.

The King's Illness.

AS I write the news of the King's health is far from reassuring, and the anxiety so widely felt until just before Christmas has returned.

We can only hope and pray that the tenacity and courage so invariably displayed by His Majesty on behalf of his subjects will enable his system to resist the return of the general infection. Unfortunately the struggle must in any case be a long and painful one, and for many weeks anxiety must continue.

1928.

FEW years can have seen the passing of so many famous men. Lord Oxford, Lord Haldane and Lord Haig have a secure place in history. When the final judgment comes to be passed on the war and our action in it the share of these three men in the final victory will certainly outweigh that of any other three men who could be named.

In literature the death of Thomas Hardy leaves a gap which no one pretends to fill. Art mourns Sir Frank Dicksee, the President of the Royal Academy. Happily, the See of Canterbury fell vacant by a kindlier process, but here, too, a landmark has been passed. Finally, the House of Commons faces 1929 with a new Speaker, and the House of Lords with a new Lord Chancellor, to preside over their debates.

The Year's Achievement.

UNHAPPILY, the record of positive achievement is a barren one. No new book or play of outstanding importance has appeared. Probably Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of a Fox Hunting Man* is more sure of fame than anything else, though Lord Oxford's reminiscences have a dignity and veracity which will ensure their standing out against the rather petty background afforded by more sensational volumes. Like Lord Grey's *Twenty-five Years* and Mr. Winston Churchill's *World Crisis*, they have a breadth and depth which time will make clearer. If they are less than literature they are much more than journalism.

The chief political enterprise of 1928 will be denied to it by history, for Mr. Neville Chamberlain's ambitious Reform Bill will be known for all time, regardless of the date of its birth, as the Local Government Act of 1929. And even if we ante-date our swallow we can

hardly make a summer of it. Annalists will have to fall back on the brilliant achievements of the M.C.C. in Australia if they want to crown the dead year with laurels.

A Royal Visitor.

THE royal influx to England does not usually commence till April's here, but Prince Paul of Serbia, now en route from Belgrade, can scarcely be counted a stranger within our gates. He was at Oxford with the Prince of Wales, and his mother was a Demidoff—a princely Russian family which, in pre-revolution days, maintained a very intimate connection with this country.

Prince Paul married the eldest daughter of Prince Nicholas of Greece, who contributed a very interesting article to our last issue, and the royal couple lived awhile at White Lodge, in Richmond Park, where their son and heir was born.

Both the Prince and Princess are very popular in British royal and social circles, so that, with all their devotion to Yugoslavia, they may well regard their return to England as somewhat of a home-coming.

King Alexander

SERBS and Croats have little enough in common these days, but all parties in the Yugoslav kingdom will unite in wishing King Alexander a speedy recovery from his unfortunate illness.

It would, perhaps, be too much to say that only allegiance to the dynasty has kept the Triune State together, for fear of external foes will, in the ultimate, always suffice to throw Zagreb into the arms of Belgrade. Yet while the peoples quarrel—as they have been quarrelling ever since Versailles proclaimed a new era of peace on earth—the monarch has remained the one effective link between the two branches of the Yugoslav family. More than once has the royal kiss healed the wounds inflicted by warring politicians.

During the Balkan wars King Alexander commanded an Army Corps with great distinction; the Great War found him deputising for his aged father as Commander-in-Chief of the Serbian Army. A plain, sincere man, he

lived amongst his soldiers, sharing their dangers, hardships and fatigue, and when the day's duties were done he spent many an evening amid plebeian surroundings over a quiet game of draughts or chess.

Nowadays, as the Sovereign of a greatly enlarged domain and the husband of a Princess of Roumania, Alexander must perforce maintain a kingly state, but I often wonder whether he was not happier in the environment of those war-beaten quarters whence he directed the great offensive that drove the Austrian hosts back across the Danube.

The Evacuation of Gallipoli.

NEXT Sunday is the 13th anniversary of the evacuation of Gallipoli, the culmination of a series of operations without parallel in military history, and so remarkably successful as to suggest (quite wrongly) the complicity of the Turks. The lesson of the retreat was taught by ourselves to the Germans, and practised by them a year later when they withdrew from the shattered battlefield of the Somme to the Hindenburg line.

It is unlikely that either of these astonishing manœuvres will be repeated. They were possible just in those years when the cavalry were kept inactive by the new science of entrenchment and the tanks had not yet come to take their place.

Contrary to some, I hold the German retreat to have been the more masterly achievement. From the front line of Gallipoli to the beach was a short four miles, and the whole operation could be carried out in darkness, with our original positions held to the very last. The German retreat, on the other hand, had to be carried on for days after we knew that it was in progress, under the fire of our guns and in full view of our aeroplanes.

Afghanistan and the Simon Commission.

IT is a curious irony that while the most vocal sections of India are agitating for the widest measures of western political reform, the reactionary elements of the population are already in revolt against reforms already instituted.

Like British India, Afghanistan comprises different races, practising different religions, and the real lesson is not that particular reforms are unwise, but that the existence of a strong central government is the condition of any reforms at all. The diversity of races and religions is infinitely greater in India and the lesson will certainly not be lost on Sir John Simon.

The Woman's Year?

ACCORDING to the *Daily Express*, 1928 may well be remembered as the Woman's Year. I should hate to be unchivalrous, but the catalogue of achievements given by our contemporary affords the best possible reasons for doubting whether it will be.

Women, we are told, can now dine in the Strangers' Dining Room at the House of Commons; Miss Mabel Weller (with photograph) has become a shipbroker, and Miss Maconochie (without) has won a race at Brooklands; two women have swum the Channel, and one has flown the Atlantic. If every woman capable of imitating a man is to win immortality the mere male will be crowded out of Valhalla. Perhaps this is what the apostles of women's rights desire, but their method of setting about it displays a logic which is more feminine than feminist.

Lord Balfour and Monsieur Poincaré.

AFTER a good deal of irritating diplomatic hocus-pocus a commission of "experts" is going to attempt yet another "final" solution of the reparations tangle. It would take another set of experts to define the status of the first set, so I shall not attempt to do so. They seem to be like the House of Lords in representing nobody but themselves, but whether they will be equally successful in satisfying their constituents is to be doubted.

A more than usually foolish anti-French campaign has been started as the result of M. Poincaré's statement that France will accept no settlement of Reparations which does not repay her what she has spent on the devastated regions and what she has to pay to her own creditors. This claim is neither more nor less reasonable than our own insistence, as defined by Lord Balfour (whom no one has yet denounced as an enemy to European peace), on getting enough from our ex-allies and ex-enemies to pay our own creditor.

If we asked for a smaller total sum it was merely because we have no devastated regions. To insist on the French debt settlement and to complain because they attempt to recover it from Germany is hardly idealistic. If we cannot be generous let us, at least, be just.

"Slightly" Disingenuous.

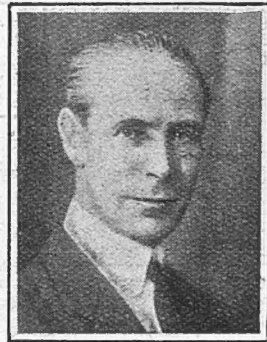
THE Southern Railway makes a new contribution to the gentle art of "whitewashing" in describing two of the trains on their system as having "slightly collided." This will surely excite the envy of the Babu who in the future can hardly be expected to describe himself as anything but a "slightly failed B. A."

Nor can the man who won the war be expected to submit to being called the leader of more than a slightly defeated party.

The Civil Service.

THE latest Civil Service examinations have admitted a good many women to higher executive and administrative posts. This is a particularly unfortunate instance of injudicious and haphazard reform, and in conjunction with other factors will produce a serious crisis. The examination system was instituted at a time when the gates of the universities were closed except to a privileged few and was designed to ensure that our administrators possessed, in addition to the usual qualities of their upbringing and heredity, a high standard of industry and ability.

To-day members of our former governing class are in an inconspicuous minority even at the older universities and women form a very substantial proportion of students in the country as a whole. A system which under these conditions puts our administration in the hands of competent examinees irrespective of their sex, class, character or upbringing, is bound to be fatal to efficiency.



Sir Warren Fisher,
Head of the Civil Service.

Some system such as that employed in selecting Rhodes scholars is a possible alternative. At any rate that system, which takes account of character, physique and personality as well as academic qualifications, has worked splendidly. Alternatively, the naval system of nomination followed by a series of examinations and promotion strictly by selection could be adopted. Probably neither will be, because public opinion is indifferent, having been taught by the Press to regard civil servants as people who spend their lives writing useless verbiage in official files. They do this, of course, but in their spare time they govern the greatest Empire known to history.

Unemployment and Rationalisation.

THE important merger of the Cammell-Laird and Armstrong-Vickers interests raises the question of the effect of rationalisation on unemployment. The reduction in overhead expenses which is expected should mean a very drastic reduction in the administrative and clerical staffs and the concentration of output should mean more regular employment for fewer operatives.

These facts have to be faced. The first step to regaining our export trade must be the reduction of our production costs, of which a very heavy percentage are labour costs. If this is not to be achieved by wage reductions, which no one recommends, it must be achieved, by means of better organisation, through a reduction in the numbers employed.

Any attempt to delay this reorganisation in the interests of employment would be foolhardy. Two years of expanding trade will absorb our unemployed automatically. Another year of contracting trade will aggravate our burdens beyond endurance. In other words, we must clear the decks for action and suffer temporary inconvenience in the interests of our very existence.

Latins and Sport.

THE Duke of York has done well to remind us that England, in recounting her attractions to visitors, should number among them that she is the home of sport. I sometimes wonder, however, how far the supremacy of

France to-day in lawn tennis may not be due to the fact that she is only re-learning what she taught us. Ball games had their origin in the Basque country, so far as modern Europe is concerned, and games generally, among Mediterranean, not among Nordic, peoples.

It is to our Roman tradition and to our Norman strain that we owe our skill, and it is at least reasonable to suppose that it is to the effect of a northern climate on a Latin inheritance that we owe the all-round preeminence which, despite the grumblers, we still enjoy. If it is ever to be challenged it will be by France, Italy or Spain, not by Norway, Sweden, or Prussia. We must not make the mistake which the Australian Davis Cup team made last year.



The Duke of York.

The Limits of State Education.

ON Boxing Day 10,000 people went to Madame Tussaud's and 360 went to the National Portrait Gallery. The Crystal Palace attracted 5,000, and the National Gallery 600. If some Conservative M.P. would produce facts like this when the Education estimates are being discussed in the House of Commons he would be getting too near to the root of the matter to please the Front Bench and would ensure himself an offer of a post in the Government without more than a decent interval of delay. Here is a chance for someone to combine useful business with self-advancement.

Detective Stories, Ancient and Modern.

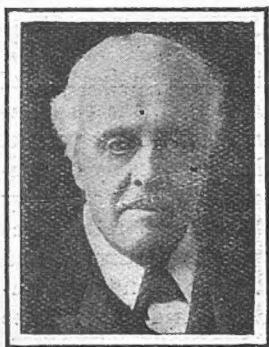
WHILE ordinary mortals have been suffering from ordinary indigestion, Mr. Arnold Bennett appears to have been suffering during the Christmas holidays from a surfeit of detective stories. At any rate, he hurried into print on Boxing Day with the brusque assertion that there were no first-class detective story writers among living writers.

I venture to disagree. The important fact, to my mind, is that Poe, Gaboriau, and Wilkie Collins, to name the greatest of the "old masters," compare so unfavourably with the moderns, while such lesser lights as Florence Warden (except for "The House on the Marsh") are hardly even remembered. "Trent's Last Case," by E. C. Bentley, "The House of the Arrow," by A. E. W. Mason, and "The Girl with Red Hair" (I quote the title from memory), by Eden Philpotts, are as good as anything ever written in this genre.

The art of the detective story writer is to combine mystery with plausibility and to interest us in the mystery through the characters and not *vice versa*. I agree with Mr. Bennett that very few writers pass the second test, but I claim that the three I have mentioned definitely do. So for that matter did Florence Warden in her study of the lamented Mr. Charles Peace.



Mr. Arnold Bennett.



Lord Balfour.

THE CHALLENGE of ASIA.

By

Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah

A GREAT awakening is sweeping over the hoary East, especially upon those darkest regions of old Asia which the West believed to be eternally fixed in a passive repose. But if the East is really "awakening" what is the nature of the change, and to what is it due? Which of the nations of the West will this renaissance primarily affect, and in what manner, and how, if this awakening be in any sense derogatory to the safety and interests of Europe, might its results best be avoided?

Assuredly the East is awakening. Japan, the most advanced among the Asiatic nations, is now making a bid to become the Great Britain of the East. China has revolted against foreign penetration, and nationalist movements have raised their standards in India, Burmah and Egypt.

Asia's Industrialisation.

QUITE apart from these political issues, there are distinct signs of a challenge due to the rapid industrialisation in Asia. Japan's shipbuilding output is beaten only by that of Great Britain and America. China, which was without a single mile of railway up to 1870, has now more than 10,000 miles of track. She is supplying one-fourth of the world's silk trade. In India, Calcutta alone has jute mills which are employing over 276,000 workers. Afghanistan has captured the world's lambskin trade, by means a negligible quantity, and is forging ahead with the exploitation of her mines.

So much industrial activity is being manifested in the East, indeed, that, as compared with previous conditions, the amount of Oriental trade imports to Europe has increased by over 5,000,000 tons annually, India alone having increased her trade ten-fold within the last fifty years.

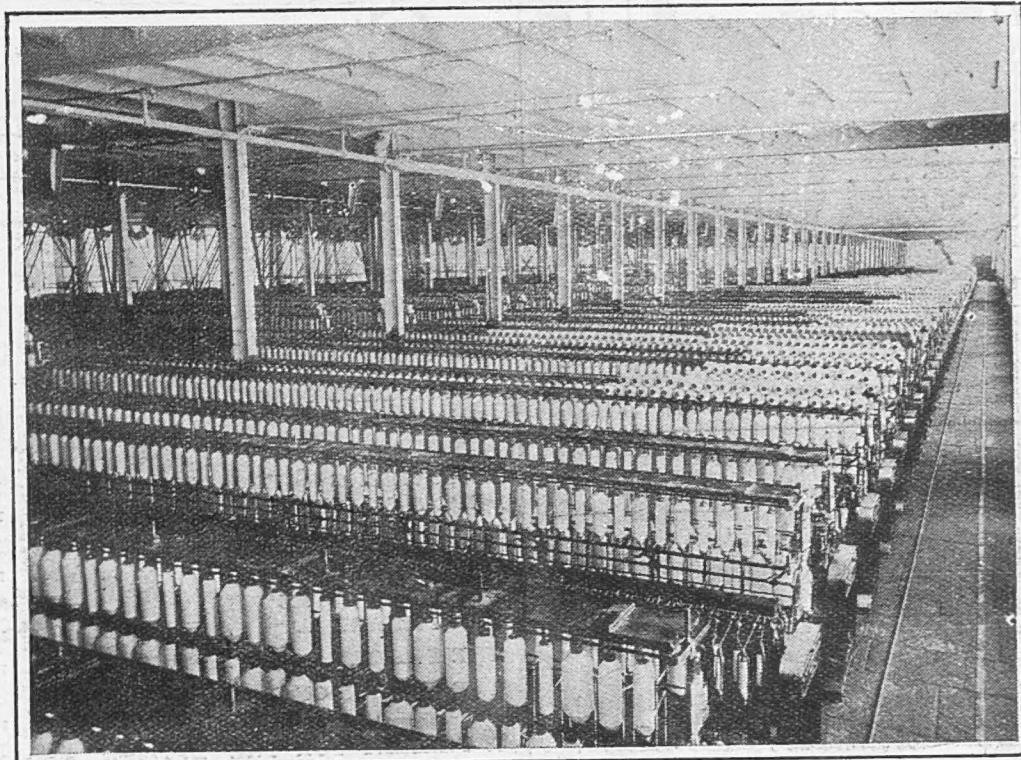
In the face of these facts it is surely erroneous to speak of European trade ascendancy over the East. It was the industrialism of the West which conquered Asia. But she has returned the compliment, and in her own milieu at least, has proved herself a most serious trade competitor to Europe.

British and French Methods.

AND what, precisely, is the character of the change which has overtaken Asiatic affairs? The industrialisation of the Orient is the greatest change of all. But others of far-reaching importance have naturally followed in its train. It has brought with it an almost complete alteration in educational outlook, enlightenment as regards sanitation and a considerable increase in population in certain regions, as, indeed, industrialism invariably does, as it did, for example, in Lancashire, the Ruhr and Northern Italy.

In relation to the influence of the British education as compared with that imparted by the French, it is curious that a British-trained Easterner on returning to the country of his origin resents European methods a great deal more than one educated in France.

The Asiatic is now alive to the truth that he can manufacture goods as marketable and as well-finished as those of the European, and that the raw materials for these, far from being grown half a world away as in the case of some European manufacturing



Indian's trade has increased ten fold in the last fifty years. A great cotton factory at Madura.

centres, is available in his own country. Moreover, he now believes that he is giving the European his labour too cheaply—and, above all, he recognises that every foreigner in his country is really a foreigner, and not a potential master.

War-Shattered Illusions.

THIS latter consideration weighs, perhaps, more heavily with the Asiatic than any other, so far as the change in his attitude to the hegemony of Europe is concerned. To what is it due? Prior to the War, Europe exercised an almost hypnotic control over the Asiatic mind, which certainly regarded the European as a superior being. But this point of view, it is not too much to say, has been shattered by the lessons of the great world-conflict.

The Asiatic was invited to take sides in what he regarded as a great White Civil War, and what Indians saw in France, Turks in Greece and Palestine, and Chinese in Russia and elsewhere, dealt a blow of extraordinary shrewdness at the legend of white superiority. The Asiatic found that the European, when waging war, was every whit as remorseless as himself, and to some extent more wholesale in his methods of extortion. Can anyone blame him if the myth of a European mercifulness and Olympian calm was destroyed in his mind for ever by the spectacle?

A League Against the League.

AS regards the power whom the change in outlook will chiefly affect, there is but little doubt. Unquestionably this renaissance has already had repercussions upon the entire body of European prestige, but Great Britain is bound to feel the alteration much more acutely than any other European country, simply because in the past she has chiefly controlled the East, both fiscally and administratively.

It must be borne in mind that the Asiatic peoples have already organised a League of Nations of their own, more or less opposed to the European League at Geneva, and that meetings of this powerful body have

been held at Nagasaki in Japan, while another is shortly to take place at Kabul in Afghanistan.

Unless some good understanding is arrived at shortly between Asia and Europe, developments of a nature disastrous to European Imperial policies are bound to follow. Asia might well back up her political agitations by withholding her cheap raw material from the European importer.

No Sahibs in Trade.

UNQUESTIONABLY, these European countries which first desert the idea of European hegemony and trade with the East on equal terms will receive the best opportunities in Asia. Trade knows no sahibs, and the sahib attitude, if conveyed into commercial relationship, will undoubtedly court disaster. But the most favoured nation would probably awaken commercial jealousy amongst these European powers not so preferred, and might possibly lead to international strife.

It was by granting concessions to the European Powers that China paved the way for rupture between them, and any unusual effort on the part of one or other of the great Powers of Europe to capture the trade of a given Asiatic country might lead ultimately to war. This, of course, could scarcely apply to India, where Great Britain has entrenched herself, or to Japan, which is already a great manufacturing country, but it certainly would to China, Afghanistan and other Eastern regions.

Partnership not Dictation.

BUT can disastrous effects not be avoided by a policy of greater sympathy and friendliness toward the Asiatic? Undoubtedly they can, and it is to this end that I would urge Europeans to adopt an attitude of partnership with him rather than one of dictation. Everything is to be gained by a liberal spirit of comradeship, absolutely everything to be lost by a show of superiority and coldness. It is only common human nature that the Asiatic will bitterly resent the superior attitude, especially in view of his newly acquired feelings of equality.

CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



DICKENS UP-TO-DATE. "I never will desert you, Micawber!" she exclaimed. "My life!" said Mr. Austen Micawber, taking her in his arms, "I am perfectly aware of it."—(Daily Express.)



WITH THE USUAL DECORATIONS. The U.S. Senate gets busy on the Kellogg Pact.—(Brooklyn Times.)



KINDLY WORDS FROM THE CANNON'S MOUTH. (The Dallas News.)

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK



DICKENS UP-TO-DATE. "Please, sir, I want some more." The master was a fat, healthy man, but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung to the copper for support. The assistants were paralysed with wonder; the boys with fear.—(Daily Express.)



"THAT'S NO WAY TO SPEAK OF A HARD-WORKING GUY LIKE ME."—(New York World.)



"WHY PICK ON ME?"—As the Washington Post sees us.

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IS SOCIALISM *a* BACK NUMBER?

By Dr. L. Haden Guest

Socialism is not a way out of our difficulties, it is not a remedy for unemployment and poverty, it is not the opening of a new era of human emancipation.

Socialism is not a way of advance, it is a side-track.

The promise of Socialism is untrue.

WHY is it that nearly everywhere in the Labour and Socialist movement there is doubt, hesitation, and loss of faith?

Since the General Strike the Trade Unions have lost about 2,000,000 members, according to Mr. Thomas, some millions of accumulated funds have gone, and the position and prestige of the Unions is worse than it was before, not better. On the political side of the movement there are splits and minority movements, groups of the left forming and groups of the right. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald proclaims his moderation and Mr. Maxton and Mr. Cook proclaim their extremism.

Vigorous controversy inside a party may be a sign of vitality, but the controversy inside the Socialist Party is a sign only of desperation. It is true the big machine moves on—but with a diminishing momentum.

Out to Make Money.

IN earlier days in the Socialist movement volunteers for the rough and hard work connected with electioneering came forward in hundreds and thousands. Now that enthusiasm is slackening. The officials conducting bye-elections in which there are Labour and Socialist candidates can no longer count on the mass support of enthusiastic volunteers.

In many constituencies the money element is frankly uppermost. What am I going to get paid? This is a question more and more asked in the movement, where formerly so much was done by volunteers. No doubt this is partly the effect of rich dilettante politicians coming into "Labour" as they would take a shooting in Scotland and spoiling what they touch with their money.

But chiefly it is the effect of lack of faith. Mr. David Kirkwood has expressed this pungently, and speaks of the "death" of the Socialist movement unless its enthusiasm is revived. The *New Leader*, the official organ of the Independent Labour Party, the I.L.P., is full of it.

A General Loss of Faith.

MR. FENNER BROCKWAY has expressed this despairing pessimism on several occasions during the last few months, and Mr. Brockway is in touch with the Labour movement very closely, being Political Secretary of the I.L.P., Editor of the *New Leader*, and I.L.P. representative on the Labour and Socialist International.

Says Mr. Brockway: "Since the General Strike, and the drift to the right which followed it, there has been a general loss of faith."

"To many old stalwarts Socialism has ceased to be the inspiration of their lives. The young men are not being attracted to it as they were. Neither old nor young feel it is worth devoting their lives to, as they did a generation ago. A bye-election takes place: where are the workers? The truth is that we do not believe in our heart of hearts that Labour will achieve the big things of which we have dreamed. We do not feel that service is worth while."



Mr. A. J. Cook.

Mr. Fenner Brockway, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Maxton, and others who belong to the left wing of the Labour and Socialist Party, explain this lack of faith and of enthusiasm as the effect of the "compromising" policy of Messrs. MacDonald, Snowden and Thomas.

The Maxton-Cook Revolution.

The remedy the I.L.P. proposes is a policy of "Socialism in our Time," which is in effect a policy of revolution, because it could not be carried into effect without creating a revolutionary situation. And, driven on by the urge of desperation which loss of faith brings, Mr. Maxton and Mr. Cook have launched a programme which is still more to the left, and is based on the appeal to a wholesale and frank confiscation of property.

Among its items are confiscation of all inherited wealth of over £5,000, and simultaneous nationalisation of land, banking system, coal, electricity supply, rail and road transport. A very interesting feature is "staffing of main Government departments with Socialists," and the programme naturally includes abolition of the Monarchy and the "right of independence" for peoples in the Empire.

This Maxton-Cook programme is the translation into English of the Russian Communist programme, the staffing of main Government departments with Socialists—no doubt those in agreement with the programme—is a means of ensuring the dictatorship of the Socialist Party in British affairs.

The offer of "independence" to African natives in South Africa and in East and West Africa is a familiar Communist manoeuvre, and would deliver the prosperous area of West Africa with its 25,000,000 of black people over to a period of warfare and probably pestilence and famine. And this is Messrs. Maxton and Cook's contribution to restoring faith and enthusiasm to the Labour movement! That faith is not so restored all present evidence testifies.

A special Socialist observer sent down to study the political situation in Birmingham recently where the quarrel between left and right is particularly marked, reports that "the Tory members" are probably safe because "the party will be too busy fighting its Left Wing to be able to fight its traditional opponents."

Root Cause of the Trouble.

THE loss of faith is not because of the quarrels, the quarrels are because of the loss of faith. But why the loss of faith, why the waning of enthusiasm? Is it because a Socialist career has attracted rich men and generals and titled people and members of "Society" into the Labour Party? Is it because of difficulties in the way? Because of lack of money or the help of able men and women? No, it is none of these. Some rich and influential men have always been on the side of revolt.

Difficulties are less than they have ever been. Money the Labour Party can get in large sums both from the pennies of the rank and file and the large cheques of rich supporters. Brains and ability are at the Labour Party's disposal. Labour has already been in power as a Government and loudly proclaims its desire to

be in power again. Why then the loss of faith? The loss of faith is partly the effect of the General Strike, for this was a revolutionary gesture expected in some unexplained way to "benefit" the workers, and it did nothing of the sort, but hit very hard not the possessing classes, not the Trade Union and political leaders, but the rank and file worker and his wife and his children.

But the General Strike was not the cause, although it was a stern lesson in miniature of what a revolution would mean on a bigger scale. The cause is to be sought deeper in a growing disbelief in the theories and promises of Socialism and in the leadership of the figure-

heads of the Trade Union and political Labour world.

False Promise.

THE loss of faith, the cooling down of enthusiasm, the desperation of the left wing and the opportunism of the right are explained in the light of a simple and yet devastating conviction that is coming over the Labour and Socialist movement.

This is the conviction that Socialism is not true, that its economic theories are false and that the way to human betterment does not lie along that road. The disaster of the General Strike exploded this realisation in millions of minds under the stress of the pressure of grim realities of threatening starvation, industrial paralysis and the spectre of chaos and famine.

And the change of view has been shown since by the Trade Union Congress in its emphatic endorsement of the Mond-Turner conferences which make for the co-operation of the leaders of Trade Unionism and the leaders of private enterprise in an endeavour to solve industries' problems outside the political field. And like a cold white light this realisation is more and more illuminating men's minds—Socialism is not a way out of our difficulties, it is not a remedy for unemployment and poverty, it is not the opening of a new era of human emancipation. Socialism is not a way of advance, it is a side-track. The promise of Socialism is untrue.



Mr. J. Maxton, M.P.

BRITANNIA



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THE TASK OF THE POLITICIANS

THE close of 1928 brings to the end the first decade of the new era which began with so much optimism after the Great War. The decade has closed in disillusion. It is a fitting moment to look a little more closely than is sometimes possible into the causes of European unrest. We can start with two facts which no one will deny. The first is that the War to end War has done absolutely nothing to ensure peace. The second is that the ingenious enterprises of politicians of all schools have failed to find any secure solution of the social problems common to-day to all civilised countries.

Yet Brutus is an honourable man. Cynics who accuse politicians as a class of a lack of good intentions can find little evidence to support their contention. What, then, is this Nemesis which has attended on the efforts of statesmen through the whole course of modern history, which, marked as it is by a succession of wars and civil disturbances, has witnessed an advance of spiritual and material well-being so absurdly disproportionate to the increase in the facilities for wisdom and happiness?

The Birth of Politics

MODERN history begins with the fall of Constantinople—which saw the end of the Eastern Empire, the end of the supremacy of the Holy Roman Empire, the discovery of America—and the invention of printing, which broke the dominion of the universal church. The collapse of the two empires meant the definitive division of Europe into a number of independent states, and the Reformation necessitated the final separation in theory as well as in practice of state from church. These things marked the end of the Middle Ages. With them politics as we know them to-day begin. Here, then, if anywhere, must we look for the solution to our riddle. Luckily it is not buried very deep.

The era of independent states which began in Europe in the sixteenth century and ended in the cataclysm of 1914 was not actually a new experiment. It had been tried before, in the days of the Greek supremacy, and it had ended in a chaos of suicidal wars. The statesmen of Athens had seen the danger and had tried to avert it by the bold experiment of an empire based on a cultural supremacy. The Macedonian tried to avoid it by an empire based on military supremacy. Both experiments failed, but the Roman Empire, backed by force but based on law, succeeded.

Civilised society, for the Athenians merely a cultural unity, became a political unity, and first under the Roman emperors and later under the influence of the Christian church, secured the sanction of religion. The union of church and state impeded progress but insured stability. The twin conceptions of the unity of civilised society and the unity of church and state dominated history from the days of Rome to the fall of Constantinople in 1453, and dominated political speculation from the days of Plato to the Reformation.

A Dream of Unity

PHILOSOPHERS as diverse as Plato and St. Augustine, princes as widely different in culture as the Emperor Augustus and Gregory the Great, theorists as different as Marcus Aurelius and

Dante, held this view. What was not united was not civilised; to attain civilisation was to join the one civilised society. Even the Holy Roman Empire, which according to Bryce was neither holy, Roman nor an empire, was a majestic conception of a society where the secular force of law and arms was enlisted in support of a spiritual power whose authority was universal and above question.

Of course this dream of a united society was never wholly fulfilled. In Plato's Republic some were guardians and some were slaves; in the Roman Empire there were Goths who were citizens and Romans who were not. In the Middle Ages heresies split Europe from sea to sea.

The aims of the rulers, through all those splendid centuries, whose legacies are still the cherished foundations of our culture, were limited to keeping the more fluid elements of society within a framework which was not in dispute, and to extending, usually for safety's sake, the boundaries of civilisation and the faith. The spectacle of a number of independent states admitting no common obligation, differing in religion and united only by race (itself a new factor in Europe), cherishing their secular boundaries with an invincible tenacity, is something which would have been wholly shocking to earlier ages.

The history of European politics for the last four centuries is the history of the efforts of European politicians to harmonise the existence of states with the preservation of peace and security and within the state boundary to combine liberty with efficiency.

Forgetful of Fundamentals

THE politicians have failed, not because of their lack of ingenuity but because of their neglect of fundamentals. They have accepted as natural what in fact was an unnatural condition, under which states ostensibly civilised refuse any common allegiance and men ostensibly loyal to their own country refuse in peace the discipline they gladly welcome in war. The endeavour to limit the means by which nations and individuals may pursue admittedly discordant and contradictory ends was foredoomed to failure. Unfortunately the end is not yet.

Still at this moment, regardless of the lessons of history or the logic of facts, the politicians are trying to solve the same problems. Their latest experiments have been, in the sphere of international politics, the League of Nations, and, within the state boundaries, parliamentary democracy. They hope by the former to set bounds to the expansion of national power without the cement of a common allegiance or a common creed, and by the latter to curb the pride of the individual by making him a partner in the sovereignty of the state regardless of his fitness for the task of government.

Happily these are not the only modern experiments. The two most powerful associations of states which the world has known since the days of the Antonines are the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America, while Italy has provided in the last few years the most daring experiment in centralised monarchy since the days of Richelieu. The interesting feature of these experiments is that America appears to have solved the problem of combining different races in one state, the British Commonwealth that of combining several states under one sovereignty, and the Fascist state the problem of curtailing liberty without losing authority.

None of these experiments provides a wholly adequate solution. Yet it is such things as these which it is the duty of politicians to study. In their present form neither the League nor representative government solves the problem created five centuries ago by the break-up of the European fellowship, and by the granting to the individual of unlimited political rights.

Armament of Creed and Policy

FROM time to time we shall return to these broad questions and try, as far as possible, by free and unprejudiced discussion, to help towards their solution. But the first essential is to realise that the problems exist. This is the real gravamen of the charge against the politician. He is so immersed in the petty details of diplomacy and administration that he neglects his principal task, which is to study fundamentals. It is only men who do this who can change the course of events. Those who do not merely float with the stream and when the storm breaks are dashed against the rocks. The rocks are within sight and the murmur of the storm comes on the wind from the East, where we have communicated our defective modern political system without the safeguard of our ancient and inherited culture.

The need of the world is not disarmament but armament—the civilised states have to be armed with a creed and a policy.

It is not enough to talk about peace. Alike between state and state and between man and man we have got "to order peace and to establish it with justice and with judgment." Else the modern civilisation will perish and with it will perish the politicians it has brought into being.

THE NEED *for a* NEW GOVERNING CLASS

By *Lieut.-Commander the
Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P.*

IF England's Guardian Angel visited me and offered a choice of blessings for my country at the present time, I would not ask wealth or glory or prosperity or peace, or piety or genius, or contentment or happiness, but one gift only: Leadership.

For leadership, I believe, is our greatest need to-day. By this I do not mean the personal ascendancy of one great man, but the spirit of leadership, and all it implies, diffused throughout all classes in the land.

A year after the Armistice I met a German officer whom I had known before the War. The outlook for Germany was black, but he told me that he thought his country would pull through because the best of the German race had courage and was prepared to lead. And he quoted a great German poet-philosopher to me: "Money lost, nothing lost; honour lost, much lost; courage lost, all lost."

For real leadership we must have moral courage; and with courage comes faith in the future, the spirit of sacrifice and the spirit of service.

An Aristocracy of Character.

TO-DAY in England courageous leadership is needed in religion, business, industry, politics, the Trade Unions, in the huge bureaucracy of the Civil Service, in almost every walk of life; and it will be more needed in the future, for our troubles are not half over. Everywhere I meet business men and others who bewail the present-day lack of men with initiative who can act on their own responsibility, and will so act, who will play the game, and can be trusted to get on with their jobs without "watching the clock" half the day, and without supervision.

And it is the same in the Services, civil and military, in India and in our Crown Colonies. Men of character are needed as never before to carry out the great administrative duties of the Empire. What is lacking, in short, is a new governing class, an aristocracy, not of birth or wealth or even of education, but of character and stamina. We had such a class in the past; it was provided by the younger sons of the nobility and by the smaller gentry. These men went out to India and the Colonies, they manned the professions, the Army and Navy, the Civil Service, the Judiciary and the administrative positions in business. But this class has been weakened, discouraged, even partly destroyed for various reasons.

The industrial revolution and its results have had a good deal to do with it. As we became wealthy we developed a plutocracy; and the War, though it made the nation as a whole actually poorer, added greatly to this plutocratic class.

With the enormous growth of luxury and pleasure-seeking a materialistic cult grew up. A new standard of living was set, and to-day it is impossible for the salaried and officer class to keep up with the style of living of the "New Rich." This class, once despising mere monetary reward, is now putting its children into "business." But they are not

taking the old patriotic and self-sacrificing spirit with them.

The Cabinet Minister's salary of £5,000 a year, when first established, was high enough to put him beyond all temptation of corruption, and to relieve him from all financial anxiety. Social life was then simpler, the general pace less rapid, and a Minister's duties less arduous and exacting. A Cabinet Minister to-day cannot keep up the style expected of him without substantial private means in addition to his salary. The Judge's £2,000 a year, likewise, is a mere pittance to-day in the circles in



An impression by Kapp.

which a Judge and his family are expected to move and live. Officers of the army and navy without considerable private means cannot afford to put their sons into their own professions. And so it goes on, right down the scale.

The Passion is to Get Rich Quick.

THE youthful ideal to-day, not only in our own country but in America and in many others, is to get rich quick and get rich easy. It is not a practical proposition to increase and regraduate the remuneration of the whole of the salaried class and Civil Service; and, failing a new inspiration, new faith, a new code of public service—and note that public service does not only mean Government service—we shall only see a continuation of the sort of genteel 'canny, organised idleness, a five-day week, and



Lieut.-Commander the Hon. J. M. Kenworthy, R.N., M.P., leaving the House of Commons.

general slackness and fatalistic indifference, together with an increasing reluctance on the part of men of talent and character to accept any sort of public work or office, or to do anything except make money and spend it. "Eat, drink, dance, flirt, play golf and be merry—for to-morrow we die," is the watchword of the present generation.

The situation is very serious. Willy-nilly, Governmental activities are bound to be extended in many directions, our Empire is developing and needs to be governed, and unless we can recreate this new official and "gentleman" class disaster will come upon us. Certain high and quick profit-making trades are flourishing enough, but the great basic industries, including agriculture, are languishing, largely for lack of efficient leadership.

From India and the Crown Colonies comes an outcry against the type of men sent out from England. The complaint is not of lack of culture, but of lack of character. Exactly the same bitter cry comes from the Church, except for the Anglo-Catholics, at home. Nearly everywhere we see a vast and slack mediocrity with the few good brains engaged only in pushing their own fortunes.

What Other Countries Have Done.

OTHER countries and Empires have been faced with the same problems and have met them in a certain way, or else have perished. In Italy the Fascists, despite
(Continued overleaf.)

certain extravagances and aggressions, are, we must all admit, fired with the flame of patriotism, or the present régime could not have lasted six months. In Russia 500,000 men and women, the real Communists, are inspired by the almost religious fanaticism of their creed, and work and suffer in poverty and face death, when required, for an ideal. Not otherwise could the Soviet Government have survived for eleven years.

The old Germany had its governing class in the Junkers, frugal, efficient, incorruptible. Their reward came to them in public esteem and honour. The new Germany is led by a hard-working, courageous generation, determined that their country shall again be great. In Japan the Samurai class still flourishes, and its members man the public services and the army and navy, uncorrupted by luxury, industrious, self-sacrificing, devoted to the national tasks. In the financial crisis two years ago the wealthy financiers of the Samurai caste sacrificed the whole of their private fortunes for the common weal.

In India the old fighting caste of the Rajputs shouldered the duties of defence, leadership and administration, and left mere profit-making to others. Cannot we recreate such a class in this country?

We hear much of the growing influence of the British woman. She can play a great part in this national revival. But far too many of the middle-class Englishwomen to-day want to live, dress, and behave like their richer neighbours. Hence pleasure and frivolity instead of duty and sacrifice; ostentation instead of family pride; extravagance instead of frugality; "babies" on four rubber tyres instead of in the cradle; the nurseries empty and the Divorce Courts full.

The Will to Work.

SURELY this country is worth working for. The great necessity is for less personal selfishness and ambition, a great deal more of public spirit and the faith of citizenship, a turning away from the cult of pleasure-seeking and excitement towards the ideals of service, above all, the will to work hard, take risks, scrap obsolete notions and get down to the job of pulling the country out of its present quagmire of incompetence and muddle.

The schools, the churches, society—so-called—a section of the Press, all these are partly to blame. But these same influences can help now if they change their attitude and show courage. We could find a way out of our present troubles if the younger generation, especially, would take it upon itself to set an example not forthcoming from its elders.

One thing certain is that with our present resources, our languishing trade and our decaying agriculture we cannot support the riot of extravagance and idleness and luxury to be seen everywhere. We need the hardest work by the best brains, the most courageous scrapping of obsolete ideas and methods, and a throwing overboard of the comfortable notion that everything will come right in the long run.

Here are actual examples: with an immense national debt, with two million men and women out of work, counting registered and unregistered unemployed, with our export trade steadily falling, with our foreign rivals in the world's markets forging ahead, we are, as a nation, working less and playing more than before the war. The "week-end habit" is becoming a curse.

How many take a day off in the middle of the week for golf or horse-racing? Every

Bank Holiday means Friday to Thursday off. "The holidays" are extending to the whole of August and September. And the example spreads downwards. Then these idle loafers complain of the laziness of their subordinates, juniors, clerks and "hands." But how many think of their country, her needs, her difficulties and her responsibilities?

Our Great Possessions.

MY new governing class will consist of men and women who will look upon idleness, profligacy, moral cowardice, loose living and loose thinking as crimes against the body politic. The rewards they will work for will be honour and respect, the knowledge of public service faithfully performed, and, above all, the salvage and regeneration of our country.

For we have great assets in this nation: immense natural resources in our own country, but more especially in the huge undeveloped spaces of the Empire, a favourable geographical position, a temperate and invigorating climate that only those who have lived much abroad can appreciate, a mercantile marine still the greatest in the world, our national reputation for fair dealing and integrity, a homogeneous population with no racial or religious cleavages, great reserves of natural ability and genius, and a working-class that is still the most highly skilled and industrious in the world if properly led and sympathetically treated.

We have ample financial resources left. There is plenty of liquid capital about, as the immense and successful output of recent capital issues—many, alas! for the production of pure luxuries—shows clearly enough. Our people, properly guided and inspired by good leadership, can accomplish the greatest of national tasks.

DISCOVERING ENGLAND ON THE FILMS

By MAITLAND DAVIDSON

I AM feeling rather cheerful, because I have seen six films in a week without a single crook in the lot. No one has fired a revolver; there have been no "cops" in evidence, no hip-flasks nor underworld revels wherein large and offensive he-men push other people's faces in. Frowning vamps with their frocks in supposedly alluring disarray have been conspicuously absent.

There has only been one attempt at improper assault, and that rapidly frustrated; several of the actors and actresses have behaved not unlike ladies and gentlemen of their period. All this was very enjoyable, and in addition I have the pleasure of being able to record an encounter with a British picture of really good quality.

On the Right Road.

"Widecombe Fair," British International Pictures, Ltd.

Such encounters do not happen, or have not hitherto occurred, quite so often as one would wish. As I mentioned last week, England is forging ahead in the way of picture-making, but there has too often been a tendency to copy the American model—not too perfect an exemplar to begin with, and robbed of all virtue in an imitation which naturally fails to reproduce the "local colour" that provides so great a part of its vitality. But in "Widecombe Fair," which has just been privately shown, the rapidly advancing enterprise known as British International Pictures, Ltd., has done just exactly the one thing that I had long and optimistically been hoping for.

That is to say, it has actually produced a British picture. An all-British picture. Not a picture with some British actors in it and a

foreign scene, like that foolish farce, "Week-end Wives," in which the action is laid at Deauville and a first-rate actor like Mr. Jameson Thomas is wasted in the part of a Parisian lawyer of hen-house morals and Palais Royal activities.

Not an attempt at feeble near-American comedy like "Adam's Apple," in which Mr. Monty Banks (an American) disports himself acrobatically in a trans-Atlantic setting, or "Champagne," a so-called British film wherein Miss Betty Balfour, said to be one of our national film hopes, is cast—save the mark—as the daughter of a U.S. millionaire.

Delectable Devon.

No, there has been, there must have been, a "change of heart," as they say; these things happen on the films, so why not in their direction? Some one in authority has discovered England. Some one—who I hope will also be strong-minded enough to put "Week-end Wives," "Adam's Apple" and "Champagne" regretfully on the shelf where they belong—has found out that our own country can provide at least as satisfactory backgrounds as the "speak-easies" of New York or the lesser restaurants of Paris. And most judiciously and skilfully, the discoverer has begun his long-deferred local explorations into the delectable county of Devon.

He has, further, been most particularly wise in building up his drama around one of the most famous of our ballads—the one about the party who went on and with the grey mare to Widecombe Fair.

Tom Pearse, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,

All along, down along, out along lee.

And proceeding to deal with the experiences of these classic heroes of a homely adventure—

Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Daniel Whiddon, Harry Hawk, old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all. . . .

Beauty and Quiet Humour.

As background or foreground to these worthies there is the story of a ruined squire whose daughter falls in love with a farm-hand and marries him, receiving—by a rather pleasantly original touch—the ready consent of her aristocratic father. The comely young labourer finds, incidentally, a tricky means to restore the fortunes of his father-in-law's fallen house, but that is a minor matter. The especial charm, and indeed fascination, of this film lies in the really magnificent photography of Devon scenes, as well as the humour that sparkles quietly amid the intrinsic beauty.

I have no hesitation whatsoever in saying that this is one of the most delightful films I have ever yet seen—peaceful but entrancing beauty, simple but effective humour, and not one single false note. I think B. I. P. can pat themselves more heavily on the back for this effort than for anything else they have yet done. And I hope they will go on turning out more on the same lines.

Mr. Wyndham Standing, Mr. William Freshman and pretty Miss Marguerite Allen, whom I wrote of last week, have the three chief parts, but the Bailiff of Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald is the best bit of characterisation in the whole show.



H. GORDON SELFRIDGE.
(Chairman of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.)

Sir Philip Cunliffe-Lister, M.P.

(President of the Board of Trade.)



Sir PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, M.P.
(President of the Board of Trade.)

B RITISH industry shows every sign of being at last definitely upon the up-grade. Real progress has been made during the present year, and there is good reason to hope that in 1929, the advance will be consolidated and continued. The index of industrial production recently established by the British Board of Trade shows that the volume of output in the first quarter of 1928 was represented by the figure of 109 as compared with 100 in the year 1924, and although the index fell in the second quarter it may be expected to have risen again in the latter half of the year. The volume of British exports in the twelve months ended September last was greater than in any year since the war, and I look forward with confidence to a steady improvement during the coming year in the position of this country in the world market. The strenuous efforts that are being made by the great basic industries of this country to adapt themselves to present conditions are beginning to bear fruit and they will be assisted, in common with other industries, by the Government's scheme for relieving productive industry by reducing the burdens of local taxation.

H. Gordon Selfridge.

(Chairman of Selfridge & Co., Ltd.)

I LOOK forward to 1929 with a conservative, but quite certain, anticipation of continuation of England's progress. Our difficulties here are largely because of the costs which have been added to living and the doing of business through our very heavy taxes. These things tend to reduce the available net incomes of practically every member of the public, and consequently reduce each one's ability to buy.

The question of unemployment is serious, of course; but it is authoritatively stated that about two million more are employed in this country now than in the years before the war.

It is also estimated by the conservative bankers that the enormous amount which the public of England had invested abroad at the beginning of the war—substantially a thousand million sterling—and which was all withdrawn and spent during the war, is now again being steadily replaced, and that the English public to-day have perhaps approaching five hundred million pounds sterling invested abroad.

I, then, look to 1929 with a feeling of reasonable confidence, but not associated with any suggestion of what may be called a boom.

Sir John Corcoran.

(President of the British National Union of Manufacturers.)

I T is somewhat early to forecast the course of trade in 1929, but there are grounds for looking forward to improved conditions.

The United Kingdom figures for imports and for exports of United Kingdom produce for the first three quarters of 1926–1927–1928 were:—

	January to September.		
	1926.	1927.	1928.
Imports.. ..	£905,878,222	£902,176,100	£886,176,402
Exports, United Kingdom Produce ..	£495,944,800	£518,494,713	£534,953,988

THE PROMISE of the NEW YEAR

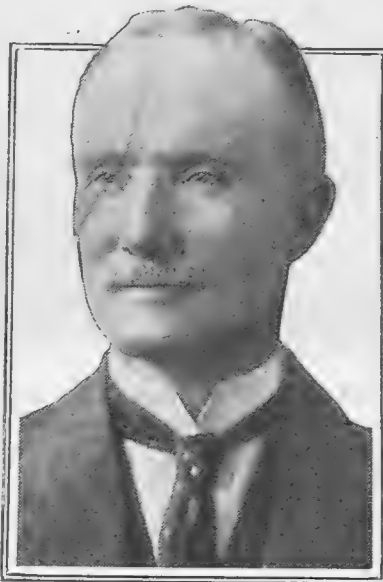
BRIGHTER PROSPECTS FOR BRITISH TRADE

For each of the three years exports of United Kingdom goods have shown an increase, while British imports have fallen, and we may reasonably expect a continuance of this tendency.

If the Unionist Government is returned we may expect an increase in the number of safeguarded industries, and these industries are doing much better than the average. There is a new spirit of confidence in them which cannot but have a cheering effect all round.

Mutual confidence between employers and workers is growing, and the new spirit of peace in industry on which such high hopes are based cannot fail to produce beneficial results in 1929. Moreover the effect of the harvest of 1928, which, except in Russia, was generally good, will be to increase real wages and consequently the purchasing power of the masses and lead to an improved demand.

Further, there is every prospect of peace abroad—even in China, one of



Sir JOHN CORCORAN.
(President of the British National Union of Manufacturers.)

our best potential markets, there is a fairer hope of settled conditions.

Finally, the rating relief given to the railways as from December 1st, which is to be passed on in the shape of reduced freights, should prove a substantial help to agriculture and the basic industries, while the corresponding relief promised for 1929 to the general body of manufacturers should prove a stimulus to increased output. On the whole, although the position of our great basic industries is still far from satisfactory and the unemployment figures are somewhat depressing, I look forward to 1929 with reasonable optimism.

Sir D. Drummond Fraser.

(A Vice-President of the Institute of Bankers, London.)

I T is customary for those who attempt to make a forecast of the probable fortunes of the New Year to indulge in a certain amount of optimism. Often the basis for such optimism is merely psychological. But this year a moderately cheerful forecast for the period lying ahead of us appears to have a rather sounder foundation in economic fact. Faced with the continuance of wide-scale unemployment and with acute difficulties in our great staple trades, we are perhaps apt to forget the brighter picture presented by the prosperous activity of newer industry.

Without minimising the many industrial difficulties that Britain is facing, it is well to remember that, in the opinion of experts the national wealth is slowly but steadily increasing. And, on the whole, the outlook for a continued increase of production and well-being is decidedly favourable.

Britain's capacity to compete in world markets is increasing; costs are down in most industries to an economic level; "rationalisation" is helping; a better spirit of co-operation between employers and employed is helping still more; the work of building up international peace and security is progressing; world crops are good; every year the chaos of war damage is straightened out more and more. For these and other reasons, the year 1929 may be faced in a spirit of confidence.

[In next week's BRITANNIA Sir Robert Horne, Sir Stanley Machin, Sir Max Muspratt, Sir Edwin Stockton, and Mr. W. L. Hichens will give their views on trade prospects for 1929.]



Sir D. DRUMMOND FRASER
(A Vice-President of the Institute of Bankers, London.)

THE exhibition of Dutch art which opens at the Royal Academy to-day is an attempt—and a successful attempt—to rival the great Flemish exhibition of 1927. Sixty works by Rembrandt, a magnificent display by Franz Hals, and a series of pictures by Vermeer of Delft are the "star" turns of this historic show; and the pictures shown by these artists alone are worth not less than £2,000,000 to-day.

In addition there are works by other Dutch artists of the seventeenth century, by the "Primitives" of the sixteenth century, by the Dutch nineteenth century Impressionists, and by the Dutch Post-Impressionist Vincent Van Gogh. There is also an interesting show of Dutch silver and glass.



"The Artist and his Wife," by Franz Hals. A striking masterpiece at Burlington House.

The "Golden Age."

To appreciate this imposing show we must remember the conditions in which the sixteenth and seventeenth century pictures were produced. The earlier pictures were painted when Holland was still Catholic, still a part of the United Netherlands, and still subject to the sovereignty of Spain, and for this reason they are very like the Flemish pictures of the same time. The "Golden Age" of Dutch art properly so-called coincided with the growth of Dutch power and prosperity from the beginning to the end of the seventeenth century after Holland had broken away both from Spain and Belgium and established herself as the first Protestant Republic in the world. The struggle of the Netherlands with Spain, which ruined Antwerp and Belgium for two centuries, created Amsterdam and enriched the whole of Holland.

The Siege of Haarlem.

The story of the town of Haarlem—where we go to-day to study the masterpieces of Franz Hals—is typical of Dutch experience in the most dramatic period of Holland's history. In December, 1572, the town was besieged by Don Frederic, son of the terrible Duke of Alva, whose religious and political persecutions in the Netherlands had driven Holland to a fierce resistance of despair. Don Frederic expected to enter in a week. But the town, defended by women fighting side by side with men, held out for six months and only surrendered after the starving inhabitants had devoured cats, dogs, rats, and the hides of horses and oxen.

Haarlem before the siege had been prosperous, and many of the most famous Dutch "Primitive" artists—Dirck Bouts, Ouwater, Geertgen, Gerard David, Mostaert, Scorel, and Heemskerck—had lived and worked there at various times. After the siege it was ruined and almost depopulated. The casualties during the resistance were heavy; the Spaniards executed two thousand citizens when they entered; and when egress was permitted all who could do so migrated elsewhere.

GREAT FIGURES in DUTCH ART

By R. H. WILENSKI

The Parents of Franz Hals.

The parents of Franz Hals were among those who left Haarlem as soon as possible after the siege. They went to Antwerp—which proved an escape from the frying pan into the fire—for three years after their arrival Antwerp was sacked by the mutinous troops of the Spanish army who plundered and murdered the citizens in the hideous orgy known as the "Spanish Fury"; seven years after this Hals' parents saw another sack of Antwerp by the Duke of Anjou known as the "French Fury"; and two years later they saw the final conquest of Antwerp by the Duke of Parma. By this time they had had enough of Antwerp and they eventually returned to Haarlem, taking with them their first child, who had been born in Antwerp, and whom we know as the superb painter Franz Hals.

Haarlem as Phoenix.

By 1600 when the Hals family was re-established in its home, Haarlem was already well on the way to recovery from the siege; and early in the century it began a new period of prosperity based on trade in linen, mixed stuffs and tulips, and it became once more a centre for art. Cornelis of Haarlem, Goltzius, and Van Mander founded an Academy there in the later years of the sixteenth century and when Hals arrived at manhood he received commissions for portraits and portrait groups from new-rich Haarlem citizens and from the various corporate bodies which abounded in the new Republic—the Civic Guards, the Guardians of Almshouses, and so forth.

The Dutch Styles.

To begin with there was the Dutch portrait. A long series of painters, Mierevelt, Van Ravestyn, Moreelse, Franz Hals, Santvoort, Van der Helst, and dozens of others, were

called upon to record the features and the paunches of the self-made men of Holland's new middle class and to portray their well-fed and cheerful wives. There was secondly the Dutch "picturesque" picture provided by artists like Berchem, Pynacker, van Poelenburg, and Wouwer-mans, and later by Lairese and Van der Werff, for the houses of men who had not only money but tastes and education as well.

There was thirdly the Dutch popular picture recording some aspect of Dutch everyday life—a portrait of somebody's trees and meadows, or a stretch of Dutch seaboard with somebody's boats or scenes of gay life in camps and hotels frequented by women, of low life in "pubs," or of bourgeois life where the artists, Terborch and Metsu, for example, were mainly concerned with recording the expensive clothes of the upper middle classes.

The Dutch popular, or "genre" pictures as they are called, were quite easy to paint, and as the custom arose for everyone in Holland to have oil paintings on their walls in the same way that prints and reproductions are generally used to-day, there was soon an enormous production of such works. This eventually became an over production even more pronounced than the over-production in all countries at the present time; and by the middle of the seventeenth century hundreds of Dutch "genre" painters competing with one another, had to sell their pictures for a few half-crowns in the open markets in all the Dutch towns. Even then many had to adopt other occupations at the same time to make their living—Jan Steen was an innkeeper, and de Hooch held for some years a post of "painter and footman" in a gentleman's house.

The High Flyers.

Apart from the painters of these several styles there were Dutch artists who tried to take a part in the main stream of contemporary artistic development which we refer to nowadays as the "Baroque" style. Of these the most interesting to us to-day are those who tried their hand at the Italian light-and-shade experiments of the period. Thus Honthorst, Lastman, and Jan Pynas, interest us because they were among the forerunners of Rembrandt whose famous "chiaroscuro" was modelled on their work.

Lastly, there were Dutch artists who were concerned with the artistic problems known to modern artists as "architectural" art, who regarded the creation of a picture in the same way that an architect regards the creation of a building. Of these Samuel van Hoogstraten and Pieter Janssens were examples and Vermeer of Delft was the outstanding master.

TONIC TALKS TO MEN AND WOMEN (Continued)



Getting down to the Daily task

Those who are approaching middle age and who work either in the home, or in the office, often find it more and more difficult to pick up the threads of work each day with quite the same old zest. What is the matter? Is it "anno domini"? Not nearly as often as we let ourselves believe. Ten chances to one, it is just that the daily strain and worries of life

have upset the delicate balance of our nerves. Perhaps this is true of your case. If so, don't worry and don't rely on stimulants and "pick-me-ups." Ask your chemist for Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites "FELLOWS." Recommended by doctors as an invigorating and restorative tonic for tired and "jarred" nerves. Its effect is prompt.

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BRITANNIA

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Depression	Unnecessary Fears	Weakness of Will
Shyness	Indefiniteness	"Defeatism"
Timidity	Mind-Wandering	Procrastination
Forgetfulness	The "Inferiority	Brain Fog
Boredom	Complex"	Restlessness
The Worry Habit	Indecision	Morbid Thoughts

which interfere with the effective working-power of the mind, and in their place it develops strong, positive, vital qualities such as

—Concentration	—Decision	—Courage
—Observation	—Originality	—Self-Confidence
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—Cheerfulness	—Directive Ability	—Reliability
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—Initiative		—Salesmanship
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To become a first-rate organiser,
To develop initiative,
To become a clever salesman,
To originate new ideas,
To acquire a strong personality,
To banish Depression,

To talk and speak convincingly,
To work more easily and efficiently,
To cultivate a perfect memory,
To win the confidence of others,
To appreciate more fully the beauties of Art and Nature,
To widen your intellectual outlook,
To deepen and enrich your life,

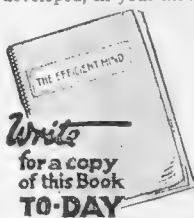
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IN THE PILLORY

Being a record, with some comments, of things said, wisely and otherwise, by the celebrities, notoriety, and nonentities, of our day.

Women envy
the fickle bride!
News headline.



"I am a casual workman,
and where there is work, I go!"
Man at Eastleigh.



"Is there such a thing
as second sight?"
Prof. Gilbert Murray.



"A pipe and a dog.
What more can a man want of life?"
Mr. James Douglas.



"No boy is to address or walk
past a master with his hands
in his pockets!"
Dulwich College's new rule.



"Do we want to live long?"
Dean Inge.



D'Eauwe.

On the right, Mr. Pickwick (Mr. Charles Laughton) is seen with Sam Weller (Mr. Eliot Makeham) and the maid (Miss Dorice Fordred) at the Christmas party at Dingley Dell, as staged in "Mr. Pickwick" at the Haymarket.

Below:—Miss Kathleen Gelder as Emily Wardle,



THE POWER of the AUDIENCE

BY MAITLAND DAVIDSON

us wondrous kind. At least to the unserious form of play—and of the really serious sort there are not more than four or five running at the moment.

Food and the Drama.

I do not imagine that anyone would have his opinion of *Hamlet*—or, to be more up-to-date, of *Many Waters* or *Jealousy*—favourably influenced by the fact that he has seen them on a diet of turkey and champagne rather than mutton and mild dinner-ale; thoughts and emotions can function almost better on a merely adequately stoked furrace; but with comedy, farce and musical affairs it is quite another matter. Superior food and drink exercise an idealising stimulus in these directions, and after all, why not? They are artificial aids, but is not all play-going itself an artificial if delightful experience?

Whatever the right philosophy about all this, however, there remains the agreeable fact of several evenings spent among wholly and electrically sympathetic audiences. And here I am tempted to wander off at another tangent, for after a long experience of first and other nights at the theatres, I have come to the firm conclusion that if the play and its players are half the battle, the audience are all of the other half. I don't believe for one moment that critics can make or mar a play, fine and intellectual body of men as they are, as well as good to their wives and kind to animals and all that sort of thing.

Those Critics Don't Matter.

Every now and then Mr. Cochran or some other theatre magnate bars a critic or so

from his theatre—I think I am right in saying that that very sparkling and entertaining writer Mr. Hannen Swaffer received no invitation to the last du Maurier play (which ran about a fortnight). But the theatrical big-noises are under a complete delusion if they think that it is the writers about plays who determine their fates. The fate of a play lies on the combined knees of four gods only—the play itself, the actors, the producer (often forgotten) and the audience. And the audience is the ultimate arbiter.

Critics have unanimously praised plays and they have ignominiously failed; have unanimously damned them and they have triumphantly succeeded. It is the audience that decides; and if I were a theatrical manager I should, however illegal it might be, find some means of feeding every member of my audience during the first week of the run, as he or she entered the house, with chicken and champagne, or pêche Melba and port, or olives and old Burgundy, or sandwiches and Sauterne. An audience applauds, as an army marches, on its stomach as well as its enthusiasms.

Once the initial week was passed the thing would probably be settled one way or another. News about the appeal of a play travels mainly by word of mouth, in England even as among the savage tribes of Central Africa. People don't, *au fond*, truly trust the critics; they are ill-advised in their distrust, of course, but I cannot help offering freely to managers the disinterested advice that they would best spend most of their time in either studying their audiences or superinducing in them the inflammatorily optimistic frame of mind.

A CERTAIN holiday atmosphere hovers around the theatre at this time of year, and not altogether of fixed design. Most of us, I feel sure, are unconsciously in more receptive and indulgent mood than usual, and in particular prepared to welcome the lighter varieties of dramatic fare—possibly as a reaction from the other kinds of *pabulum*, that tend to be so considerably heavier. Anyway, I have found myself lately among some singularly good-humoured audiences, willing and even eager to keep rose-tinted spectacles firmly on nose throughout any and every show, and only too eager to find in each piece presented to them a masterpiece.

In spite of the appalling sentimentalism of the idea, I am convinced that there really must exist such a thing as the Christmas Spirit; even though cynicism may correctively suggest that its benevolence is largely ascribable to the period of exceptionally good feeding associated, even in the humblest of homes, with this season. There is, at any rate, no doubt that a fuller feeling makes

Glorified Melodrama.

"The Last Hour." By Charles Bennett. (Comedy.)

Now about those plays. First of all, a really most excruciatingly delightful melodrama called *The Last Hour*, which has just been produced at the Comedy. I have always held and advocated that a good thumping melodrama acted by a company of unimpeachable quality should be held eligible for a definite place in our theatrical programme. After all, things must happen in melodrama; and what's more, things can happen in it that can't happen anywhere else. How, for example, could anyone be allowed to be as slowly and painfully strangled as Mr. Cyril Raymond is here, in any other branch of dramatic entertainment? (I hasten to add that the process just falls short of final accomplishment.) If death-rays were wielded by a villain to the destruction of scenery as well as leading characters in the piece—well, it would truly be a death-ray for drama, comedy, farce or anything but this accepted vehicle of sensations. Once get the sublimely ridiculous *aura* of melodrama in good and proper working order, and such a *dénouement* becomes ridiculously sublime.

I feel rather all-of-a-dither and enveloped in one of the local fogs (the scene is a coast-wise Devon inn, not so very far from Plymouth) when trying to gather and sum up recollections of the plot of this play. Certainly Mr. Franklin Dyall is the most accomplished villain—and oh, how intensely and sincerely villainous he can be at need! A foreign Prince from Ruritania or somewhere, with an accent he almost never forgets

Flamboyant Nonsense.

Thus indeed it eventually happens, but not until a lot of magnificently flamboyant nonsense has been talked and a great number of terrifying noises made. If these things were not done with an air, they would seem silly, perhaps even almost beneath contempt. But, Mr. Franklin Dyall invests them with that necessary air; he proves perhaps most conclusively of all in this his claim, unquestioned as far as I am concerned, to be one of

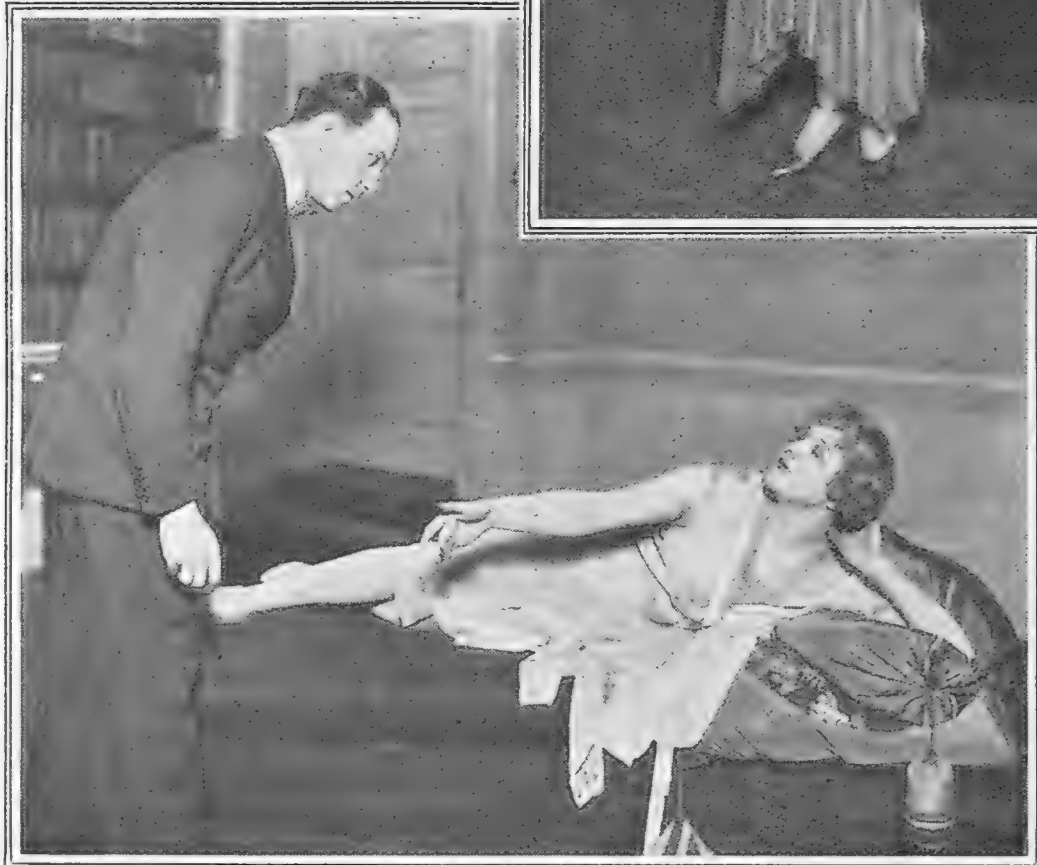
première of *The Patsy* at the Apollo. This play is reported to be a big popular success in America and elsewhere, and is quite amusing in parts. If you enjoy the slick American back-chat style of dialogue, that is, for there is little of anything else to it. There is no story worth writing home about.

Patsy is a younger daughter who is always put in the shade by her elder sister Grace, a regular queen of the cat world. Grace snubs her every time: a nasty bit of work



Above:—Miss Fabia Drake as Cynthia (Countess of Westhaven) and Miss Kenne Kelly as Anne in "The Love-Lorn Lady" at Wyndham's.

On the left, Larry Tindall (Mr. Francis Lister) enquires after the health of Sybil Leslie (Miss Olive Sloane).



—what a thoroughly fascinating scoundrel!

Mr. George Bealby, though, with a rasping German accent, is almost as convincing an accomplice. How they hate the English, these alien crooks, and burn to do them down! But stop, here is Major Charteris, of the Secret Service, masquerading as an escaped convict, and his trusted helper Peter Byron. They may be tied up in their chairs or to posts, and ingeniously tortured by tourniquet or revolver, but they are going in the end, you may be sure of it, to be more than a match for the nest of traitors and spies into which they have fallen.

our foremost actors of to-day. To inspire the illusion of a personality into such an empty and uncharacterised part as this is almost a greater achievement than to interpret a really big rôle. Mr. Bealby also helps to breathe some life into the amiable rubbish, and Mr. Lawrence Anderson and Mr. Victor Stanley are noble fighters in the same cause.

An American "Riot."

"The Patsy." By Larry Connors. (Apollo.)

I felt the Christmas Spirit working too in the kindly enthusiasm which greeted the

as ever there was: and Patsy is such a self-sacrificing little downtrodden angel. Modestly, at last, after many defeats and retirements, she gets her young man, who is a former but discarded lover of ungracious Grace—and that's, in simple fact, the plot.

Said plot being composed, in more or less equal parts, of the sentimentalism indicated and the back-chat or wise-cracks already mentioned. America, we are given to understand, simply eats up the former; that is America's regrettable concern. As to the wise-cracks, I confess to a great affection for them, and especially in the manner in which they are here delivered, for whatever the faults of this show, and they hit one in the eye with some emphasis, a lack of *gamin* wit is not among them.

This play is excellently and quickly acted by the all-American cast, and Miss Helen Ford, who takes the chief part of Patsy, is a young woman of personality, while Miss Leonore Sorsby makes a capital job of the cruel and tyrannical older sister.

On the other hand there is not a single thought in the play: not a hint at an idea or anything more elevated than verbal gymnastics.

A PRESENT for the WIFE

By E. Temple Thurston



He regarded the journey as a sort of royal progress, and he'd dressed the part.

RAYMOND, the manager of the Dominion Theatre, sent for me the other morning. A telephone message from his secretary. Would I come down to his office and see him at twelve o'clock. I wasn't working at the time. All the theatres full up. No chance of a new show coming on for a month at least. People think actors get good salaries. They don't reckon on the weeks out of work—the weeks of rehearsal. Then perhaps a flop.

They had a success at the Dominion. It couldn't be that Raymond was going to offer me a part. However—a call from the manager. Something like a starter's pistol. You get off the mark and don't waste any time about it. I was at the door of Raymond's office as St. Martin's was striking twelve.

"Can you spare a Sunday?"

I thought at first he meant a Sunday show. I suppose my face fell, because he laughed behind his cigar. However, it's no good refusing anything. I asked him which Sunday.

"Next."

"What for?"

And then he put me a question that completely flummoxed me. I couldn't see what he was driving at. He said—

"You know Paris pretty well—don't you?"

I suppose he'd heard I'd studied painting there for a couple of years before I chucked it and went on the stage. I knew it about as well as I knew London. Probably better. People don't know their own cities.

"And you speak French fluently?"

I reminded him of the Frenchman's part I'd played in that play at the Waldorf.

"The man on the *Courier* said—"

It was one of the best notices I'd ever had. There were one or two paragraphs in it I could remember word for word. But he cut me short.

"It's not a part," he said. "At least—" he grinned—"not a speaking part. There's a new dance at the *Ba-ta-clan*. It's making a hit. I want to get it into the Dominion show. No copyright in a dance you know. No script. If one man happens to throw his legs about in the same way as another, there's nothing to stop him. There's only the music and I can get that."

"You mean you want to get the dancer over here?"

I thought I was beginning to see his drift. My French. He wanted me to do a sort of agent's job.

"It isn't one dancer. There's a pair of 'em. Man and girl. Damn good show. Gets you. They've gone mad about it in Paris. I've only seen pictures. But that was good enough. Bit thick. You know."

He was looking up at me under his eyebrows and jerking his head with little suggestive nods. Rather like a man in the street who is negotiating with one eye on the police to sell you an improper postcard.

"You want me to go and get them over here?"

"No. I've tried that by telephone. They're under contract. Besides they've got a go."

"Then what?"

"On Sunday morning, by the 11.35 from Charing Cross, I want you to take Jimmy Garrett over to Paris—he won't fly—and bring him back safe on Monday by the morning train so that he doesn't miss his show at the Dominion on Monday night."

FLAGRANT

A piece of shop-lifting. That was what he meant. It didn't horrify me. One knows that any manager will do that sort of thing if he can. No—the idea that got me was the thought of conducting Jimmy Garrett to Paris. One has seen the little man doing his inimitable dances in the revues at the Dominion, but the public have never heard him in a speaking part. The whole of his life is in his feet. I was going to say he just lives from his waist-line downwards. But that wouldn't be strictly true. His face as he dances is something you can't entirely ignore. The sharp, comical expression of a cockney gutter-snipe. The grinning eyes. The slit of a mouth always ready for the cheeky retort. Rather the face of a monkey, cunning and pathetic, a combination you only get in animals and the lower classes of humanity.

I don't mean by that that Jimmy was low class in himself. He was, indeed, one of the most instinctive gentlemen I've ever met. Having a drink together one evening when I was a bit hard up, he had put a sixpenny tip for the waiter on the table. Threepence was my limit. I put it down. His sixpence was behind a plate. He supposed I hadn't seen it, and when he thought I wasn't looking, he slipped his sixpence away and

put threepence there instead. Threepence was really enough. The man had only fetched us a couple of drinks. Jimmy wasn't going to put me at a disadvantage with an ostentatious display of generosity to show he was making better money than I was. And yet there never existed a more generous little artist than he.

In my opinion that was the act of a natural gentleman. It was one of those little things you can never forget, a thing—metaphorically speaking—you take your hat off to every time you remember it.

And the thought of taking Jimmy to

Paris intrigued me the moment I heard it. But why on earth should he want an attendant? The last thing you could have called Jimmy was a fool. Raymond explained.

"DO you realise Jimmy's never been out of London, except every summer for a holiday to Margate with his wife and the kid? Gets as excited then as if he was going to Australia. Rushes about. Loses the tickets. Loses his luggage. His missis told me. If he could only remember it all and do a dance of a man catching a train, he'd make you scream. Because that's what he does do on the platform, right up to the last second. Dances like hell. Then sits down in a state of collapse in the carriage when the train goes off like a man who's just escaped out of a burning building. Now could you send anybody like that on to the Continent—even only as far as Paris—by themselves? Of course you couldn't. As like as not, he'd throw himself over the gangway going on board at Dover. And if he didn't do that, he'd get hysterics the moment a porter spoke to him in French at Calais."

"Can't he speak French at all?"

"Not a word. I think he can say 'Parly-voe'—but I wouldn't guarantee that he knew what it meant."

"And you want me to take him?"

"Take him and bring him back. Give him dinner in Paris that night. Keep him dry—for dinner anyhow. Take him to the *Ba-ta-clan*. You know Jimmy. Sharp as a needle. He's only got to see that dance once and he'll get it. Little genius, that's what he is. Probably improve on it by the time he's got it back here. I don't care what you do with him after that, so long as you get him back here six o'clock on Monday evening. I can't have him out of the show one night—not one night—you understand that."

I understood all right. He was the only personality they had that drew anyone into the theatre. A rotten show—pitiable, if it hadn't been for Jimmy. Four dancing numbers he had—one pantomime turn, and if it weren't for him, they'd have been playing to the electric light.

"Did he say he didn't want to go alone?" I asked, because I had no desire to take it on if Jimmy resented being taken out with his nurse.

Raymond laughed. He had bitten his cigar till there was no draught in it. He looked at the sodden end and then threw it in the wastepaper basket.

"If you'd seen his face," he said—"when I told him I wanted him to go over to Paris you'd have thought I'd asked him to go out and shoot lions and bring me back a skin for the next production. He went green and sucked his lips. Then he did a little patter with his feet to pretend he didn't care. And then he said, 'Parly-voe.' That's how I come to know the full extent of his French."

I AGREED. Beside putting a little in my pocket, it seemed a merciful thing to do. The Sunday was arranged. I saw Jimmy. We had a talk and on the morning, at eleven o'clock, I was there on the platform at Charing Cross waiting for him.

At five minutes past, a small figure of a man in a top hat and a frock coat followed by a woman and a little girl came through the gate. You can imagine I wasn't looking for that kind of apparition. For a minute or two, as he came towards me, I didn't even realise it was Jimmy. He'd never asked

hurt his feelings. Cunning and pathetic. He was being very cunning just then, the indifferent way he swaggered in front of them. Just off to Paris. But I could imagine the pathetic look that would come into his face when—as of course I would have to—I told him that a top hat and frock coat were not the sort of rig out for a Channel crossing.

I let him have his little hour of triumph. It would have been brutal to snatch it from him then. When Mrs. Garrett, somewhat timorously, said, "Is it a long journey—



A tall, fine-looking woman took charge of him. A bare arm securely round his neck, she bore him off to her table.

me the sort of things he ought to wear. It hadn't occurred to me to tell him. I'd certainly never thought, from the casual way he pretended to talk about it, that he regarded the journey as a sort of royal progress. But he had. And he'd dressed the part.

God knows where he'd got the top hat and frock coat from. Bought for the funeral of a fellow artist probably and raked up out of a bottom drawer. It certainly wasn't new.

Maybe he saw my amazement, but he didn't show it. In those clothes he was inclined to swagger a little bit. Nothing offensive. In fact quite delightfully. Rather like a child with a new suit on.

"Hullo, Charles, old chap. Got the tickets."

You'd have thought they were 'bus fares.

I could see that Mrs. Garrett was very impressed, and the little girl hung on to her mother's hand, staring up into her father's face. You could imagine how they'd talked about it at home where they lived—out Brixton way.

I said nothing about the top hat and the frock coat then. Well, I didn't want to

over the water, I mean?" I could see she felt as though she were letting him go to the nethermost parts of the earth.

And as for Jimmy himself, he strode about on the platform in that frock coat and top hat for all the world as though he might never return to the bosom of his family and was facing the impending separation with fortitude and composure.

If there was any of the excitement of the artist temperament in his blood, he kept it well bottled up. I had expected a lot of dancing about the platform. There was none of that. He had dressed the part of a man of the world going to Paris, as he thought it ought to be dressed, and, according to his own conception, he was playing it for all he was worth. I think, too, the fact that he knew he was in my charge gave him confidence. He had nothing to worry about. It was like having a good stage manager. He knew the light was well on him and it was all right.

Nevertheless there was a strained look in that comical face of his when it came to the actual moment of parting. Leaning out of the carriage window with that top hat still planted adhesively on his head, he

looked like an undertaker going to a funeral at Clapham. But by the strain in his eye—a forced jocularity—it was obviously a wrench. The look, I imagine, which comes into the eye of the parachutist just before he lets go.

Then the guard waved his green flag, the whistle blew, the train moved sedately out of the station. He hung out of the window till they were out of sight, then he sank back into the corner seat I had reserved for him and there was a silent air about him as of one who has been flung into space.

won't find it comfortable, crossing over in a frock coat and top hat."

"Not the thing—eh?"

At once. Like that. No deceiving him. He'd seen the sort of garments everyone else was wearing on the train. Yet I firmly believe that until that moment he had thought he was doing the thing in proper style. The dressing up and the departure from that house in Brixton must have been in the nature of a royal exodus. A king leaving his subjects for foreign shores.

of London and Margate. His imagination was wrestling with it and it kept him quiet. He heard me talking in French to the porter, and I was conscious of him at my side, staring at me with an open wonder.

I don't think he said a word till we were in our carriage, bowling along towards Amiens. Then, catching my eye, he leant forward and said in an undertone—

"Why do they talk so quick? Excitable, I suppose."

He was acquiring a definite conception by this time that he was amongst a

strange people. There's a feeling you have as you walk along the streets of your own town that the earth under your feet belongs to you. It was a considerable shock to him to feel that all this country through which we were passing—and for most of the time his nose was almost flattened against the carriage window—was nothing to do with him. All the stiffening of self-confidence he knew in London when he walked through Leicester Square on his way to the theatre, nodding to this friend, calling out a greeting to that one, was leaking away from him out of the soles of his boots. He saw people working in the fields; he saw people on the platforms of the stations we passed through, and there was no one he could hope to know, no one whom he could hope knew him.



I BURIED myself in morning papers till I felt he was beginning to get over it. His first remark was made as we were flying through the heart of Kent. He said—

"I should like to live in the country, you know. Near the hops for preference."

It was the first intimation of the return of his spirits. I let him talk a little more and then I ventured the subject of the top hat and the frock coat. He was still wearing the hat.

"Have you brought a change with you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes—yes. Lounge suit, you know. Ordinary. And full set out for to-night, of course."

"Of course."

I was still diffident. A little nervous of hurting his feelings.

"What about it?"

He was as sharp as a needle. I may have been looking at his top hat. I don't know. But I could hear by the defensive note in his voice that he was aware of my critical attitude of mind.

"Oh, it's only," said I gently, "that you

I tried to discharge that idea from his mind. He said it so simply—almost pathetically—it made me feel a snob. But once he'd got it in his head, nothing could move it. He knew he was out of the picture and, with the true eye of the artist, he wanted to get into it as soon as he could.

"All right," he said—"All right. I've got you. Bit too much stage centre—eh? Over-dressed it. All right—all right."

And straightway he took up his suit case and disappeared into the lavatory at the end of the corridor. In ten minutes he came back looking like anyone else on the train—not that he could ever have looked just like anyone else—and from that moment his spirits really lifted. By the time we reached Calais, he was thoroughly enjoying himself. Letting himself go. This was the biggest adventure he had ever had in his life.

It was the sound of everyone talking French on the other side that first sobered him. I had a feeling that he was keeping close to me till we got into the train. It was his first actual experience that the world was bigger than a fused metropolis

BY the time we reached Paris, he was as quiet as a mouse. Still staring. Still, as you might say, with his nose up against the window. Gazing about him everywhere. But mum as a mute. All the starch soaked out of him. I almost felt sorry for the poor little man. He was out in space right enough. And bewildered. All that taut and hair-sprung personality of his run down. I did what I could to wind him up. I made up my mind to take him out to dinner at the *Château de Madrid*. I don't know, I suppose I had some sort of an idea that a glimpse of high life in Paris might give him an opinion of himself. As far as his full set out was concerned, I had no fear there would be any peculiarity about his dress. Nothing like the top hat and the frock coat. An actor knows what to wear if he doesn't always know when to wear it.

He was already waiting in the lounge of the hotel when I came down. That lithe little figure of his, immaculately attired—clothes he'd probably worn in some production—was looking ultra-presentable. Not remarkable. He was too short for that. You had to see him on the stage, see him

alive from his waist-line downwards, to realise what a consummate little artist he was.

He was looking at a French illustrated paper when I joined him. He held it out for me to see. Some illustration of a story. Very innocuous.

"Thought they were a bit larky with their picture papers," he said—"Le Vi Parisian." You know."

I firmly believe he was under the impression that the French capital was a haunt of immorality; that there would be men offering him improper postcards at the corner of every street, and that he was going to see such flagrant impropriety as would even shock his experienced mind.

Anyhow he was still bewildered. Hadn't begun to find his feet. And, after all, it was only on his feet he lived. At the *Château de Madrid* he became more depressed than ever. It was very *chic* and not a soul took the faintest notice of us as we went to our table. Very different at home to the Ritz or the Savoy. There, whenever he happened to be having a meal, there would be someone amongst the swells who knew him. Someone who would wave a hand. Someone exclaim—

"Hullo Jimmy—what are you doing here?"

Impossible nowadays to be recognised, as the artist he was, and not be known in all classes of society.

But as he walked down between the tables at the *Château de Madrid* he whispered in my ear—

"The bird. That's what it is, old boy. The bird."

AT the *Ba-ta-clan* he was little better, though the show did provide him with some of the sensations he had expected. There was one girl—but it hasn't anything really to do with the story. Jimmy's eyes as he watched her were like egg-cups, and he kept on muttering

"If the wife was here she'd have a fit."

But when it came to the dance we were to watch, I could see him working like a nigger. Not a step, not a pose escaped him, and at the end of it he was applauding like mad. No jealousy about him! He knew a good artist when he saw one and didn't stint his praise.

"Think you've got it?" I asked him when it was over.

"Got it!" he said. "They won't want backs to their seats after I've had a go at it."

For the moment he'd cheered up. The thought of his work had enlivened him, given him the sense of being someone, even in the strangeness of that environment. I could hear his feet pattering on the floor as he reminded himself of some little step he had seen in the dance. Thinking with his feet. His face was a blank. That's the sort of artist he was. Only really alive in his job.

I hoped he was going to be in better spirits from that on. I told him I was going to take him to Maxime's.

"Is that stuffy—like the other?" he said. I couldn't help laughing.

AND yet, to my surprise, Maxime's was no better. We sat at a table half-way down the long room where I knew he'd get a good view of everybody coming in and out, and it wasn't long before he'd drifted back into his old depression. With that somewhat insignificant little figure of his, no one took the slightest notice of him. He was nobody to them. He was mud. And he wasn't used to it. Even off the stage an artist lives on his audience. The cheery greetings, the nodding heads, the whisper of people in the streets who recognised him. "See—that's Jimmy Garrett!" all these were the food he lived on in London.

Next Week's Features in BRITANNIA.

In addition to other articles of topical interest
next week's issue of BRITANNIA will include:

LORD BIRKENHEAD

on
Elizabeth and Strachey.

SIR ARTHUR YAPP

on
Youth—the Empire—and Success.

"TAFFRAIL"

(COMMANDER TAPRILL DORLING)
on
Naval Warfare of the Future.

MAJOR E. W. OLIVER

on
Animal Preservation in India.

FRANK SCUDAMORE

on
The Englishman on the Nile.

A Short Story

by
CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Not that he was conceited. No more than any artist is—must be. He was one of the most modest little chaps about his work I've ever met. But this frozen indifference was more than he could bear. The women in their jewels and their daring dresses sailed down the room past him, like full-rigged ships bearing by a two-oared skiff flapping a lug sail. They simply didn't see him. And the men looked through him. In half an hour, by the time the novelty had worn off, he was miserable again. A foreign language being spoken all round him! I shouldn't wonder if even their laughter didn't sound foreign to his ears. There was none of that royal progress about his visit to Paris then. It was burst. He was like a pricked balloon.

"How about going back to the hotel?" he muttered to me in a depressed voice when we'd finished our supper. And at the end of that sentence his voice had snapped off sharp. I saw him sit up. He was stiff. His ears pricked, like a dog that hears its master calling him.

"Well, what d'you make of that?" he whispered.

"Make of what?"

"That! What they're playing. Here! In Paris!"

He meant the orchestra. I listened. They were playing the tune he was dancing to at the Dominion Theatre in London. I glanced at him and he was alive. His eyes were jumping. He could hardly keep his body still. His tune! On an orchestra in Paris! He wasn't such an ignominious mutt after all. Perhaps they didn't know it, any of those sitting round there, but in London, night after night, he was bringing the house down with the dance he gave to that tune.

I never saw so sudden a change in anyone's spirits. He couldn't keep his feet still. If they weren't actually dancing, his eyes were. And then his excitement knew no bounds when the conductor, a thick-haired, Polish-looking individual, sauntered down between the tables away from his orchestra still playing his violin. Just swank. Conducting them at a distance by the mere force of his personality, that was the idea. Caressing his violin under his chin, looking soulfully at the women. An æsthetic suggestion that those caresses were for them if they liked to give him the faintest indication of approval.

JIMMY could hardly contain himself as the conductor approached our table. He was expecting everyone to be looking at him as they would have done in London. But nobody did.

Possibly it was because I saw another collapse into depression—I don't know, call it the air of Paris—anyhow I had a sudden impulse.

"Give it 'em, Jimmy!" I said. "Go on!"

He made a deprecatory grimace and shook his head, but I could see he was longing to. Like a child being asked to perform in company, half shy—half eager to show off.

"Go on!" I persisted. "Let 'em have a

bit of the real stuff."

Partly that did it. The suggestion that they weren't the only artists in the world. Partly the fact that I had shoved our table on one side to give him space to get into the middle of the room, added to which I'd got hold of his arm and was half pulling him to his feet.

Whatever it was, he suddenly jumped out into the open centre of the place and began. With a contemptuous leer to his upper lip, the Polish fellow turned round to look at him, still playing, still caressing the instrument under his blue, clean-shaven chin. But that contempt didn't last for long. You couldn't watch Jimmy Garrett dancing and pretend to be contemptuous about it for any length of time, the pace and the grace and the lightness of those feet of his wouldn't let you. His speed was dazzling. The flexibility of his body was what I have said about his personality—like a hair-spring.

And there he danced, that night at Maxime's, in the middle of the room, as I've certainly never seen him dance in his life before. It was like a wind flinging a leaf about. His feet scarcely seemed to touch the floor before he was in the air again. And hardly a sound. Just the whisper of his shoes brushing the carpet.

How long he'd have gone on without encouragement I don't know. The first surprise of seeing that little man whirling in their midst seemed to keep everybody in their seats. The conductor was the first, notwithstanding his contempt, to realise this was no mere exhibition of conviviality. He came to the edge of the space where Jimmy was dancing and he played his damndest. No ogling the women then. He was playing for an artist.

That started them. People began to gather round. In a few minutes they were standing up on the cushioned seats, standing on the chairs, shouting, clapping their hands, laughing, exclaiming, pushing each other, tumbling over each other to get a sight of him. The whole gathering of Maxime's, staff as well, must have collected about him in five minutes. And there in the middle of the circle, with that Polish individual darting his bow over the strings, Jimmy danced for them.

"Regardez! Le pirouettement! Ah! Mais oui! Quel artiste!"

THE men were enthusiastic. But the women entirely lost their heads. When, pretty nearly exhausted, laughing and bowing, he made an end of it, they swept over him. It was like a crowd scrambling for money in the streets. One tall, fine-looking woman took charge of him. A bare arm securely

The show provided him with some of the sensations he had expected. There was one girl —



round his neck, she bore him off to her table. I saw him trying to get a look at me with a comical grin on his face. He couldn't see me. They were too thick about him. And gibbering their compliments and

flattery like a lot of monkeys. I could see him seated at a table further down the room with a shoal of women round him, and the fine, tall woman keeping that bare arm jealously round his neck. As if she'd leashed him. As if he belonged to her. Let him have his little bit of triumph. I wasn't going to join in. He'd earned it. Not a word of all they were saying could he understand, but he was enjoying himself like hell. Sometimes I caught a glimpse of his face—beaming—eyes as mischievous as a monkey's. He was trying to explain to them who he was. In English. Then I just heard his voice. "Parly voo." He stood up and declaimed it. There was a burst of laughter as they pulled him down into his seat again.

I may have looked away for half a minute. It couldn't have been more. When I looked back, he was gone. A couple of women were sitting at the table. The others had dispersed.

I HURRIED down the room. Where was my friend? The little Englishman who'd danced! They didn't know. They seemed to regard me as an intruder. What business

was it of mine? What business! I was getting frantic. A waiter had seen him go out at another door. Who with? Was he with anyone? He didn't know. He asked in English—well, of course, in English—had they seen his friend? What friend? They didn't know he had a friend. And then he was gone. Where? Well, how should they know? People were always coming in and out. Perhaps he would return. They were busy.

"Garçon! Garçon!" The waiter was gone. I waited. Five minutes. Ten minutes. A quarter of an hour. No sign of Jimmy. Shades of Raymond and the understudy at the Dominion Theatre kept presenting themselves before me.

I paid the bill and went back to the hotel. No one

had seen Mr. Garrett. They sent up to his room. His room was empty.

I didn't go to bed till four o'clock in the morning. And then, not before I'd communicated with the police, done everything a man could do and was exhausted with fatigue, despair and resentment.

THE next morning the police had heard nothing and still his room was empty. I had his things packed. Packed mine. My last hope was the station. He knew the time of the train. He knew how important it was he should be back in London that night. I left word at the hotel to tell him to come straight on to the station as soon as he appeared. I was at the Gare du Nord more than an hour before the train was due to start.

Every minute, waiting, seemed eternal. I stood at the entrance to the platform twisting my head this way, then that. If he didn't turn up, of course, I couldn't go. But surely to heaven, he'd turn up at the station!

I might have been there ten minutes. I don't know. It seemed like ten hours. And then, emerging from the crowd of people pouring in, I saw the figure of Jimmy approaching me. He'd seen me first. He was wearing his crush hat and black overcoat of the night before. He came up to me like a dog that knows it's got to be thrashed. Half-sidling. An upward glance of the eyes.

"No good looking at me like that," said he. "What's the time?"

I told him.

"What time does the train go?"

I told him.

He felt in his pockets and brought out some money. A crumpled bunch of French notes. Then he looked at me. Not straight in the eye. About as high as my chin.

"Will you come with me?" he said. "There are some shops outside. I'm just going to buy a present for the wife."

BOLSHEVISM *and* MODERN YOUTH

By Reginald Berkeley

ANY sensible person will tell you that the idea of Bolshevism infecting the British Empire is simply laughable. The Empire, he will point out, was never closer knit and stronger than to-day.

In this he is perfectly right, but his conclusion proceeds on imperfectly ascertained premises. The Communising or Bolshevising of this country by political action directed from outside is the fantastic nightmare of a disordered brain. But what cannot be enforced from without, or dictated by a faction from within, may grow up spontaneously unobserved, and spread so widely before its presence is detected, as to be difficult, if not impossible of eradication.

However much an individual or a people may be on guard, their vigilance is of very little use if it is guided in the wrong direction. The rulers and people of England have their attention fixed on Russia. They can only see Bolshevism as a preposterous political experiment, grounded in atrocity, and attended by economic ruin.

Knowing the temper and character of the British people, and with the evidence of the General Strike to support them, they reject for the absurdity that it is, the hypothesis of a revolution in England. Where they go wrong is in supposing that violence and horror are any more necessarily an intrinsic part of Bolshevism than the cruelties of the Inquisition were grounded in the teaching of Christ. They confuse the reflexes of national temperament, and the failure of national institutions, with the nature of a philosophic system. This is not to say that Bolshevism is not a deadly danger to the continuance and security of the Empire. It is. The menace can hardly be exaggerated. But the menace is not the kind most people suppose it to be.

The Enemy of Beliefs.

BOLSHEVISM is a mental state that happens to have a Russian name because it first found expression and recognition among Russian people. It is a state of mind that challenges and denies all the fundamental beliefs on which is based the whole modern society of which the British civilisation is among the highest examples.

It is a state of mind already widespread among the post-war generation in Great Britain, and gaining ground noticeably. And it is a state of mind which, if it cannot be met by a new philosophy, or by a genuine reinstatement of an old religion, must lead to the disintegration, and ultimately to the destruction of society as we know it, and in particular of the Anglo-Saxon culture that has grown up side by side with the Empire we have pioneered and brought to greatness.

The truth about Bolshevism (and this is the secret of its attraction for young intellectuals), is that it is not essentially a political system at all, but a religion of negations, compounded of uncompromising disbeliefs. The basis of the creed is flat denial, not

only of the existence of God, but of the scientific possibility of God—not merely God in the personal paternal sense, but any kind of creative force in the Universe.

This form of atheism, novel and rigid in character, proceeds, not like the more familiar atheism of past generations, from a kind of perverse desire to affront or challenge the Deity, but rather by way of sweeping aside an empty, unprofitable and not particularly imposing superstition, as a prelude to restating the position of the human race.

HITHERTO philosophy has found it necessary to posit some kind of Deity as a background to Man. The Bolshevik rejects any such assumption. He identifies "God creation" and "God seeking" with the primitive superstition of prehistoric man, investing his dead ancestors with divinity.

He identifies the qualities attributed to God with the primitive desire to propitiate the savage Old Man at the head of the tribe. To the old-fashioned atheist such large-scale calamities as the great war, or the Japanese earthquakes, are the occasion for passionate remonstrance against the injustice and hard-heartedness that could permit such things, and to that extent an argument against the existence of God. For the Bolshevik they are merely facts, like the non-existence of God. He has no grievance against God for not being God. He accepts the non-existence of God just as he accepts death. If anything, he is rather glad of the necessity

to do without God. In his eyes it increases the stature of man.

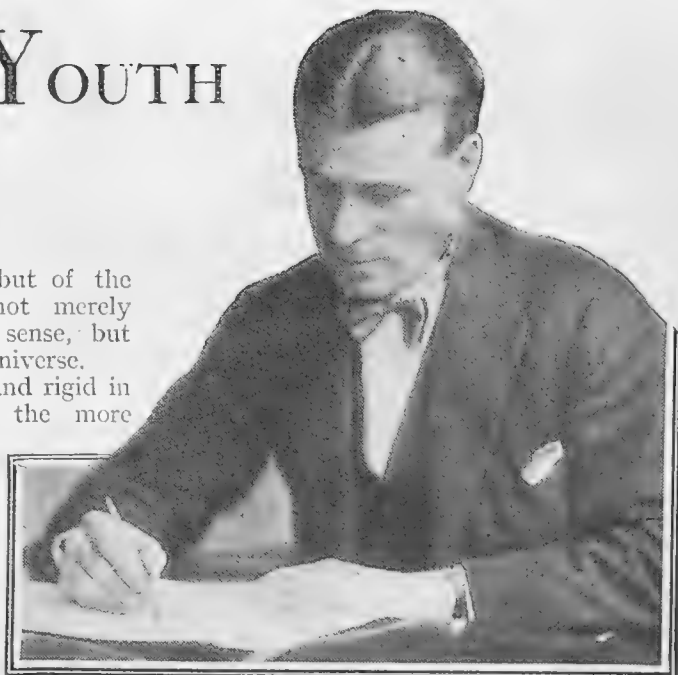
The second disbelief which makes up the Bolshevistic state of mind is the total rejection of immortality. Soul survival, soul-existence indeed, is to him an idle superstition. Man is a machine of body and mind. The machinery stops; the mind is extinguished; there is nothing more. Man, indeed, is only higher than the machine because he has a mind. Being weaker and having less endurance, it may be supposed that he will become the inferior of the machine, should the secret of imparting mind to machinery be solved by science.

Bolshevism's Destructive Aims.

SUCH being the Bolshevistic outlook, what is the Bolshevistic aim? It must not be confused with that of Socialism. The end of Bolshevism is "the elimination of the State, and therewith of all organised and systematic power."

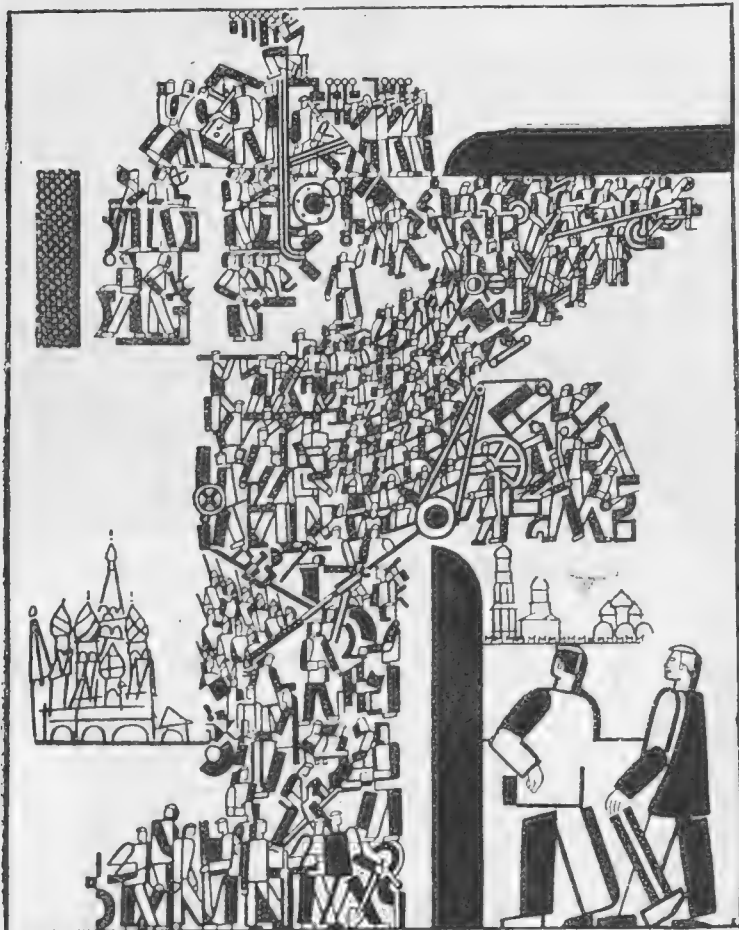
Modern civilisation, especially our Anglo-Saxon culture, is based on the subordination of the individual to the State, and on the adjustment of groups and classes and their respective interests, on the one hand to the liberty of the individual, on the other to the overriding claims of the whole. Bolshevism, as a philosophic theory of life, is wholly incompatible with the existence of the modern civilised State. The ultimate aim of Bolshevism—the establishment of a mechanised "Paradise on earth" where, in widespread and ungoverned brotherhood, men are to be "so conscious of the basic rules of their common life as to work, of their own free will, in accordance with their capacities"—may be a high-sounding ideal, but its realisation can only take place after the whole fabric of life, as we live it, has been completely pulled down and removed.

Our modern habit, fostered by the newspapers, of concerning ourselves more with "facts" (i.e., happenings) than with ideas, which form the motive force behind the facts, has caused the majority of people to be so blinded by the phenomena which accompanied the outbreak of Bolshevism in Russia, that they cannot recognise the existence of potential Bolshevism all about them. Indeed, many



Lenin, the man who created the empire of the impersonal mass. Each of his simple words had an invisible power, each of his gestures was fashioned to an historical event, whose image was to be impressed on the hearer for ever.

CHRISTIANITY WILL HAVE TO DEFEAT THE BOLSHEVIST CREED



A Bolshevik artist's idea of "mechanised collective man" (of whom we had a glimpse as a Robot in Kapak's play R.U.R.).

who would be the first to resent the label, which to them has associations only of cruel atrocity and noisy political shibboleth, are themselves unconscious Bolsheviks, only distinguishable in creed from those in Russia by the fact that they have not as yet collectively formulated a definite aim. The mental attitude to life of such as these is Bolshevism unredeemed.

Dangerous Intellectuals.

THUS, to begin with, that part of the post-war generation which wishes to be considered "intellectual" is wholly Godless. It may be doubted whether there has ever been a time in the history of the world when the possession of religious beliefs was accepted as stronger evidence of intellectual second quality. That, however, is not the worst. Intellectuals do not make up a nation. But they can guide a nation when it is in the mood to be guided; and circumstances are playing into their hands. Post-war youth is singularly free from humbug.

Life to-day is a merciless struggle to succeed, especially to succeed in making money. It is a social crime to be a failure, contemptible to be poor. No religion yet revealed to man is honestly compatible with carcerism—Christianity least of all. The stress of modern life leaves men and women little time for religious exercises. And they are not sorry to be told that the worship of God is unnecessary, because there is no God, and that the cultivation of the soul is a waste of time, because there is no soul.

For, in their attitude towards the human soul also, the post-war generation of intellectuals are Bolshevik. It matters not whether the proponent of immortality be a Churchman or, let us say, Sir Oliver Lodge. Soul survival, to the modern, is an out-of-date superstition, hugged by the pre-war mind. Post-war intellectualism is all on the side of Sir Arthur Keith, and all against the angels of Mons.

Breaking with the Past.

IN justice it must be said that there is considerable excuse for irreligion. Where boys and girls just beginning to think for themselves are entitled to expect a clear, inspiring leadership, a re-statement in simple modern language of the teachings of Christ, they are given at best mild exhortations on good citizenship. And when they see the Church of England, riven by doctrinal disagreements as sterile as the Sabellian heresy, who can wonder if their first surprise and disappointment change into contemptuous indifference?

To youth, the Prayer Book controversy is just another incomprehensible vagary of those exasperating pre-war old men, whom, rightly or wrongly, but in complete accord with the Bolsheviks, it blames for the war and all that has followed. For the post-war generation has no time for the generation that produced the war, and very little for the generation that fought in it. The post-war generation is only anxious to cut the painter of the past; and that is exactly the aim of the Bolsheviks. Not to build upon the past, but to break with the past.

Youth in its attitude towards sex, throughout Europe, throughout the world almost, is strongly tinged with Bolshevism. This is not to say that the orgiastic "African nights" of the Moscow students are universal. Like the atrocities, those are peculiarities of the Russian character. But it is to say that in its philosophic attitude towards sex and marriage, the post-war generation is coldly rationalistic, and even materialist. This is an aspect of the matter impossible to discuss in a few lines, equally impossible, because of its powerful influence on mankind, to be omitted.

Its importance to the present argument lies in the fact that the modern civilised State, and more especially an aggregation of States such as the British Empire, held together by ties of blood, is based primarily on the family. The Bolshevik philosophy takes no account of the family; and the post-war attitude to sex and marriage in this country approximates far nearer to Bolshevism than to that on which the Empire was built. Whether

the reasons for this be economic or irreligious hardly matters.

Will our Civilisation Disappear?

LOOKING back at history, one sees the stages of man's progress in a series of curves or ridges. The most imposing of these is that which began with the Crucifixion, at the dawn of the Christian era. In the stagnation of older creeds and customs in the following three centuries, Christianity conquered the West, and founded the civilised world that we know. Some people believe that its purpose has been served; that stagnation and paralysis are attacking it in its turn.

It may be said that the symptoms are not those of decay, but only of the germination that precedes the putting forth of new life. What is certain is that men's minds have been quickened by a new leaven, which is fermenting swiftly in the young. The spread of ideas that took three centuries in the days of the Roman Empire could easily be achieved in a small fraction of the time to-day.

Only a Stimulant.

Ideas can only be fought with ideas. Suppression is merely a stimulant. What we shall see in our lifetime is whether Christianity can encounter and defeat the Bolshevik creed; or whether a new era has already begun, in which the civilisation that we know will disappear, and the Empire that is now our pride become no more than the token of a departed glory.

The illustrations accompanying this article are reproduced from "The Mind and Face of Bolshevism," by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Putnam, Ltd.]



The storming of the Kremlin as a Bolshevik saw it.

DIGGING up BIBLE HISTORY

IT is always an adventure beginning a new season's dig. Even when it is a return to a known site, the unexpected will probably happen.

This year it happened rather early in the journey out, for the train at the Checko-Slovak frontier did not wait to pick up our through carriage from Berlin to Stamboul, and we were left stranded, apparently helpless, with the exasperating feeling of being pushed right off the map, and unable to catch up not only with our particular train, but with any transport whatsoever.

No one was the least interested in our missing our connections with Stamboul, and on through Asia Minor, missing the convoy across the desert to Baghdad and losing a week of our digging season; there was no spare engine, but there would be an ordinary train in six hours' time which would take us across part of Checkoslovakia and leave us there till the next day, when something else would pick us up. This could not be endured.

We found a champion in the attendant of the forlorn and forgotten *wagons lits*, who with the patience of Job and the wisdom of the serpent,



Very heavy going—natives engaged in carrying up the trunks.

By Katharine Woolley

New discoveries are expected at Ur of the Chaldees where Abraham lived and Hebrew history had its birth. A new expedition undertaken by Mr. and Mrs. Woolley is described in this article. During excavations in a previous visit to Ur Mr. and Mrs. Woolley made many valuable discoveries, including the priceless Ur dagger.

contrived to impress on the minds of a small portion of Central Europe the importance of our catching up with the Orient Express. Eventually, we left six hours behind time, attached to the ordinary train, but a special engine awaited us at the spot where we would have been stranded, and from there we raced on through the dark.

Unforeseen stops and successive Customs caused our hopes to sink, but at the Hungarian frontier we were met with such politeness and assurances that they would not allow us to miss our connection that we began to hope again, and so eventually in spite of our six hours' hold-up, we caught the errant train at Budapest.

Arrival at Aleppo.

THERE were no further mishaps. Asia Minor was astonishingly beautiful, the Taurus mountains towering and grand. At Aleppo we were met by Hamoudi, our foreman, and his three sons,



It is always an adventure beginning a new season's dig—at every stage one comes on graves of minor importance. Mr. Woolley thinks there might be something "down under."



Natives waiting to be enrolled in the work of excavation at Ur of the Chaldees.

THE DESERT GRAVES GIVE UP THEIR SECRETS TO THE DIGGERS

Arabs of Northern Syria, and we sat with them in the sun drinking coffee and speculating about this season's finds and listening to their tales of what they had felt when one by one last season's objects had been discovered. There is no end to these talks when every incident during six years' work is remembered and enjoyed.

Then on to Damascus, where we joined the Nairn convoy, and started off on the best and quickest desert journey I have known. Seventy, eighty miles

an hour over the hard smooth surface, or ploughing laboriously over bad patches, twenty-four hours' motoring with stops for food, but none for sleep for the driver.

The desert was burnt and parched after the long hot summer, not a trace of green, only scattered patches of brownish camel-thorn on which great herds of camels yet contrive to live. We passed many skeletons of camels, witnesses to the summer drought, mirages of shining water swam before us in the waterless desert, a mound a foot high would look like a great hill until, like the mirage, it faded away; we put up gazelles, bustards and foxes as we rushed along. A pause at Rutba, where there is a rest-house and outpost, then on through the night and in sight of the Euphrates by seven in the morning; across the bridge of boats into Mesopotamia, the land between the two rivers, and so on to Baghdad and the Tigris.

Digging Out Our House.

IN Baghdad, we heard that the sandstorms at Ur had been worse than ever this summer, and Hamoudi and his sons went on ahead to dig out the Expedition house. It is almost incredible what one summer's accumulation of sand can do. The house is built of ancient bricks, only one storey high, and lies low among the old city mounds; this year, seen from the north, it was just another mound of sand, and indoors, in spite of windows and doors being nailed to, the sand lay over a foot deep in all the rooms. But Hamoudi and his men dug out the house, dug out the rooms, dug out the Ford vanette from the so-called garage, cleaned out the water-tanks which hold all our water—for we are ten miles from the nearest water, and our daily supply is brought to us in kerosine tins on the backs of diminutive donkeys.

One minute there is nothing but a buried house in the midst of half-buried ruins lost in the flat and barren desert stretching away in every direction; the next minute the house is open, people living in it, the guard with his rifle outside; a cow and a calf are led in from ten miles off, ducks, geese and hens make the same journey, carried upside down, Arab ponies are tethered to the posts whilst their riders drink coffee and pay their respects.



Ziggurat, the Tower of the Moon God. There is a local tradition that this is the remains of the Tower of Babel.

The old diggers, men of six years' standing, come to be enrolled; none ever die. "What, still alive?" is one of the favourite jokes; even last season's madman is now sane and is at this moment mending the roof. The Sheikh rides over and is thanked for seeing that nothing has been disturbed during the summer. About three hundred men come in all, but no one asks you what you have been doing since they last saw you; they themselves have done nothing, seen nothing; presumably you have done the same.

"This Year There Will be Great Finds."

AND so there is no slow accustoming yourself to the new conditions—you leave Baghdad and travel south by the single-track railway, and after seventeen hours of dusty

journey you are back again, and as if you had never been away. The sand-storms which buried the Expedition house have picked up sand from some parts of the ruins and heaped it up on others. The graves of last year lie low and have escaped reburial; a wolf ran out from one of them when we climbed down to the deepest levels, and in the oven in the kitchen of the Moon-goddess' temple, which was standing in Abraham's time, we found a jackal, which hastily slid away.

To-day the men have been enrolled,

pickaxes, spades and baskets distributed and new baskets collected from the nearest villages, the men's great drinking-jars have been set up on the site of to-morrow's dig—the continuation of the cemetery which last season yielded such unprecedented finds.

"This year, too, there will be great finds," says Hamoudi, and adds "*Insh' Allah*," "If God wills," and with that pious hope in our hearts we shall swing our picks to-morrow morning as the warm rays of the rising sun flood the ancient mounds with colour and light and the new work begins.

Diggers, in order of Merit.

WHERE we dug last year there is a great yawning pit, whose sheer sides go down for about forty feet. Standing on the first day at the bottom of the pit, and looking up at this season's site, there was more than forty feet above one, for on the top of the old deposit there rose a high heap of earth dumped by us last season. This had to be removed before real excavation could begin. When the old surface was reached a space was measured off along the edge of the pit, and within it a square plot was allotted to each little gang of Arabs. The men are divided into gangs; one pickman, a spade man, and three basket men make up a gang; the pickmen are the clever ones, the spade men not so clever, and the basket men very stupid indeed.

From the surface they have to sink down, keeping level with each other as much as is possible, until ultimately we may reach the level of the royal graves. At every stage graves of minor importance may be encountered, starting within three feet from the modern ground level. But this is not uniform.

On one part of our measured area in days ancient enough, but for us relatively late—about 2000 B.C.—the mounds and hollows of the old forgotten graveyard had been levelled for building, and tons of rubbish were dumped on it, and the gangs there have been for several days on end carrying away in their small baskets a mixture of broken bricks and broken pottery, rubbish which cannot possibly contain anything of interest.



Looking for inscriptions on broken bricks.

THE DESERT GRAVES GIVE UP THEIR SECRETS TO THE DIGGERS

The top graves (they date from about 2700-2600 B.C.) are seldom rich, though they may contain an engraved cylinder seal or a good string of beads, and the clay pots found in each grave are of unparalleled value to the archaeologist as dating material.

The Discovery of a Grave.

TO the uninitiated the first signs that a grave is turning up would probably pass unnoticed. The pickman is hacking away at the hard soil when a thin white line as of powdered chalk appears like an uneven thread. All the men recognise this, the remains of the reed mat put there 4,500 years ago to line the trough of the grave. It is strange that matting, so fragile a thing, should be preserved, when even bones have rotted away—not preserved exactly, for there is no substance left; but with careful work one can expose a grey-white film which to the eye has all the texture of the matting, though with a touch of the finger you can obliterate it and leave only the plain earth. Very gingerly the soil is scraped away.

Then there appears the rim of a clay vase, then another, two of the pots of offerings which were placed at the head or against the side of the dead man. Picks are not used for this delicate work, but small knives or brushes, and the digger—one of the staff—lies blowing away the earth as he loosens it. The sloping side of the mat lining shows up, and then, mottled with the matting which covered the corpse, the cracked brown oval of the skull. This is of importance in more ways than one.

Already the position of the grave and its depth have been recorded; now, with the discovery of the skull, the direction of the body can be noted. The attitude is invariable, the dead laid on one side, the legs bent up so that the knees are at right angles to the body, but there seems to have been no rule of orientation; the Mahomedan lies with his head towards Mecca, the Christian to the West, but these people face any point of the compass indifferently.

So very carefully one works away at the soil, often removing it in layers. There is a curved line of powdery green, the rim of the copper bowl held between the hands close to the mouth, the bowl which contained water for the dead to drink.

Copper rings lie round the bones of the hand—one may be found together with the bone it encircled inside the bowl—and there is often a copper bracelet or one of beads. Then where broken splinters of thicker bone mark the line of the arm, a straight copper pin may be found; this was used to fasten the cloak over one shoulder. The shaft of the pin is pierced, and close to it lies more often than not a cylinder seal which, tied to the pin, made a sort of toggle or button.

The cylinder seal may be of shell, steatite, jasper, rock crystal, or of lapis lazuli, perhaps with a gold cap at either end. Anxiously it is lifted and turned round to see whether it is inscribed in the cuneiform script. "Thank God, inscribed!" murmur the gang, who get a larger *backsheesh* if the seal bears a name.

At Last the Head.

AT last the grave is finished all but the head; the copper axe is clear to see, the toe-rings, the clay pots, and now only the skull is left. A lump, meaningless at first, is cleared of the dirt that clings to it; an elaborate ear-ring formed of a spiral of copper from which dangled a similar spiral of silver, interesting as a type, but, alas, useless as a museum specimen, for both the metals are so hopelessly corroded that only the experienced eye can detect their shape before one or other crumbles into powder. At last the earth that yet remains by the chin and neck is scraped away and the beads appear, beads of carnelian and lapis lazuli as bright as when they first were worn, and little grey flaking balls that once were silver. Puffing and blowing, one clears a bit of the row, fearful of dislodging a single bead, for the order of all these must be recorded in writing so that the necklace, re-strung, may faithfully represent the fashion of 2700 B.C.

Thus grave after grave is noted, and though many of them may appear, taken by themselves, to possess very little interest, yet when all are done and the total results can be collated, one can get from the mass of detailed field notes a surprising amount of information about history, dates, and customs for which no one tomb, however rich and however carefully dug, could give trustworthy evidence.

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Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Woolley digging out and recording graves.



MRS. KATHARINE WOOLLEY

(A Drawing by Kapp)

THE TRAGEDY of BEAUTY

By Peggy O'Neill



BEAUTY is neither wholly a blessing nor wholly a curse. It is lovely to see always! But it is like a cocktail—it can get you giddy, but you need not lose your head. If you do lose your head, well, then, when you find it again, maybe, you'll have paid a big price for the fleeting pleasure, and it's not worth it to any woman.

Temptations of the Stage.

GIRLS and women in the theatre world are supposed to have to pay all sorts of penalties for the privilege of displaying their beauty before the footlights. This is not altogether true; although the temptations are many and varied on the stage, it is no better, and certainly no worse, than anywhere else where girls have to get a living. It all depends on the girl!

A pretty girl behind the ribbon counter is just as likely to tumble headlong into the temptations that come the way of her sisters on the stage. True, there is a glamour in stage life which to some temperaments makes things easier, but behind the scenes of every walk in life temptation lures the vain and unthinking girl down paths where she has to pay very dearly for a glimpse of life's tinsel.

Some years ago, when I was just starting in my chosen profession, and naturally ambitious to get a leading part, the opportunity seemed to come out of the blue. I was sent for by a very big and important manager. He invited me out to lunch to discuss the part I coveted, and with a view to my being offered it. But I was wary—a lunch, and me wanting a part!!

"But surely you've made up your mind about the part?" I queried, somewhat good-naturedly.

"Why, what's the matter?" came the manager's cryptic reply.

"It's like this," I rejoined hastily; "if I get the part I'll be too excited to eat any lunch! And if I'm not to have the part I certainly won't feel like eating any lunch." Then I got the usual "Very well, we'll let you know."

The part never came my way! Though, later on, I played for that same manager, and I count himself and his wife among my best friends.

Personality the Key to Success.

THERE are many who say it is impossible for any girl to get a big place on the stage without being the "pet" of some nice

gentleman—that is, to get a sporting chance. Doubtless there are a certain number of cases where this happens. We all know a few cases like that—we see them—often,



Photo:

Popular Peggy O'Neill who helped to make "Paddy the Next Best Thing" a play to remember. She appeared recently in "Mercenary Mary."

Sketch:

but it's not the general rule. To succeed on the stage I should say that personality would come first. It is the biggest asset towards success! Imagination would come second, and beauty third.

Also, in this very matter-of-fact world, common sense is more necessary than ever. Beauty might get one on the edge of the crowd, it might even get one taken on as part of the show, but if beauty is not backed by sense and soul it cannot take one far towards fame.

Of course, beauty used in certain directions might easily bring to its owner great notoriety. But notoriety is not an accomplishment. It's a stunt. If a beautiful girl has no more ambition than to have a good time at any cost and to be the plaything of a "grand man," then her beauty will ultimately bring its reward—and she is left by the wayside, while her less beautiful sister hits the trail to success.

A Poor Drugged Soul.

TAKE the case of poor Julia Burns. She was a rare beauty. To look at her was a feast to the eyes. But she came to an untimely end, and very early in life too. The last time I saw her was in Paris, some few weeks before she died in poverty. I met her in the house of a noted dentist—Dr. Robert Good. Julia was there, not the real Julia of her beauty days, but the poor drugged soul, utterly changed in looks and boasting of herself as the heroine of most of the drug stories of Paris. I remember

seeing her a few years previously, a splendid, ravishing beauty, but she, like so many others, had the idea that mere beauty is everything. All men bowed the knee to Julia, turned her head, and eventually watched or read of her slipping—slipping! Because she was beautiful things were made easy for her, and she had no will-power.

In the film world at the moment thousands

are being spent on girls who have no other asset except mere beauty. But the film, like acting on the stage, has to be able to put beauty across to the audience. The audience has actually to "feel" the artist's beauty. That requires art. And the thousands now being spent on the possessors of beautiful faces, who vainly imagine that their gift is all that is needed for success, will be wasted. Girls with less attractive features, but with personality and imagination, will get away with the star places.

TEMPTATIONS WHICH BESET THE ACTRESS

Heaven which does not last.

BEAUTY, when thought of to the exclusion of all other personal gifts and charms, is indeed a snare. Sometimes the girl possessing great beauty is obsessed by her power to charm, and she is also often drugged by flattery. For a time men of all sorts and classes are bound to be attracted to her; presents and good times will be hers in shoals; the heaven, such as earth can be made to appear through exotic living, in which money flows like water, is a highly desirable place—while it lasts. But it does not last long always—and then what?

The pawnshops of Paris and New York, and I dare say London, are littered with the presents of famous beauties whose features did not stand the stress of life, and who resorted in a few years to the back room for which pawned presents had to pay.

I do not say this bitterly, but with a full heart, and in my profession one has to see so much of this sort, because any girl or woman who thinks of mere beauty, without a good smattering of common sense lives in a fool's paradise. The modern world is a hard place, and materialism is rampant in the beauty market.

More than Beauty.

ONE of the saddest cases I know is that of the famous beauty, Lillian "X," in New York. Thousands were spent, or rather showered, upon her. But her beauty was her undoing. Lovely of face and figure, no matter what she did, it was forgiven because she was lovely!—until one day—the end! The pawnshop had her presents, and, as a good time was her one and only ambition—well, she began to slip, and slipped too far!

On the other hand, a woman on the stage with beauty plus a deal of common sense and a sense of proportion, and who uses her imagination, can give pleasure, not to the odd rich men who think beauty is the special privilege of a well-filled purse, but to the teeming millions who will watch her play on screen or on the stage. Many people talk of Mary Pickford as being merely a beautiful girl. She is undoubtedly beautiful, but she has a fine business head to back her beauty, and as she began poor and had to work hard, she was careful of her well-earned money. To be "Everybody's Darling," as Mary has been called in thou-

sands of humble homes, meant that her acting revealed beauty as well, and the actual audience "felt" more alive and loving for having met Mary on the movies.

Bothering about Morals.

EVEN in these modern days, when the girls and women are said to be so advanced, independent, and possess an abun-



A pretty girl behind the ribbon counter is just as likely to tumble headlong into the temptations that come the way of her sisters on the stage.

dance of good sense, there are still some who persist in saying that a beauty cannot get on anywhere except by what is commonly known as being "bought." I know of a case recently of a young actress in London who went to interview a manager about a part, and was told she would never get anywhere on the stage if she bothered too much about her morals. She is new to London and will get a hearing, for she is bright and intelligent.

The manager's remark is not true, and is also a flagrant insult to the many managers who are looking for talent, and also to the chivalry of the average Englishman, and incidentally a slander on the hundreds of actresses of all ages who are making the stage their profession. It's like thinking that all marriages in the world must go wrong

because a divorce case is advertised on the newspaper bill-boards.

On the other hand, temptations do occur, as in any walk of life, and have to be met in the same natural way—by keeping one's head, and holding on to the accumulated good sense which should be inherited by a girl from her mother.

A Mother's Influence.

IN my stage experiences I have always tried to visualise my own mother when having to come to a decision regarding my work—what she'd have me do! I lost her when I was a small girl and my ambition to go on the stage was hardly born. When, however, I did get a small chance of a part, it was my mother that I "felt" was lending me a helping hand. Superstition, some will call it, but nevertheless very real to me. She could not leave me great wealth, but she left me a precious gift—"common sense," and helped me to decide.

When parts such as "Sadie Thompson," "Kiki," and the like came my way, I felt I would not, could not play them. I don't like such things, and prefer playing something more wholesome.

In my early "stage-struck" days I found myself with two hundred others called together to read a part with a view to being given a chance on the stage. I was the thirty-ninth in the row, and when it came to my turn to read I "felt" my mother's nearness so strongly that all my nervousness left me for the time of my reading. At the end of that ordeal I was chosen with a few others, picked out of a few to read, and came off winner in the final test. I felt I was reading to my mother, as in the old days! Being chosen eventually for the part, I've been on the stage ever since. But it's little use being a beautiful actress if you do not know how to open your mouth, modulate your voice, and talk to thrill an audience. They don't come to look at you for three hours—they would soon get bored stiff at that job. It is to hear and see acts of beauty that they come—ask the Box Office!



... She would never get anywhere on the stage if she bothered too much about her morals.

TWO FIRST-RATE RADIO SETS

By ROBERT W. BEARE

DEVELOPMENT in radio has reached a point at which one set of a particular class is very much like any other in that class, and provided any one of the well-known makers is selected, the would-be purchaser runs very little risk in making his choice without expert advice. As in motor car purchase, however, the question of suitability to the particular purposes of the individual purchaser is important, and I have already endeavoured to warn readers of *BRITANNIA* that this point is worthy of even deeper consideration than the selection of an actual make.

In the course of testing innumerable instances, one does occasionally encounter a radio set which stands out from its rivals on account of some particular virtue of performance, convenience of maintenance, or simplicity of operation, and I have been fortunate during the past few weeks in having two such instruments submitted to me for trial—one a portable, and the other a home receiver. The first-named is the Rees-Mace "Screened Five"; the last, the Cossor "Melody Maker."

The Rees-Mace Portable.

The portable set mentioned has several points of excellence which distinguish it from the general run of similar receivers. So far as the circuit is concerned, this embodies a stage of screen grid high frequency amplification, followed by an aperiodic stage, with the result that both range and selectivity are of a high order, while the number of critical controls does not exceed the number—two—which the average operator can conveniently manipulate.

"Ganging" of two or more tuning condensers is also avoided, though whether the degree of amplification obtained from the untuned stage of H.F. amplification justifies the presence of the extra valve is a somewhat controversial point. In any case, the sensitivity of the set is beyond reproach, so that the point does not arise.

A Double Loud-Speaker.

So much for range. The low frequency section is attended to by two normal stages of amplification, and ample volume is obtainable on even the most distant stations. The particular point in this connection in regard to which the Rees-Mace is most notable, however, is the loud speaker itself. This employs two separate cones, in accordance with the maker's usual practice, and is, to all intents and purposes, a double loud speaker.

The smaller cone has, naturally, a higher pitched tone than the larger, and the combined output of the two gives a remarkably true rendering over an unusually wide range of the musical scale. From the point of view of volume of sound, the speaker appears to be satisfactorily sensitive on weak signals; and able to handle a considerable amount of energy from nearer stations before there is any tendency to rattle.

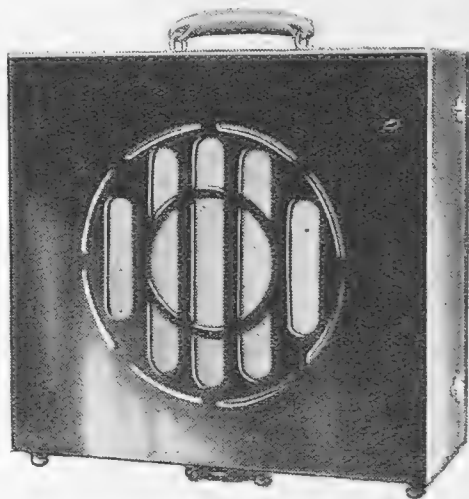
Another feature of the Rees-Mace portable which will appeal to those who desire to use it largely for home use, as well as for travelling, is the fine finish of the cabinets employed. The particular model which I had was housed in ordinary french-polished mahogany, protected, of course, by a well-tailored canvas cover, but I imagine that a considerable amount of care is exercised not only in the selection of woods for the cabinets, but in

the finishing as well. In this connection, by the way, it occurs to me to wonder why no radio manufacturer has yet followed the example set at the recent motor show by several body builders, who have deserted french polish for a cellulose process as a woodwork finish.

A portable radio set is necessarily subjected to somewhat rough handling, and the ordinary polish is notoriously delicate. Cellulose, on the other hand, gives a gloss which for brilliance and depth is equivalent to that of the very highest quality "piano finish," and is relatively indestructible.

The "Melody Maker."

In an entirely different class, the Cossor "Melody Maker" is just as noteworthy. As most readers are aware, this takes the form of a complete kit of parts, which the purchaser can make up for himself. I am



The Rees-Mace Five Valve "Grand" Portable.

afraid that the person responsible for the claim that the set can be made in ninety minutes was either a super-optimist or a wizard; but it is true enough that a person absolutely without previous wireless experience can make the "Melody Maker" in the course of an enjoyable evening, and that when made and connected up to aerial and earth, batteries and loud speaker, the set will infallibly give the most extraordinary results.

In the case of my own test, I induced a member of my family, who knows next to nothing of the technical side of radio, to do the constructional work. This occupied five hours, and immediately it was completed I sat down to a careful test. The log of the evening included more than fifty stations, and, having constructed a chart from the identified transmissions received, I was able to pick up several more stations that had previously eluded me.

The set is a three-valve, with one screen grid stage and a single L.F. stage, employing an ordinary Cossor power valve, and not a pentode.

Adequate volume to operate a moving coil loud speaker is obtainable on a dozen or more stations on almost any evening, while it should be noted that the test in which I received fifty or more stations was conducted entirely on the loud speaker—an Amplion "Lion," to be precise. The combination of set and speaker is an excel-

lent one, by the way, for the remarkable amplification obtainable by the new Amplion model, together with the excellent representation of the lower notes in the scale, does full justice to a truly remarkable set.

Difficulties of Selection.

One of the principal difficulties which have faced the average inexperienced purchaser of radio apparatus has been the practical impossibility of comparing different instruments under identical conditions, and the total inadequacy of the usual showroom for such a purpose. Several radio manufacturers have recently realised this point, and have opened premises that are worthy of the name demonstration room, the latest being the British Thomson-Houston Company.

The company's main showrooms are in Newman Street, Oxford Street, where a complete range of B.T.-H. products can be seen, but a new demonstration department has been opened at Crown House, Aldwych, where all the activities of the firm can be examined and tested in comfort and much more efficient conditions than obtained before. The radio department is naturally but one branch of the B.T.-H. enterprise, but at Crown House the complete range of Rice-Kellog moving coil loud speakers, both as separate instruments and combined with grammo-radio apparatus, is available, as well as a wide selection of general wireless products, battery chargers and eliminators, Mazda valves, and so forth.

A Coming Development.

For those who are interested in the combined gramophone and radio set—and this appears to be the coming development in connection with both industries—the possibility of complete electrification of the gramophone, as demonstrated in these new Crown House demonstration rooms, will be the principal attraction. Specially designed gramophone motors to operate from either A.C. or D.C. mains, are now being produced by B.T.-H., and can be inspected. These motors are perfectly silent in action, and constant in speed, and appear to be ideally suited for their task.

The Radio Gramophone.

The gramophone industry has, I fancy, a great deal for which to thank the inventors of the Rice-Kellog loud speaker, and especially the British Thomson-Houston Company, for the energetic manner in which they have launched this particular instrument in this country. While this loud speaker was not absolutely novel in principle, it was certainly the immediate means of securing recognition in Britain of the remarkable qualities of the moving coil speaker, and it is due very largely to this fact that the development of combined gramophones and wireless sets has progressed so rapidly.

Choosing Sets at Ease.

Since the fully electrified combined instrument is necessarily a somewhat expensive "piece of furniture," only a small proportion of users of either wireless or gramophone have had an opportunity of studying it seriously. Now, however, the very latest developments can be studied at ease in the new B.T.-H. demonstration rooms.

NOW that the holidays are nearing their close, and every-

body—in theory at least—is like a young lion refreshed by rest and recreation, it is perhaps a good opportunity for discussing two subjects which do not at first sight seem to offer any material for scintillating or coruscating comment, but are likely to be of lasting importance, and will be important when the seemingly more urgent questions of the hour have been forgotten. The first is the matter of the pitch of our Army bands; the second is that of the reorganisation of the Incorporated Society of Musicians.

"Whoso touches pitch shall be defiled," say the Scriptures, and so also said Mr. Bernard Shaw some years ago, when the question was much in the public mind. I will assume that everybody knows all about the past history of Pitch and remember that when theorists had furiously raged together for many years, it was left to Sir Henry Wood about thirty years ago to act.

It was one of the great services which he rendered to music that he succeeded in lowering the pitch of our orchestras, and in this connection it would not be fair to forget the services rendered by the well-known physician (who does not like to have his name mentioned) who financed Sir Henry's first efforts in that direction.

Vocalists' Difficulties.

Without going into technical details, it will be remembered that then the pitch of our orchestras was nearly a semi-tone higher than that of the orchestras on the Continent, with the result, for instance, that a German or French musician would come over to London and say that he could not stand Beethoven's Ninth Symphony played in the key of E flat, and that foreign singers in opera found that they could not sing any of the rôles written for very high voices, so that they had practically to re-study almost every part they attempted. The reform was, of course, vigorously resisted, very largely on the ground that it would lead to chaos.

A Sudden Conversion.

It is characteristic of the way things are done in this country, that when everybody thought that the matter was done with, the Army Council should suddenly launch a thunderbolt and announce its decision that the lowering of the pitch of army bands was desirable and would be carried out at once. It is understood that among the prime movers of this sudden conversion of the War Office has been the Federation of Music Industries. The advantages of the change are obvious, and it will be universally welcomed. The only person of importance that I know of who is against it is Col. MacKenzie Rogan, the veteran conductor of the Coldstream Guards, who takes his stand on the old argument that the lowering of the pitch means loss of brilliancy.

The value of this argument cannot be discussed without becoming too technical; but it is sufficient perhaps to say that the number of people with such a sensitive ear to pitch

THE PITCH of MARTIAL MUSIC

By A. KALISCH

that they could realise the difference is small, and even if it were larger, the advantages of unanimity far counterbalance the drawbacks.

The disadvantages of the old system are obvious. It has prevented the co-operation of military bands with civilian orchestras which is a very marked feature of musical life on the Continent. There are numberless orchestras in towns, not of the first rank but still with musical leanings, that would find it impossible to continue their music-making if they were not able to draw on the soldier-musicians of their district for a supply of wood-wind and brass players. The inability to do this hampers musical enterprise in a very large number of English towns, and a great impetus will now be given to music-

when they may be called upon to use instruments of either pitch. There is naturally bound to be a fairly long period before the change has been made complete, and during that time performances of massed bands, which are among the most popular things in this country, will be difficult if not impossible. Things like the Aldershot Tattoo will be shorn of some of their glories until all bands play alike.

The disadvantages of the present system were brought into bold relief at the time when the military bands of the Allies came over here shortly after the war, and it was not possible to arrange for any joint performances of British and French or Belgian bands.

So far we have had no indication of the way in which it is proposed to carry out the change, but competent estimates place the cost of the whole reform at something like a quarter of a million pounds, and it is calculated that our military bands

will be like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth for at least ten years. But, take it all round, it seems well worth while to undergo the temporary inconvenience for the sake of the ultimate lasting benefit which will accrue.

The Rebirth of the I.S.M.

The second subject which I wish to discuss is the Conference of the Incorporated Society of Musicians which is just being held at Buxton. The Society is emerging from its chrysalis state with results which may end in making the year 1929 a land-mark in the history of English music.

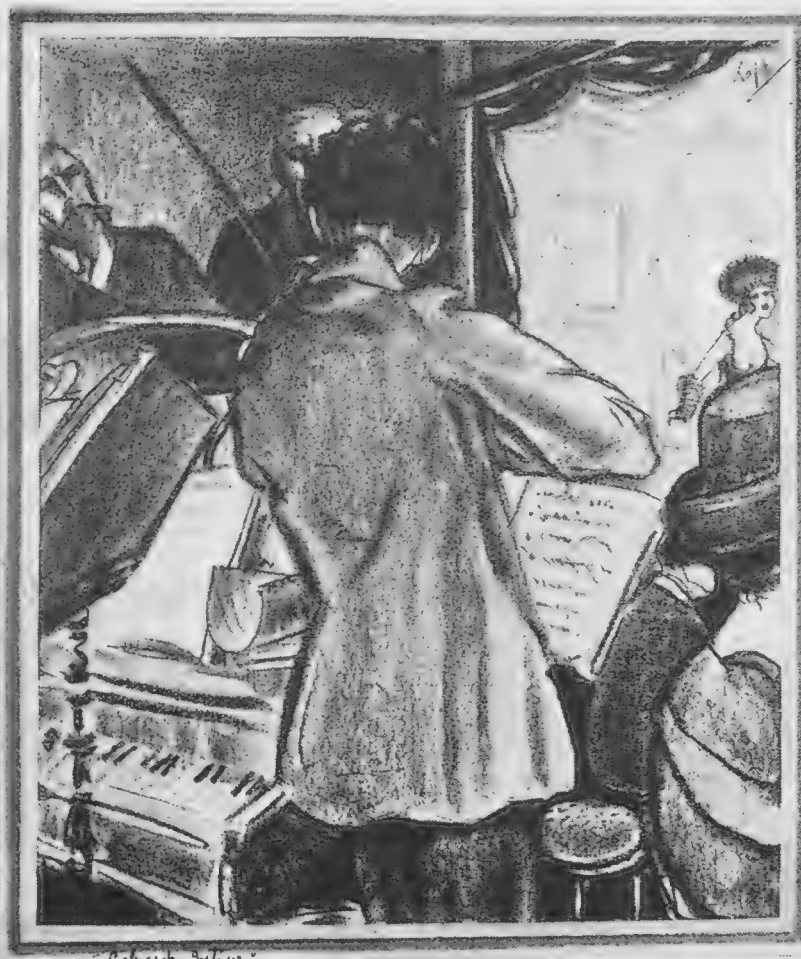
Its history may be summarised briefly as follows: In the old days it was simply an examining body of professional musicians who discussed to more or less—chiefly less—good purpose things which might improve the status of musicians and the musical questions which vexed their souls, and more or less—chiefly more—uninteresting questions of musical history.

Then, some years ago, arose the question of the registration of teachers, and the Authorities of Whitehall, with their usual talent for doing things in the wrong way, put a very large cart in front of a very small horse. They sent round a questionnaire to

the Society's members inquiring what training college they had attended, what teaching work they did, how many hours a week they taught, and other irrelevant questions.

Thereupon the leaders of music teaching, i.e., the principals of our three most important musical schools, arose in their wrath, and pointed out to the pundits of Whitehall that they were not training colleges for teachers of music in the department's sense of the word, and that therefore it was not possible to answer these questions.

The consequence of all this has been that the Society is transforming itself, or has transformed itself, into a body for the registration of music teachers, from whom it will naturally demand that they shall comply with a certain set of rigid tests.



CABARET INTIME

This is not an easy place to find. Here are no white waistcoats nor are kippers and eggs and bacon served at four a.m. Instead, goulash, garlic and gherkins can be had at all hours. There is no saxophone and the romantic violin still reigns supreme. Johann Strauss and even Brahms charm the ear.

making in many places in the British Empire.

The Practical Difficulties.

Of course, the practical difficulties involved are enormous and numerous. First of all, I suppose, comes the question of £ s. d. Who is to pay for the change, that is to say, for the numberless new instruments which will be necessary, since hardly any wood-wind or brass instruments can be tuned down? Will the cost fall on the War Office, or on the various regimental funds which support our two hundred odd military bands?

And there is, of course, the further question: will individual bandmen be called upon to bear the cost of having two sets of instruments during the period of transition,

To INDIA *in a* WEEK

8,000 MILES OF NEW AIRWAYS



Before embarking by air, passengers are weighed. Every item is entered on the aircraft's load sheet, and the total must not exceed a specified weight.

THE final details of organisation are now being settled of the Empire air route from Croydon to Karachi which, beginning next April, will bring India within one week's travel from England and inaugurate a new era in Imperial history. In effect, time being the true measure of distance, India will be brought as near as Egypt used to be, and Egypt will come halfway across the Mediterranean.

A Move at Last.

SO, in 1929, Great Britain is at last starting to pull her proper weight in the development of air transportation. In addition to supporting the air route to India, the Government has definitely agreed to assist an air route from Alexandria to Mwanza, in East Africa. Negotiations for this second route are at last within sight of early completion. And it is now certain that these two routes will lead to the creation of a system of airways extending the benefits of rapid transport from end to end of the Empire.

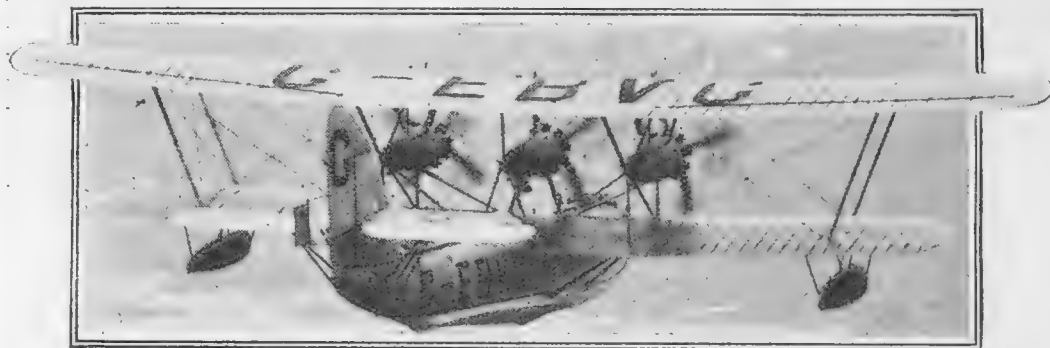
Canada and Australia already possess large and flourishing airway systems, India and South Africa are making a good start, and the point has been reached where the provision of trunk airways interlinking one Empire territory with another has become an imperial duty of urgent importance.

By Air to India this Spring.

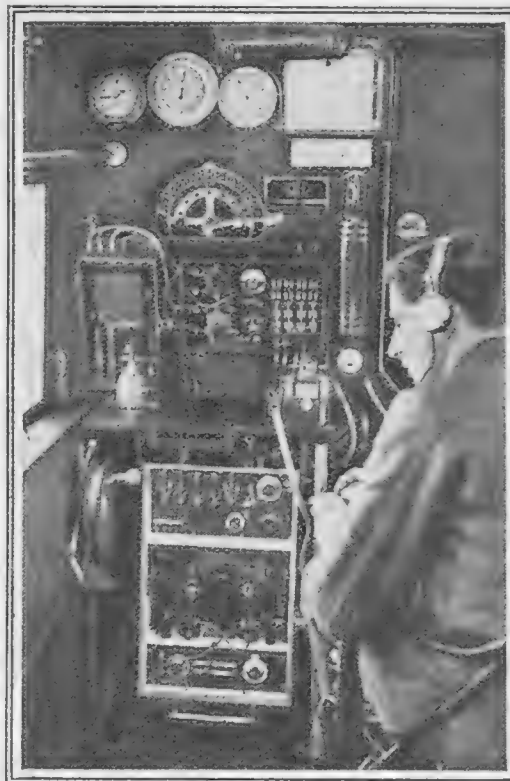
EVENTS have moved swiftly during the past few weeks. Agreements have been concluded with Italy and Persia to permit the landing of British aircraft and secure wireless and meteorological facilities in their territories, a survey has been made of the seaplane ports available in the Mediterranean,

the construction of new air liners for the Indian route has been hurried forward, and representatives of Imperial Airways, Ltd., have been at work in India arranging the traffic organisation at that end and studying proposals for the extension of the route across India.

At the same time, the Cobham-Blackburn Air Lines, Ltd., the originators of the African scheme, have been drawing up detailed proposals for operating a service from



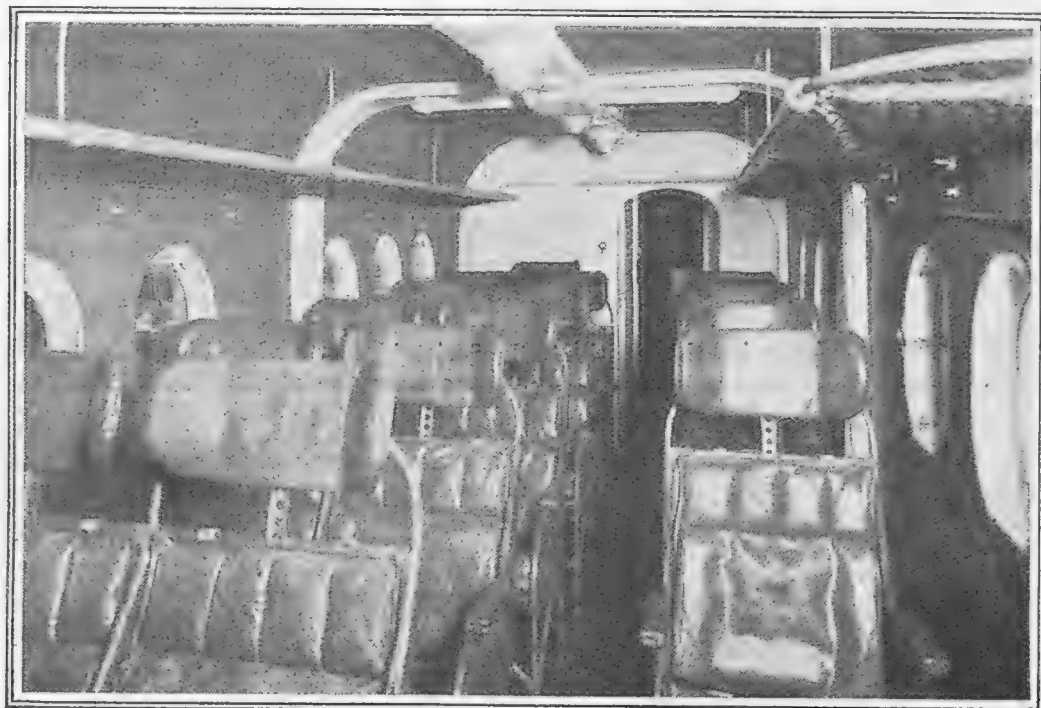
Across the Mediterranean in a day's flying. The Short "Calcutta" three-engined flying boat.



Pilot's

Marconi

Wireless installation of a "Hercules" air liner now flying on the desert route from Cairo to Baghdad.



Passenger cabin of the "Calcutta" flying boat. In addition to fifteen passengers, the machine can carry a ton of mails and baggage. The cabin is ventilated with hot or cold air, and light meals can be prepared on board.

Alexandria to Mwanza, with a branch to Nairobi, and provisional estimates for an extension southward to Bulawayo, and they have joined with Imperial Airways, Ltd., in an agreement for a merging of interests.

A Weekly Service.

AS a result of this work the two routes have now taken fairly definite shape and are here illustrated for the first time as a homogeneous whole. The system of airways shown is approximately 8,000 miles in length and, at the outset, will be flown once a week, in both directions.

(Continued on page 34)



BY AIR TO INDIA AND AFRICA.

Flying at 100 m.p.h. in daily stages of about 700 miles, with stops for meals and for rest at night, India will be brought within 7 days of London, and the East African Colonies within 8 days. A century ago, as much time was occupied on the journey from London to Edinburgh by stage coach. At the present point in the progress of air transport, the route is divided into flights of 300-400 miles, but the future will see a great extension of the flying distance and also the development of night flying. Already a flying boat is in the preliminary stages of design that will permit the Mediterranean to be crossed with one stop—at Malta.

THE MODERN MAGIC CARPET TO THE EAST



Four days out—the Citadel at Cairo.

The traveller by air has a wonderful experience awaiting him. Seven days crowded with the scenic history of civilisation and mighty panoramic displays that can only be appreciated in their full significance and grandeur when viewed as a whole from the air. His first day will be spent in flying by Imperial Airways "Argosy" aeroplane to Basle. Three-engined aircraft will be employed for the whole journey, excepting that the Alpine barrier from Basle to Genoa will be crossed by night train for the present.

A fleet of three "Calcutta" flying boats will be put into service on the Mediterranean section. Breakfasting at Genoa, the traveller will halt at Rome for lunch, perhaps call at Naples, and spend the night at Syracuse, in Sicily. Next day lunch will be taken in Europe, at the Greek port of Navarino, and dinner in Africa, at Tobruk, in Italian Libya. By noon on the following day, four days from London, the traveller will arrive in Egypt.

Dekheila, the Airway Junction.

AT Dekheila, west of Alexandria, the Egyptian Government is building a large combined aerodrome and seaplane station, which is destined to become one of the most important junctions in the Imperial airway system. Here, the traveller bound for India, Australia and the Far East, will transfer from a flying boat to an aeroplane for the next section, and the passengers for East and South Africa will join the flying boat which is to carry him southward down the Nile.

Section three of the Indian route, from Alexandria to Karachi, will be flown in one of the "Hercules" aeroplanes, which since December, 1926, have maintained so successfully the service between Cairo and Baghdad. Embarking at Alexandria after lunch, a landing will be made at Gaza, in Palestine, before nightfall, and next day an early start will be made for the long run to Basra, with a stop at Rutbah Wells—the Police post in the desert, and another at Baghdad. This will be perhaps the most memorable day of the voyage. The remaining stages—Bushire-Lingeh-Jask and Jask-Gwadar-Karachi, down the Persian Gulf, will be flown in two days.

A still greater saving in time will be accomplished as the development of night flying gradually enables longer distances

to be covered each twenty-four hours, until ultimately the flying will be continuous day and night. Probably the first stages to be flown at night, after experience has been gained, will be Tobruk-Alexandria and Baghdad-Basra. Pharos, the island near Alexandria, whose beacon light guided mariners in ancient days, may yet guide the flying mariners of the twentieth century.

According to present estimates the air fare from London to Karachi will be about £120, as compared with £75-£112 for the first-class steamship passage. While the route has been organised with special care for the comfort of passengers, the company looks to mails to provide the main source of revenue. A fee of 9d. per ounce will be charged by the Post Office for air mails to India.

The Indian Government is organising air lines from Karachi to Bombay, Delhi, Calcutta and Rangoon. It is expected that the Karachi-Delhi section will be in readiness next autumn and that the entire distance from London to Delhi will then be flown in seven days, saving eleven days on the sea route.

E. M. ROSSITER.



Crown Copyright.

The modern gateway into India—Karachi airport.

Revised.



New Delhi—the Council House. By air London will be connected with the Indian capital in seven days.

IN the Red Valley were only two houses—that of Zedekiah Tudor, ferociously scarlet, and that of his God, coldly grey. The valley, bird-scorned since Zedekiah had lopped the trees and pleached the hedges, would have been mute but for the dark music of the weir, lamenting.

It was a bitter night when Zedekiah stood with Dinah, his wife, in the graveyard. They were hidden, except for occasional greenish moonlight, in inky gloom. When the moon tore suddenly through the driving wrack, the shadows of the graves seemed to Dinah to spring at her like creatures out of ambush. The wind drove down the valley, howling, and Zedekiah spoke even more loudly than usual.

"Woman, confess yer sin, by the chyild's grave!"

Dinah's face, floating up momentarily out of the darkness, quivered, looking in the moonlight like a green-tinted white flower on black water. She was afraid of Zedekiah and of his God, and of the ghostly child that had scarcely breathed and had attained for her superstitious mind in the last six months a kind of ghoulish entity. She dreaded hearing Zedekiah mention David, her lover, and tarnish with his thoughts her new, mysterious joy.

Her look of anguish revealed, as such looks do, the depths of expression underlying her usual one, and Zedekiah might have seen that her love story was not on the plane he imagined. But, as the local pig-sticker, he could hardly be expected to indulge in the finer emotions; and being, as he said, outside prop and inside pillar of religion in the Red Valley, he knew that all men are vile, altogether born in sin.

"There wanna no sin, Zedekiah."

"Dunna lie. You were along of the man, yea, many a time, in the spinney."

"There wanna no fau't."

"If there'd a' bin no fau't, what for did you go with un?"

DINAH was silent. How could she explain what was mysterious even to herself—mysterious and wildly sweet? How could she show Zedekiah that David was her spirit's young companion, lover of that remote self in her which dwelt, silent and hitherto alone, far beyond the little noise of daily life? Even if she could have expressed these things, how could Zedekiah understand David?

For David was one of those changelings sometimes found in hard, respectable, prosperous communities. He had an eager brain, emotions, a love of beauty, belief in impulse. He had shaken himself free of views such as Zedekiah held on religion, sex, and money. In the new, thrilling intimacy of the last two months there had simply been no time for the things that Zedekiah suspected. She realised wearily that it was no use trying to explain.

"In times gone by you'd a' stood in a sheet for it, a woman as was a sinner."

"We on'y wanted to be together, Zedekiah; we'm clemmed each for other. And it inna our fau't as David come too late; if he'd a' come when you did, I'd a' chose him."

This quiet putting of him in a lower scale than David enraged Zedekiah. It was a blow to his vanity that he never forgave.

"You'd follow the wastrel like a bitch," he snarled.

She crouched on the grave, cowed, as are all sensitive temperaments, by the unbelievable coarseness and crassness of the world.

CAER CARIAD

By Mary Webb

She knew suddenly that her one desire was to follow David to the world's end, that so she would attain holiness. Yet how could that be, since she would be breaking the laws of God and man?

INSTINCT told her that David was beautiful and good, Zedekiah ugly and evil. Impulse cried "David!" across the waste places of her life. But tradition, herd-morality, were too strong for the new impulse.

The night was dark, David absent, Zedekiah and his God imminent; and from the graves, threatening and grisly, she heard the dead preaching their dead creed. Superstition held its victim. She was bound to Zedekiah. She had married him because it was expected of her, and because the institu-

leap up between her and David. This put her in the wrong. She had been brought up in the demonology that Zedekiah professed. She believed in his

terrible devil, his yet more terrible God.

"Where their worm dieth not!" shouted Zedekiah. "Swear!"

She moaned. To her an oath was unbreakable, and her love for David was a fierce, primitive thing, as are all spiritual needs.

"It's not as I want you," said Zedekiah; "it's what the neighbours 'ud say; and the saving of your soul." He added this as an afterthought. "Here I am, ready to forgive the sin and take yer back."

"But I dunna want to come back! It's David I'm fond on."

The darkness hid the rage in Zedekiah's close-set black eyes.

"If you swear to-night," he said persuasively, "you'll maybe save him as well."

Dinah thought of the town of heaven, full of people singing part songs without wrong notes or practice; she and David would be able, in the general stir, to slip away somewhere and be at peace. She joined the multitudes that sacrifice life to eternity.

"I swear!" she said, and slipped down in a heap on the cold, unfriendly little grave.

TO THE MEN OF RYE

By M. THACKERAY WALLER

The ancient cry once more comes down the years
Which flags of Nelson fluttered to the breeze,
And once again, to hearts and willing hands
Entrusted is the Honour of the Seas.
Through surging waves that could not drown your hopes
As to your fellow men, midst wave and sky,
You went with succour. Your defy to Death!
Christ walked the waters with the Men of Rye.
Once more humanity has proved its worth!
And on the scroll of honour, written plain
The names of Sussex men, who heard the call,
For when the test arrived you played the game!
A score of names But names of living Beauty!
"England expects . . ." Brave Men! You did
your Duty.

A Reader of BRITANNIA sends us the above tribute to the Men of Rye from Escondido, Cal., U.S.A.

tion of marriage was the only respectable vocation open to her.

On her wedding night she had feared him. When, at daybreak, satisfied and bland, he had recited the Magnificat, she had hated him. When her child was born she had cried out that it was a text and not a child that she was bringing into the world. When it died after three weeks she was not very sorry.

Zedekiah's voice rose harshly above the grievous water and the gentle sea-murmur of the larches in the spinney beyond the valley.

"Swear! Swear you'll ne'er see un agen in the face o' flesh!"

The water cried out like a soul in prison. It had come from afar; it journeyed into mystery; it chafed at the forbidding banks of Zedekiah's valley.

"Oh, I canna! I canna!"

"Swear or burn!"

"But there's nought wicked in giving David good-day."

"It wouldna be only good-day as you'd give un."

Dinah knew, with feminine shrewdness, that Zedekiah's words had a germ of truth, that some day the fire of physical love must

DINAH stood at the door of the Red House and looked down the valley. Nothing had changed, although forty-five years had passed over it since the wild night of her vow. Four more cold little graves had been added to the first, for Dinah's children had been still-born.

Zedekiah had let it be tacitly understood that they died because the Lord was angry with Dinah, and as Zedekiah was a religious man everyone believed him. So an impregnable wall of prejudice rose around Dinah, imprisoning her, shutting her away from sympathy.

Every Sunday, in the house of their God, the small congregation eyed her stonily. Coming out on dark winter nights, it seemed to Dinah that the eyes of her unbreathing children followed her with the same sneering coldness as did the eyes of Zedekiah's grandmother, whose portrait (done in plentiful oils, and unforgivably like Zedekiah) hung in the parlour.

Dinah watched this portrait every evening, when, with his small eyes shut and his long, inquisitive nose pointing toward the hearth-rug, Zedekiah prayed aloud that she might be forgiven, while the treetops in the spinney kept up their inward, promising music, all unheeded.

Zedekiah felt that he had been very forbearing with Dinah; he had never forgiven the wound to his vanity, and whenever she shrank from him he was silently furious. He expressed his anger in a scheme of daily petty tyrannies, under which Dinah grew yearly more feckless and spiritless, coming at last to believe that only by lifelong penitence could she save her soul.

The house pressed upon her with its hideous comfort, and the water, clamant in the night, had a summoning tone. Ten years ago she had been called simple; now she was openly spoken of as a "gwerian." Zedekiah ceased to regard her as worthy of his supervision. Free for the first time, she began to wander. She was so mentally inert that she had a kind of kinship with inanimate things, and they began to murmur and mutter in her ears. She had lost the sanity

"When Dinah stood in the doorway, she saw, not the David of her dreams, but an old man."

of others, which had been her madness, and now that men called her mad she drew near to the patient reason of nature.

AS she stood—a small, bent figure—in the pretentious doorway with its surrounding brickwork of yellow and red, she felt a stirring in her mind of something almost approaching to impulse.

The April day was like the underside of a waterfall. Green rain was blown in glassy gusts along the blue lower slopes of the hills and through their far-flung shadows. Another green rain of soft needles hung in the larches, whose tops just showed above the high ground that closed the valley. It was as if they grew in a submerged country, an enchanted country lying deep in mist and magic. Dinah had not been to the spinney since her last meeting with David.

"I've a mind to go," she said to herself. She fetched her shawl and set off. The spinney, when she pushed the white wicket open and entered, dripped and burned with light. She wandered, mazed, into its heart, and saw how the soft golden chalices of the Lent lilies dipped and rose among their green spears—how they shone down the long slopes under the larches—how they caressed each other, flower on soft flower, sleek leaf on leaf. She gathered a handful and buried her lined face in them, breathing their vast, vague freshness—healing and tear-compelling—while all about her, with a hushed fairy clamour, the finches sang.

It was then, brought by some green charm, that the full flood of madness—as the neighbours would have called it—came upon Dinah. Intuition was awake. She

had unconsciously, by virtue of complete passivity, reached the state which the mystic attains consciously. And from the secret centre of the radiant day her message came. She, who had cowered so long, stood up straight in the ardent warmth; she gazed up into the pure, pale sky, and her grey eyes shone suddenly with love and joy. Then she spoke, and her voice, quavering but confident, dominated by its undernote of ecstasy the mysterious, lifting murmur of the treetops and the delicious hilarity of the finches.

"I be clemmed for David. I be going whome to David, and You can send me to the Bad Place if You've a mind!"

THERE did not seem to be any criticism in the bright world—all made of amber and green and pale blue glass—as she left the spinney and set forth with a brave heart on her twenty-mile walk. She would find her way, she was sure, to the tiny cottage that was David's own, where he dwelt under the southern slopes of Caer Cariad. She knew exactly, for David had told her, how it looked and where it stood—long dreamed of, long desired.

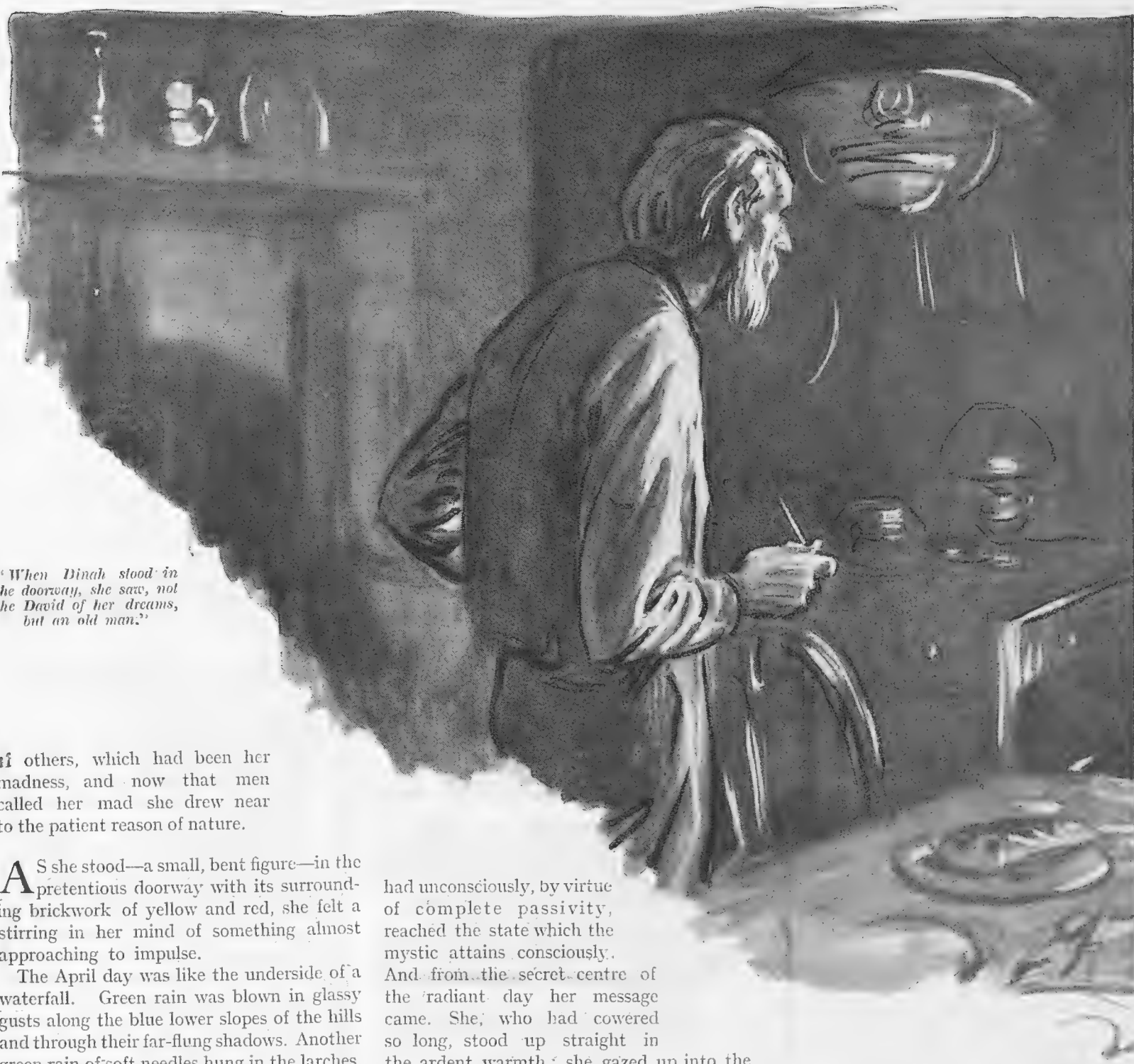
By mossy tracks, where primroses bloomed in bridal bouquets; through grave beechwoods transparently roofed with young leaves; over the quick, pointed grass that

pricked up, thick and wet, through a powder of daisies with delicate elation; across the brown, rounded hills she passed, grotesque and sombre. When horses galloped or bullocks bellowed in roadside fields, her timid heart leaped fearfully, but she kept on.

What would David be doing when she got there? "Setting taters, likely," she thought. She wondered what he would say. It did not occur to her to wonder how he would look.

IN the late afternoon shadows she came, faint and stiff, to the brow of a hill overlooking a great stretch of country. Wind-tormented May trees embowered her. They were breaking into blossom, and their fresh green was jewelled with curd-white buds. She did not know that she herself, gnarled and stricken as their ancient trunks, outshone their budding promise by the sudden white flowering of her spirit.

She was absorbed in contemplation; for there, across the Paradisal land that ran





thick with evening's honey, standing in sweet and homely majesty on a crest of rose and pearl, was Caer Cariad. As she shaded her eyes she could see, nestling in its lower woods, a cottage, small and creamy as a hawthorn flower. It was far away indeed, but it was there, and it was David's. It beckoned her.

Mile after mile the willing old feet trudged on. But now came the fear that always dogs fulfilled desire. Maybe David would not want her; he might be married, she had not thought of that. He might be gone away.

To keep down the darkest thought of all she began to sing, and her cracked, plaintive voice sounded strangely in the gathering dusk.

IT was dark when she climbed, sick with exhaustion, up the steep garden to the cottage door. The neglected borders, the windows, uncurtained and unlit, almost stopped her low pulses. Was there to be any welcome for her in the dark house? Was not the fire dead on the hearth, the singing-bird dead in the window?

She knocked and waited, while from the

last purple-summit of Caer Cariad the light lapsed.

Then, low and rich with promise of love past the bargaining loves of the world, there came on the quiet scented air the voice of David, the voice of the beloved—

"Come thy ways in!"

But when Dinah stood in the doorway she saw, not the David of her dreams, but an old man—white-haired and feeble—crouching over a low wood fire in a neglected and disordered room. And suddenly all the triumph of attainment, the joy of the imagined meeting, died within her.

"Life gone by!" she said, "and I met a' been along of you. Life gone by!"

"Why, Dinah, my dear!"

David spoke soothingly. He asked no questions, showed no surprise. A sense of peace began to steal over Dinah. She surveyed the table, stacked with unwashed china; the grey ashes in the grate; the tiled floor—of a uniform mud-colour; the grease-covered candlestick in which David had just lit the candle.

"You didna get married, then?"

"It dunna look much like it." David smiled humorously at his own expense. "I got on pretty tidy till I took ill," he explained.

"And never-a-one to do for you?" she asked, torn between the wish that he should have been comfortable and a fierce jealousy of any other woman who should have dared to look after him.

"I couldna take up with any but you, Dinah."

"An' now I've come and I'm only an ugly old 'oman!" cried Dinah in misery.

"Dunna you dar' say it! And you wi' such pretty eyes! Didna I allus say you'd got pretty eyes?"

"Ah!"

The syllable expressed a whole world of content. There was no one else, and she was not ugly to him. All was well. Her eyes began to rove round the room possessively.

There crept into them the joy of battle, of creative art. Her fecklessness was gone, and excitement had overcome weariness.

"Afore I sleep," she announced, "I be going to clean the place, grate and quarries an' all. And I be going to wash up."

SHE fell upon the disorder, and David, moving his chair from point to point, followed by the silently protestant cat, watched her with awed amusement. Never had an old woman worked with such fury, with such joy. She was labouring with her own hands for her beloved; she wanted no other Paradise. When at last, hours later, she brought the supper table to the hearth in the clean, firelit, toast-scented room, and they sat hand in hand contemplating the Lent lillies in a jampot, he said:

"The place be all a-blossom, my dear, now as you've come."

"I've broke the vow to come, lad, and I'll go to the Bad Place, but I dunna care."

"I'm thinking the only Bad Place is minding what we met a'done each for other when it be too late," said David. "And I'm thinking Caer Cariad's a long way on to Paradise—a long way on it is."

BRITANNIA'S PULPIT

By FATHER M. C. D'ARCY, S.J.

THE present interest in religion has been judged by some to be a malady of decline, by others to be a symptom of rejuvenation. There is probably some truth in both judgments. "When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be . . ." and one of the first rivals of Christianity was Simon the Magician. In the following centuries the great Christian moralists had to fight the dragon of Gnosticism, with its drugging and hypnotic eyes and breath, and nowadays its influence is still with us in those superstitions and pseudo-mystical cults which are nothing but the phosphorescence of decay.

Shibboleths Abandoned.

FORTUNATELY the tradition of Christendom has been too closely allied with the best in European culture to allow it to be mistaken for some mystical and erotic philtre or for the quackery satirised in *Elmer Gantry*, and one of the most consoling signs of the present age is the movement in politics and social theory, in philosophy and art, to the order and ideal which have been immemorably and specifically Christian.

It is not for me here to estimate the moral or political value

of the Fascist movement in Italy, the Directory in Spain, the Action Française in France and other tendencies, for example, in Austria, Hungary and Poland, but their unanimous and declared attachment, however mistaken, to the Christian religion argues a truce to old enmities and the abandonment of old shibboleths. It would be presumptuous to go further and assert that the old dispute between science and religion, reason and faith is in part superannuated, though there is weighty evidence to support such a contention, but certainly there is less likelihood of argument on false issues, and sympathy grows apace.

Vital Need of Religion.

INDEED, it has been the good fortune of Christianity during the war and after the war to clear itself of many false accusations. No longer can it be regarded as a department of State, as a Sunday amen, a parson's pleasure or feminine indulgence. It is the good news to every man whether he dig, or read riddles, or sit in state. It is recognised as vital for the welfare of society, as intellectually robust and classic, and for its vision it gives that surpassing reality which the world would fain believe, but feared could be but a dream.

Many are the ways in which this last statement can be justified. For the moment I must content myself with showing its



the spirit of unpretentiousness and of inter-dependence had been assisted by the religion of Christ, and sincerity as well and richness of experience and contentment. Life grows cold and withers without the providence of God, whereas it expands and bears fruit in the red love of the Atonement.

Few Englishmen have been so admired and beloved as Sir Thomas More from his own day to this, but we should not have been so helped by the memory of his almost flawless character, his integrity, scholarship and wit, had he not been a saint. The Christian ideal, far from robbing life, gives it a freshness and delicacy it knew not before. It teaches reverence, the peace of a good conscience and the desire to give and not to receive. "To paint the things of Christ one must abide in Christ," said Fra Angelico, and to know the worth of others, to understand the full meaning of fidelity, we have to steep ourselves in the Christian ideal.

All reformation starts from within, and to preach heroic virtue to others while we ourselves are still slaves to Mammon or Venus is to behave like the worst kind of hypocrite. Peace and happiness are not the product of an iron or hectoring force;

they may come by the sword, but that sword is dedicated to self-

CHRISTIANITY and CIVILISATION

pervasive and purifying influence in daily life. It perfects so much that we hold dear and yet are in danger of desecrating. At this season of the year, for instance, we are reminded of all that Bethlehem and Nazareth have done to endear the sacred institution of married life. The grouped figures of the Holy Family, so familiar to us from the works of great painters and sculptors, teach a lesson which, thank God, Christians have learnt and handed on, the lessons of the innocence and graciousness of childhood, of the holy and dear duties of parenthood, and the joy of domestic union, which leads, in turn, to generosity in public life.

And in public life, also, the consciousness of fraternity through the Son of Man enables the stronger to bear the burdens of the weak and to minister to them, as St. Martin gave his cloak to the beggar, and the peasant folk are said to have re-built the stricken Chartres. New virtues also come into existence. Philemon, for instance, must have felt that the world had indeed changed when St. Paul sent back to him the boy Onesimos, his runaway slave, and in his compassion wrote: "Receive him again for ever; not now as a servant, but instead of a servant, a most dear brother, especially to me; but how much more to thee both in the flesh and in the Lord?"

The Christian Ideal.

IT was that distinguished spiritual thinker, Von Hügel, who pointed out how much

sacrifice and has the shining quality of continence.

These are the Christian virtues. When they fade there comes in their place an ambition to acquire and to succeed, a restlessness with one's station, a coarseness in regard to others and a cynicism which kills the tender roots of obedience and modesty. Exasperation with human mismanagement of life is so natural that it is forgotten how patience wears better and effects more. Suffering is apt to breed rage and fatalism or despair, but these produce nothing. Christendom created out of danger the virtue of knightliness, and called suffering the highway to perfection.

Good Examples.

ALL then that is best in modern civilisation has been graced and made enduring by Christianity, and that is why the best minds of to-day are not so foolish as to neglect or despise the Christian tradition. Heaven knows we have tried enough strange experiments, and listened to those who would destroy the best in our civilisation.

It is time we imitated the Sciolics for the preservation of the countryside and old English buildings, and set to work to restore the best in our moral and religious traditions. Some alas! of the material glories of England have perished beyond redemption. It is otherwise in the realm of the spirit. There restoration is still possible if each man labours to make of himself a monument, not of vanity, but self-sacrifice.

OUR WOMAN'S SECTION

EDITED
BY

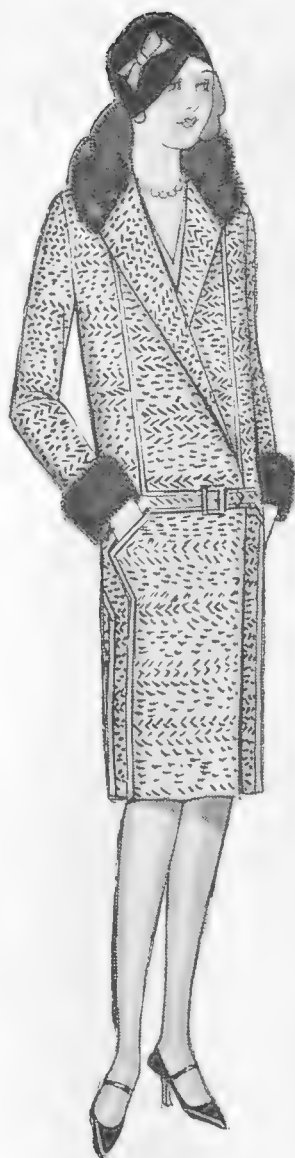
EVERY reader is invited to make full use of Britannia's Service Department. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with enquiries, and all letters addressed to the Julia Cairns Service Department, Britannia, Inveresk House, Strand, London. Envelopes should be marked "Furnishing," "Colour Schemes," "Beauty," "Fashion," etc., according to the nature of the enquiry enclosed.

Julia
Cairns



(Photo: Peter North.)

A lovely gown and cloak, typifying the Paris model that will be purchasable at half their original price, in January. The frock, an exact copy of a Molyneux dress, has a white chiffon bodice, embroidered with diamanté, and a skirt, entirely composed of white ostrich feathers. The wrap, of black and gold brocade is collared, cuffed and flounced with soft black fur. (At Debenhams.)



The smart street coat above, carried out in fancy tweed and collared and cuffed with Beaver-Coney, costs 8½ guineas. (Swan & Edgar.)



Velvet-brocade Georgette is used for this frock, priced at 5 guineas, delightful for tea or informal dinner wear. (Marshall & Snelgrove.)



Above is something very new in Dance dresses, expressed in Celanese taffetas and Georgette and lightly hand-embroidered with silver bugle beads (Russell.)

Some January Dress Secrets

DISCLOSED IN TERMS OF SALES

By
Marjory Charlton

DO you sometimes wonder why it is that certain women whom you know, spend very little on their clothes, always look well-turned out? Theirs is a very simple secret really; so simple that it is rather surprising that it remains a secret at all! It is just this, they buy a very large proportion of their wardrobes in the sales. It is quite a fallacy, you know, like all blondes being good-tempered and all Americans saying "guess," that shops purchase sale lines that are of an inferior quality to their ordinary stock! Why, indeed, should they, when so sound a reason exists for what may be described as "the sales habit"? It is the housing problem, the same old problem that besets us all, that makes for sales. In order to keep abreast with the changes of fashion, shops must take in entirely new stock at least twice a year—in January and July—as well, of course, as buying on a smaller scale in between, and the old stock has obviously to make way for the new.

That is why Paris models in frocks and

millinery are to be picked up in many cases, at less than half-price—why beautiful fur coats and stoles are being sold at what almost amounts to a loss.

We have still three months of winter before us, and the woman who makes her purchases from a firm with a reputation for being up-to-date, will be buying to-morrow's model for wear to-day, for Fashion looks very far ahead these days, in jumpers, shoes, stockings, etc., and all other dainty dress accessories, as well as frocks.

NEEDLESS to say, it is possible to buy most unwisely. Many women do—returning home laden with a collection of white elephants, instead of bargains! It is they who thoroughly justify unkind comment from male friends and relations!

Never buy anything just because it is cheap, in the sales, or at any other time.

Start out, knowing exactly what you want, and pay as little as you can for it. It may happen, of course, that some particular style may appeal to you, that has not appealed to the general public, and is consequently being sold at a loss. So "fall for" something you know will be useful, if you can afford it! even if it has not entered into your scheme before, but don't just go bargain hunting with no coherent ideas at all.

Sales opportunities are particularly worth while this year. Do you, for instance, want a really smart street-coat, carried out in fancy tweed and trimmed with beaver coney, for 8½ guineas? Or a cloth coat, fur trimmed for 80s.? Velvet evening cloaks are tempting, lined with velvet in a contrasting shade, from 4 guineas; so are gorgeous brocaded affairs, at 6½ guineas—for pretty, becoming wraps in the evening are becoming more and more important in Fashion's scheme. And with much cold weather ahead of us, if the weather prophets are right, furs are in everybody's mind. So it is good news that you can buy an antelope coat, delightfully

Let BRITANNIA'S shopping experts help you with your sales shopping.

warm, and at the same time hard-wearing (quite ideal for motorists!) for 12 guineas; a natural musquash coat for 29 guineas; a sable marmot stole for £3; and a marten opossum necklet for 30s.

EVEN suits that speak the last word in good tailoring are partaking of the general reductions, models carried out in fancy suiting in various shades being priced at 4 guineas, and this same price obtains for plain overcoats in tweed, fleece and various other proofed coatings; weatherproof coats can be bought from 55s.; and well-tailored stockinette three-piece jumper suits from 3 guineas. All are ready to wear, and very smart too, but this isn't all. The "made to measure" section of a firm, famous for the excellence of their cut and finish, is coming into line with the sales, and making a 15 per cent. reduction off the ordinary prices during January.

VELVET broché Georgette tea and dinner frocks, with an effective touch of fur, are to be purchased for 5 guineas, in all the season's new colours, also in black. And does the woman exist who will not welcome the chance of becoming the possessor, for 9½ guineas, of an evening gown that is the exact copy of a model from a well-known Paris house? There are quite a number to be disposed of. There is tremendous appeal, too, in delightful little metal brocade bridge coats from 59s. 6d.; in up-to-date millinery models in straw, suitable for Riviera wear, from 21s.; in shawls, plain and embroidered, with and without fringe, at prices that range from 49s. 6d. upwards.

And lingerie! Floral crêpe de Chine pyjamas, at 49s. 6d.; nunsveiling nighties in pastel shades, embroidered with a contrasting colour, at 12s.; backless cami-knickers at 35s. 9d., in which chiffon, crêpe de Chine and lace are combined, so essential for wear with the latest evening frocks, that are low of décolletage. Bags! All the ultra-nice ones, that you sighed for in vain before, are within your reach now! You can become the possessor of one, carried out in tweed, for 23s. 9d.; a shagreen bag in the fashionable flat shape, can be yours for 54s. 6d.; 20s. will purchase a dainty silk moiré pochette; and 23s. 9d. one in tapestry; even the "Brella bag," of the best quality morocco, and complete with its "stumpy" has been reduced to 69s. 6d.

ENTHUSIASTIC dancers, who want to ring the changes on their frocks as inexpensively as possible, are particularly well served. Doesn't a model of the picture variety, expressed in Celanese taffetas and georgette sound a wonderful proposition at 60s.? It is! In black and flesh, sky and flesh or nil and flesh. And here's more good news for the woman with small dress allowances, that they can actually get pretty little taffetas dance frocks for 15s.; and ones in Celanese-Jappe for 12s. 11d. and various other additions to their wardrobes on the same price scale.

YOU would hardly believe it is possible to find tweed and stockinette three-piece suits, in various shades of fawn and brown for 5 guineas, would you? But it is . . . the coats cut on straight, becoming lines, with generously proportioned collars of pulled coney, and the stockinette jumpers finished with strappings of tweed; and tweed skirts, some entirely pleated, some with straight front panels and pleats at the side only, are certainly worth considering at 10s., 12s. 9d. and 17s. 9d.

Hosiery bargains! We are all interested in them. Pure silk stockings with pointed

heels at 4s. 11d.; artificial silk and wool at 3s. 8d.; mercerised lisle at 2s. 6d.

Footwear, too! . . . black and blonde satin shoes at 18s. 9d.; willow-calf, one-bar sports shoes, smartly brogued, at 21s.; one-bar and court shoes in the fashionable sealskin at 29s.; in these, there is a choice of dark brown with real lizard insets or black with grey lizard insets.

"Big" women and "small" women will find some surprising opportunities in their own special departments. "Petite" afternoon frocks in wool georgette, satin beauté and many other materials, at 79s. 6d.; and all-wool stockinette jumper-suits, designed on slimming lines, at 39s. 6d., being the sort of prices that reign, and it's an unwise woman, indeed, who lets pass the oppor-

tunity of getting a really reliable, well-cut leather coat in one of the fashionable colours, for 75s. 9d.

FABRICS, too, are always a wise sales "buy." Coatings, suitings, face cloth, stockinette, plain, and in novelty and marle mixtures; velvet, both printed and plain; tinsel brocade; broché velvet georgette, and many, many others, so "infinite in their variety," that any attempt at a full description is impossible.

And, in conclusion, don't turn up your nose at those odd lengths, described, humorously and otherwise, as "remnants"; it is surprising how little material it takes to make up the modern jumper or a pretty piece of lingerie, a chic little coat or even a frock.

FOUR guineas for a perfectly tailored costume, carried out in fancy Suiting, seems almost too good to be true! (H. J. Nicoll)

IN this three-piece, tweed and stockinette are effectively combined. With a Pulled Coney collar. Price 5 gns. (Dickins & Jons.)



NOT motorists alone, but all the world, or, shall we say, all the Smart World, is clad in leather to-day, for its value as a wind-resisting material is now generally recognised; nothing, indeed, is warmer for winter wear, nor smarter when the cut is good, as is the case with the model on the right, to be found in many of the season's fashionable colours. 75/9. (Gamage.)

SALE-ING for HOME!

By Julia Cairns



This pier glass in walnut or mahogany is priced at 39/6, while the comfortable fireside chair, in oak, with upholstered seat and back and a deep cushion damask-covered, is reduced to 49/6. (At Shoolbred's.)



HAS it ever occurred to you that there might be something very human, something almost feminine, about your home? That possibly for one extra armchair in the vicinity of the fireplace, the sitting-room would seem almost to preen itself with pride at having acquired just the one piece for which it has been so patiently waiting? That, perhaps, were you to purchase a long-wanted new sideboard, the whole atmosphere of the dining-room would be changed to such a degree that it would appear to turn almost hilarious in its entirely fresh outlook on life? That, maybe, for the simple addition of, say, a cheval glass in the bed or dressing-room, either might literally beam back in grateful appreciation of something that has been missing?

Yes! the Home is human. It is almost feminine. It voices its approval, if inaudibly, very definitely, and for every attention that is paid to it, for every judicious addition made to it, it can be entirely relied on to say, "Thank you," if not in so many words, in the feeling of practical completeness, of decorative finish or of atmosphere created thereby, just as you and I are invariably ready to avail ourselves of the genuine opportunities offered to our personal, feminine selves at sale-time.

SINCE certain of the leading furnishing houses are organising genuine sales, that is to say, they are reducing the prices of much of their own existing stock and not hoaxing the public by buying up inferior goods, the early days of January do unquestionably offer golden opportunities to the home-lover with a slender purse. But I would sound one word of warning here—and it is this. Of the articles mentioned or

illustrated here, in certain cases there are only a limited number, and therefore readers of BRITANNIA who are desirous of making the most of the opportunities now presented to them, are invited to write immediately to our Service Department for fuller particulars concerning anything mentioned. All such inquiries will be dealt with at once, and in order that our readers may take full advantage of the sales, the firms in question may be notified of possible prospective purchasers; this, however, will not be done unless specially asked for by readers.

THERE is, without doubt, to-day a very definite demand for walnut furniture. The reason for its popularity is largely due to the beautiful graining and colouring of the wood and to its rich patina. Again, walnut furniture, as a rule, is carried out in eminently pleasing designs, and the graceful curves are particularly well suited to the modern vogue of plain walls. Whatever the room may be—dining-room, drawing-room or bedroom—with walls either painted,

distempered or papered (the latter with a merely textured paper devoid of all design), nothing makes for greater charm or more readily bequeaths an air of distinction than well-made walnut furniture. Illustrated on this page is a particularly beautiful sideboard in walnut—probably just the sort of thing you have been looking for to complete your otherwise attractive dining-room. It is 5 ft. long, and is fitted with two drawers and two cupboards with exquisitely veneered fronts. The top drawer is lined with baize and divided for cutlery. Then another pleasing piece of walnut furniture is a dining-table originally designed to match with the sideboard just described, although each can be acquired separately. The table is 3 ft. square when closed, but expands to 5 ft. long. Its sale price is £10 5s., while in addition there is a quantity of small chairs in walnut with loose seats in hide, priced at £2 7s. 6d., the armchairs to match being £3 11s. 6d. And still bargain-hunting in terms of walnut furniture, I like the dwarf bookcase 3 ft. 6 in. long, containing three glazed doors and three shelves to the interior at £15 18s. 6d., the little walnut bureau priced at nine guineas, which would be as attractive in the walnut furnished bedroom as in the drawing-room and study, the bedroom suite with its 4 ft. wardrobe conveniently fitted for hanging, with a handsome bevelled mirror to the door, its 3 ft. 3 in. dressing-table with large shaped frameless mirror above, with a chest the same size as the dressing-table fitted with one long and two short drawers and two cane-seated chairs—the whole sale-priced at £48 10s.

BUT do not misunderstand me, sale prices are not merely limited to walnut furniture. Take the case of a small bedroom suite with a 3 ft. wardrobe also fitted for hanging and with a mirror door, this together



Beautifully veneered, this 5 ft. walnut sideboard at 18 gns. is a typical sale-time bargain. (At Waring & Gillows.)

with a dressing-table and chest washstand, and one cane chair is priced as low as £12 15s. during sale time, while another suite of oak—this time with a 4 ft. wardrobe is reduced to 10 guineas, and for those that remain loyal to mahogany, there is a really well-made suite including a 4 ft. wardrobe with a mirror fitted inside the door reduced from £55 to £42 10s.

THE modern housewife has of comparatively recent years grown to realise the importance of the well-placed mirror. It can do so many things. Placed opposite the window in a sunless room it will, at least, catch what light there is and give to the whole interior a generally brighter appearance, but then the mirror plays another part, particularly the full length cheval mirror. So far as the modern woman is concerned, it

is a great deterrent to slovenliness, a great stimulant to *chic*, and it is for this reason in particular that I wish to draw attention to some of the indisputable bargains among modern cheval mirrors. One design in walnut and mahogany with beautiful plain silvered plate glass costs slightly less than £2. Another oval-shaped and frameless on a mahogany stand, is £4 10s., while a third in walnut (or mahogany, if you wish) usually priced at £5, is marked down to £3 15s.

Or should your bedroom be furnished in oak, then the cheval mirror in oak reduced to two-and-a-half guineas should interest you. In addition, mention should be made of a large quantity of wall mirrors in oak and mahogany, 48 by 12 in., which are being cleared at £1 6s. 6d.



The well upholstered easy chair has become a vital factor in the comfort of the modern home. Here is a thoroughly reliable model, hair-stuffed, double-sprung, covered in a fancy striped material, and priced at 5 gns. (At Shoolbred's.)



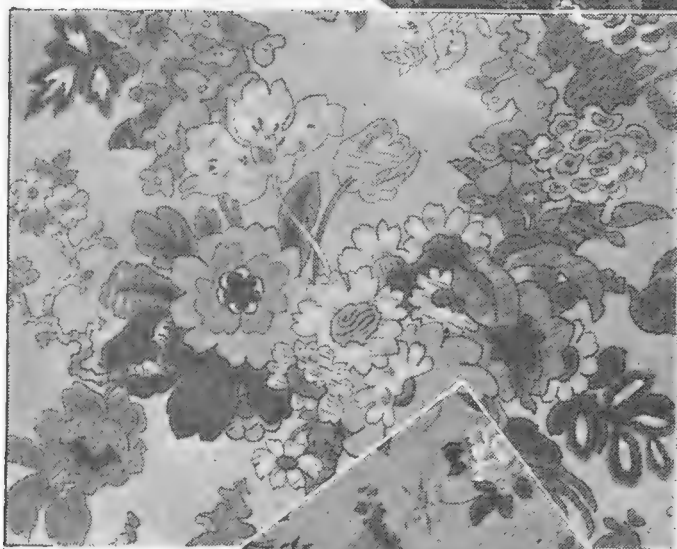
There is something particularly attractive about limed oak furniture, and the dining-room suite shown above is doubly so on account of its reduction in price. Inclusive of a 5 ft. sideboard, a 5 ft. 6 in. extending dining-table, one arm and four small chairs, the suite complete is priced at £58. (At Shoolbred's.)

With the prevailing vogue of walnut, this bedroom suite, reduced to £48 10s. is well worth consideration. There is a 4 ft. wardrobe, fitted for hanging, with a bevelled mirror door, a 3 ft. 3 in. dressing table with a large frameless mirror above, a chest of similar proportions, and two cane seated chairs. (At Waring & Gillow's.)



NOWADAYS the sensible housewife gives quite an amount of careful consideration to her kitchen, and for those who may not be able to afford the more elaborately fitted kitchen-cabinets, a wealth of opportunities for securing simple, yet eminently practical kitchen equipment, is offered during sale-time. As an instance, a well-made deal store cupboard 3 ft. high, 2 ft. 6 in. wide, fitted with two shelves, priced at £1; another 2 ft. wide, 6 ft. high, with four shelves, £1 12s. 6d.; again, a porcelain enamel topped table, fitted with drawer, 36 in. by 25 in., at £1 15s., and a kitchen cabinet, with golden oak finish, 6 ft. 2 in. high, a porcelain-lined fall forming a firm table, nine glass food jars, five spice jars, a metal-lined bread drawer, reduced to £7 15s. Then, in addition, the very considerable reduction in prices on all the lesser kitchen equipment will, no doubt, appeal very strongly to the practical-minded woman.

Readers who are interested in the Furnishing Fabrics illustrated here, may possibly like to secure an entirely new colour scheme built up on whichever design appeals to them most. All such information can be obtained free of charge through our Service Department as directed on page 39.



IMMEDIATELY above is a 30 ins. cretonne in a beautiful old English bouquet chintz design in natural colourings, in a heavy linenised cloth on backgrounds of fawn, mauve, black, grey and blue. Price 1s. 6½d. (At Waring & Gillow's.)



HERE is another good quality cretonne, introducing bunches of grapes, vine-leaves, foliage and other fruits on a soft amber background. It is also obtainable on other backgrounds—grey, black, fawn and blue—and is an admirable material for loose covers and curtains. Width 31 ins. Price 1/9½. (At Hamptons.)

FABRICS for the Slender Purse

FURNISHING fabrics! We simply must have them, mustn't we? Whether it is a matter of freshening up the existing decorative scheme, or whether it is the rather newer idea of evolving an entirely new colour scheme from newly-selected fabrics, furnishing fabrics themselves are of vital importance. The half-a-dozen designs illustrated on this page represent only a few of the many attractive ones which can be secured at the moment at sale prices.

Shown at the top is a finely woven printed cotton, and with its gaily-coloured birds and flowers is obtainable on a black, cream, stone and grey background—reduced to 3s. 11d. per yard. An ideal fabric for curtains and loose covers. (At Hamptons.) Next is a printed linen in a fine Renaissance design, in a two-colour combination on a natural, a grey or a yellow background—reduced to 1s. 11½d. per yard. (At Waring and Gillow's.) The third is a charming cretonne with an all-over design, with well-blended chintz colourings on fawn, grey, green and black backgrounds—10½d. per yard. (At Waring and Gillow's.) Then a good quality floral cretonne on a blue, jade, black or fawn ground, reduced to 1s. per yard, is one that will doubtless appeal to many. (At Hamptons.)

Waring's Great January Sale

TO-DAY & DAILY
UNTIL JAN 19th

Write for January Sale Catalogue of 66 pages sent post free.

THIS great annual clearance of stock is one of exceptional interest, affording, as it does, the opportunity for buying high quality goods at

SPECIAL PRICES

Only goods of the recognised Waring standard of quality are included in the event, taken from the regular stock sheets.

A few examples of Waring Sale values:—

FURNITURE

F.2—BEDROOM SUITE, 30 only, in Oak, 4 ft. Wardrobe, fitted for hanging, with bevelled mirror to door. 3 ft. 3 in. Low Duchess Dressing Table with 1 long and 2 short drawers and adjustable frameless mirror. 2 ft. 9 in. Chest Washstand containing 3 drawers. One Cane Seat Chair.

Usual Price £25 10. **Sale Price £21 10**

EASY CHAIRS

The "Sherwood." A comfortable EASY CHAIR, upholstered all hair, patent resilient springing, and covered in striped material.

Usually £6 6s. **Sale Price £4 19 6**
4 ft. 6 in. SETTEE, with one end adjustable, to match. Usual Price £12 12s. **Sale Price £9 18 6**

CHINAWARE

J.G.12—DINNER SERVICES, 150, 26 pieces, Fine Semi-Porcelain Ivory Shoulder Band and Enamelled Edge.

Usual Price 32/6. **Sale Price 19/6**

Purchases delivered free within Waring Motor Delivery Radius. To other parts of Gt. Britain, carriage paid to nearest Railway Station on all Fabrics, Carpets and Linens, and other goods value £2 or over.

FURNISHING FABRICS

D.3—30-inch CRETONNE. 3000 yards, printed on a good quality domestic cloth, in a useful well-covered design in cheerful colourings on grey, blue or beige ground. Usual price, 2/3. Reduced to **1/3½** per yard

ELECTRIC FITTINGS

J.E.6—TABLE STANDARD in Mahogany, Oak or Walnut, with 8-in. painted vellum shade, keyswitch, lampholder and 3 yards flexible wire. **10/6**
Usual price 15/6. **Sale price**

HOUSEHOLD LINENS

A Manufacturer's Stock of Fine Irish Linen Double Damask Tablecloths and Serviettes in three serviceable qualities. Grade 1. DOUBLE DAMASK CLOTHS. Heavy quality. 2 x 2 yds. **18/9**
Usually 37/6. **Sale Price, each**

2 x 2 yds. Usual Price 49/6. **Sale Price 24/9 each**
2 x 3 yds. Usual Price 59/6. **Sale Price 29/6 each**
SERVIETTES
24 x 24 ins. Usual Price 47/6. **Sale Price 23/6 doz.**

CARPETS

An important offer of AXMINSTER STAIR CARPET, inexpensive and durable, 22½ in. wide. This stair carpet is of mixed or mottled coloured yarns of the same quality as that used in the quality sold at 10/3 per yard. It is especially suitable for small houses and cottages. **5/11**
Special Sale Price per yard

BEDSTEADS

Waring's B.419—BEDSTEAD in Mahogany, well finished, and complete with spring mattress. Made in Waring's factory. Size 3ft. **£27 6**
Usually £35 0. **Sale Price**
Size 3ft. 6in.
Usual Price £3 10 0. **Sale Price £2 17 6.**

SILVERWARE

J.S.1—MUFFIN DISH, 18 only, Silver Plated, 7in. dia. with lining. Usual Price 21/- **Sale Price 16/6**
Post 9d. extra.

Customers ordering by Post are assured the same service and attention as that obtained by personal shoppers. All orders acknowledged same day as received.

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GOING BACK to

SCHOOL By

THE WOMAN EDITOR

THE incident occurred in one of the leading West End houses. Fond mamma was not in the picture at all on the afternoon in question, but an equally fond aunt had undertaken to choose for Pamela one of those charming little school evening frocks in velveteen, which from their very simplicity are usually as beloved by the discriminating house mistress as by the punctilious little pupil-people themselves! Very brief moments in a conveniently placed sitting-room in which a neat blue gabardine day frock was exchanged for a velveteen model in blue—the deep blue of sapphires and—I must give her her due—Pamela looked more like a perfect child model stepping out of an Academy picture than a promising half-back for the Second XI Hockey Team next term.

"How do you like it?" she asked, addressing her brother Rodney, a stalwart fellow who boasted a full fifteen months her senior.

"Oh! It's all right, but we shall be so late for 'Chang!'"

So much for brotherly love when the thrills of a jungle stand in danger of being ousted by a school frock!

But that is only one side of the question—it is quite a different matter when young Baxter Minor is about to return to school. He is consumed with an overwhelming anxiety to be quite correct . . . even the beasts of the forest are far less disquieting than the consciousness of a misplaced button, when "tea-ing" with the Head on a Sunday afternoon!

SO we are agreed—are we not?—that now, even at the height of the party season with schooldays not so very far ahead, this question of correct and adequate school outfits is one which, quite naturally, is very close to the heart of every discerning parent. Admittedly, this coming term is not so much given to demanding entire outfits, but rather is it the replenishing season. . . But even replenishing is more advantageous if carried out with careful thought and some commonsense, and therefore parents cannot do better than deal direct with some firm of high reputation whose thorough knowledge of the individual requirements of every well-known public and preparatory school is a very definite asset, insuring not only correctness but both durability and economy combined.

A GENERAL survey of school outfits, as sponsored by the leading London firms to-day in the interests of the young school girl, suggests that, so far as coats are concerned, velour, nap, serge and gabardine are the materials in favour, while the regulation colours still remain navy and brown with an occasional variation in beige, saxe and shagreen. The styles in general are particularly neat, while the popular double-breasted front is eminently practical for the treacherous early months of the



year. A typically well-tailored model, in all-wool velour, lined throughout with good-quality artificial silk, and finished with a practical four-inch hem is priced from 54s. to 72s., according to size. *But, at the moment, remember that sales are the order of the day, and, therefore, goods may be estimated at rather less than the prices quoted here.*

Of equal importance this coming term, are mackintoshes, and if the opinion of experienced heads of departments in the leading London firms can be taken as an indication of public tastes, the cashmere, rubber-lined

This happy-go-lucky little person with her neat little sou'wester, priced at 4/6, and her rubber-lined mackintosh at 25/6, is adequately equipped for all the weather vagrancies of the Spring term. (At Selfridges.)



So too, the little lady on the left, with her cashmere mackintosh (at 22/6), double-breasted and pocketed, need have no fears of February Fill-Dyke, while on the right you see her favourite little school frock in navy repp; priced at 37/6. (At Gorrings.)

type is quite the favourite among schoolgirls of to-day. In addition to the usual navy blue and brown, it is obtainable in a delightful cherry-red, quite a happy colour note on a dismal winter's day, and in green. Priced from 22s. 6d. to 28s. 6d., approximately, this is a very practical "buy," and if, as is sometimes possible, it is accompanied by a sou'wester at 4s. 6d. to match, it is also an exceedingly attractive rainy-day ensemble.

AS far as school frocks are concerned, it is doubtful whether they have ever been more becoming than they are to-day. In addition to the regulation "gym" tunic in navy-blue serge, which, by the way, it might be useful to know, should measure about three inches above the knees when kneeling, with its accompanying blouse of cream viyella or pull-over jersey, as the case may be, there are inexpensive little hard-wearing models whose very simplicity seems so eminently suited to the happy unsophistication of Miss Twelve-Years-Old. . . . for instance, one attractive model in navy repp is gracefully pleated on either side of the front panel, upon which is hand-stitching in self colour, and there is a neat little tussore collar which will equally well accommodate a school tie or a narrow navy ribbon, whereby giving the same simple *chic* to the frocks of Miss Twelve-Years-Old as to those of her sister in the Upper VIth. Another practical little suit is in good quality wool stockinette. The jumper has a comfortable collar (which, again, will take a tie) and two patch pockets just below the waist-line; the skirt is mounted on a white cotton bodice, thus avoiding any undue weight at the waist, and the two inverted pleats back and front give plenty of freedom for movement. In larkspur-blue, almond-green, and sand-colour, with neat little knickers to match, this suit is priced at from 23s. 9d. to 27s. 9d.

AND then evening frocks? What of them? Admittedly, party-time is nominally over when school days start again, yet there are invariably one or two, maybe more occasions, during the term when an attractive little evening dress, preferably with long sleeves, will be required. Sleeveless frocks are sometimes permitted, but for the young school girl there is a particular charm about the essentially simple design which boasts nothing more perhaps than a beautiful chiffon velveteen in cherry, sapphire blue, jade green, golden brown or black, but slightly trimmed with embroidery to tone at the waist, with a neat little georgette collar which again repeats the embroidery—this from 63s. 6d. An equally effective evening frock, priced from 47s. 6d., is expressed in ivory crêpe de chine, daintily smocked at the waist and shoulders, the simplicity of the plain shirt sleeve bespeaking the very best of taste. While for the more advanced school girl, georgina in pervenche, coral and almond, a new material which gives the appearance of heavy georgette, is used in one particularly pleasing model where the handkerchief points of the gracefully hanging skirt are picoted, and the waist-line is finished with a posy of self-coloured flowers. This is from 49s. 6d.

SCHOOL undies and night clothes—these are necessarily given every careful consideration by the discriminating parents, but as a buyer in one of the leading West End houses said most emphatically, "The young school girls of to-day have very fixed ideas on what they want, and not infrequently they see that they get them."

PYJAMAS follow two modes—one, the regulation style, well-tailored with its coat shape and polo collar in viyella, either in striped or plain colours, priced from 21s. 9d., and the other, the jumper style with round

or square necks, short sleeves and waist girdle, from 20s. Both of these are obtainable in light and heavy all-wool fabrics and in a medium mixture. Dressing gowns also, fall mainly into two classes as far as the school girl is concerned, the one of quilted silk, lined throughout in a fancy cotton material and obtainable in rose (two shades), saxe blue, and heliotrope, from 23s. 9d., the other in a warm fleecy woollen cloth in a soft beige with collar, cuffs and edge of pocket in saxe or rose, priced from 25s. 9d. So far as fashion goes, school clothes to-day are essentially practical and hygienic, the characteristic corselette, the princess petticoat designed so that the entire weight is carried from the shoulders, and the directoire knickers all maintaining equal popularity.

Again, when it comes to selecting school hats, the young school girl of to-day knows precisely what she wants. She is meticulously careful over the choice of colour and style, and appears to be far more insistent on colours *matching* than on choosing brilliant contrasts, but with it all she never forgets comfort, and even the neat little felt or velour hat that is all that can be desired in the way of colour and style, unless it fits to perfection, will be slow to win her favour.

AND in precisely the same way, with precisely the same thoroughness and practicability are the leading London firms catering to-day for the young boy about to return to school. Shirt sleeves tucked to allow for lengthening purposes and school clothes marked free of charge are only two instances of the practical and detailed consideration given, while in addition to general outfitting and replenishing, so far as clothes are concerned, maybe a new tuck-box costing from 12s. 9d. and its replenishing may appeal to Baxton Minor more than matters of socks, sweaters and shirts!

So delightfully dainty, the dressing-gown (left) of quilted silk in rose, saxe-blue, or mauve, at 23/9, is just what the feminine schoolgirl loves!

And the princess petticoat (centre), in artificial silk stockinette or plain Jap silk, is another important item, isn't it? This model is only 16/9.

Shall she have the coat or jumper-pyjama? That has to be decided! Here on the right is a practical little coat model in viyella costing 21/9 (At Gorrings).



Why Educate GIRLS Like BOYS?

By

Florence B. Low

"HITHERTO," says Dr. Norwood, Headmaster of Harrow, in his recently published book on *The English Educational System*, "and quite rightly, the leaders of the movement for women's education have been concerned to demonstrate the quality of men and women, boys and girls, and they have therefore tended to insist on following an identical course of instruction. There are many who think that, so far as secondary education is concerned, for the great mass of girls this has become an illogical procedure, and they look anxiously for the coming of some personality strong enough to shape the new education into a form which will suit the needs of girls as such, the future wives and mothers of the men of the nation" (the italics are ours).

Dr. Norwood has had the courage to put into words what thousands of men and women—parents and teachers and the many young men who want to marry and are literally scared of the modern young woman—think, but have not dared to express because at the moment it is against the trend of popular opinion.

To-day, the curriculum and the examinations in the girls' schools are practically the same as boys. Perhaps at the end of the 19th century, this may have served some useful purpose—to-day, on the contrary, this absolute similarity is injurious to women, and harmful to the nation. It has helped to change the girl's attitude towards life, and to give her the boy's ideals and aims, and, to a large extent, the boy's outlook. Indeed, our modern education of girls, is, I think, the greatest compliment ever paid to men by our sex! The typical boy, at the end of his Public School career, is a physically strong, bold, athletic, rather coarse-fibred, manly, ambitious creature, who, at his best, becomes a useful member of society, earns his living and, in due course, becomes the head of a household, if he can find a partner or mate who will undertake the woman's side of the job.

But the girl, who has had this same education, is not by any means so satisfactory a human being. She has worked ever so much harder than her brother to pass the same examinations, and feels the strain of such work more. As every teacher knows, the average girl of 16-18 who has been sitting for examinations is "at the end of a summer term" in a very overwrought condition, while the average boy forgets all about his work directly the examination is over, and as a rule suffers no ill results.

FAR more important and more lasting in its effect, however, is the fact that the girl at the secondary school to-day—public or private, day or boarding—becomes, like the boy, absorbed in school life and activities, and home necessarily plays a very subordinate part. For the boy who generally goes out early into the world

BRITANNIA'S Policy is to encourage views from both sides of the fence of public opinion. Next week the Hon. Mrs. Bertram Russell will contribute a reply in support of Co-Education.

to make his way, this divorce between school and home is not so serious, but for the girl to lose interest in home and all that home comprehends during these impressionable years of adolescence means a loss that is seldom made up in later years, and carries with it no equivalent compensations.

GAMES nowadays mean almost as much to girls as to boys, and athletic prowess wins an undue measure of admiration in girls' as well as boys' schools. We have yet to know that girls gain anything very valuable from indulgence in organised games. It seems difficult for them to be moderate in their athletics, and schools that are anxious to win success on the playing fields often produce a type of girl whose whole interest lies in games, and though such a girl may become hardy, self-reliant, and a "good sport," she too often loses some of the sympathy, sensitiveness, delicacy of mind and heart which hitherto we have associated with young womanhood.

And then, this "Career" business; how tired one is of lectures and articles on "Careers for Girls"! The natural career for

a girl to look forward to even in a land where there are more women than men (it should be remembered that in various parts of the Empire the reverse is the fact) is that of home-maker, even if for a few years circumstances oblige her to earn her living. Yet in how many schools is there

any suggestion of this fact, and in how many schools is domestic science, the basis of home-craft, taught to every girl as an integral part of the ordinary curriculum? Girls are urged and advised to go to College in order to take up a "Career" as doctor, lawyer, teacher, secretary, architect, and so forth, and those who do not enter upon a definite course of training for money-getting, even when there is not the slightest financial reason for so doing, are regarded as deplorably old-fashioned, poor-spirited, and retrograde. The girl who remains at home on leaving school or college and takes her shares in the family life is often compared unfavourably with her ambitious sister who, neglecting all family claims, thinks only of "getting on" and of a big "job" and a big salary. Yet from the nation's point of view the former is a far more valuable citizen than the latter.

THE fact is, we seem to have lost our bearings in this matter of girls' education and do not know what we are aiming at. So-called "feminism" has dominated the girls' schools, though a very large number of our teachers would quite honestly deny it, for they are unconscious that it is so. We have many splendid women among our teachers—no one perhaps can testify to this fact more than the present writer, who in the course of the last ten years has visited innumerable girls' schools. Many of them will, I know, agree with all I say. They desire a time-table with a more feminine bias, an education in which the peculiarly feminine qualities will have more chance of development and the pupils will be more specifically prepared for their *métier de femme*. But as they have so often said it is very difficult to resist the stream and oppose the fashion, and while girls and boys have to pass the same examinations they must have the same curriculum.

Yet, physiological differences cannot be ignored without injury to both sexes, and so long as the male and female differ organically, and only women produce babies, a civilised community requires the peculiar qualities that belong to each sex which education and public opinion may usefully develop, or, as at present ignore, so that we tend to evolve unmanly men, and women who dislike everything connected with home and children. But if marriage is to continue and babies are to be born, then homes are essential—these are, indeed, the foundation on which civilisation, as we now know it, is built.

(Continued on next page.)



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IF homes, then home-makers. I do not mean housekeepers, and servants who can possibly (?) keep the house clean, cook the dinner, and look after the children. The home to me means a centre of social and spiritual life, and the very highest qualities are needed for its fashioning and maintenance—to make it a place of happiness and good comradeship for all who dwell therein, including the paid helpers, to bring up children to be good citizens, to radiate service and kindness first in the home and then far beyond it. Does not this require great capacity and offer great scope! Now only a woman can make a home. It is probably the one and only thing she can do supremely and man cannot.

Yet here are women clamouring to enter the professions, where at best they can only do what the average man can do; and neglecting the greatest work in the world, and even despising it, largely because in their education, extending over some ten years and more, not the slightest heed has been taken of such work. Woman's peculiar gifts—her intuition, her "motherly" qualities, her sympathy, her infinite patience and gentleness, her power to inspire man—these all find their fullest scope in the home rather than in the shop, the office, the consulting room, the House of Commons or at the Bar. And is not the education all wrong that diverts them from the one and pushes them out into public life?

ONE more point. By insisting on the identity of the sexes, and by attempting to obliterate sex differences, except the one that cannot be ignored, we really emphasize unduly her sexual nature, so that women in this century are tending to become more sexed, coarser in their tastes, and to approximate more to men's standards in all matters of sex, clearly shown, I think, in our novels read mostly and written in considerable numbers by women, and to a lesser degree in the drama of to-day.

Girls are not boys, and until we recognise this fact and its consequences we cannot educate the former suitably for the rôle they have to play in civilised communities. For a woman—whether she be married or single, a duchess or a paid worker—will, at some time in her life, in the majority of cases, require to know how to run a home. So, whatever else a girl learns (and no matter what the boy does), it is imperative that she does not leave school without a practical knowledge of house-craft and home-making-terms that cover a very wide range of subjects.

THE Headmistress who will publicly and incessantly advocate compulsory home-craft for every girl, and puts that subject on a level with the other subjects taken in examinations and leading to scholarships at a College, will be doing a valuable service for the Nation and the Empire. She will, I am convinced, find that a large body of her colleagues will rally to her standard. They have long waited for a leader bold enough to defy the fashion of the period and who has no fear of the clamour of a small but very noisy public opinion. The majority of mothers and probably most men, fathers and potential fathers, desire to preserve the home, which to-day is tending more and more to disappear in all ranks of society. And if ultimately the home vanishes—as it must if women no longer create and maintain it—so also does the civilised nation of the western world.

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TOASTED-OR OTHERWISE!

By

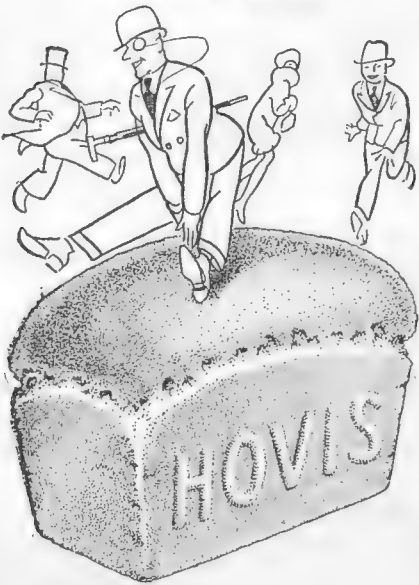
W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

TOAST for dinner, supper, tea and any old time has always been my love, but not until I was introduced to brown bread toast did I fully realise how delicious toast can be. Rather, I should say it was introduced into me by a discerning hostess. Since that memorable breakfast I have for the most part given white bread the go-by, and this in spite of doctor and other friends insisting on telling me that this, that, or the other kind of brown bread would be "so good for me." A horrid thing to say of anything nice! As a rule I immediately take a dislike to what I am told is good for me; just as I fight shy of books which I am told I ought to read.

Converted by a Slice.

I WAS made a convert by a piece of brown toast! I have remained converted. Converted by that toast to the bread of which it was made. Now, when sitting down to my breakfast, I politely say "Good morning" to my little brown loaf, with the bulgy top and the crisp crust, its shape reminding me somewhat of the old-fashioned square haystacks, with which I was so happily familiar in the days of my youth and innocence. Not that I am so very un-innocent now, mark you! Yes, this bread of mine, with a proper allowance of butter, I am informed by "one who knows" is not far from being a complete food. Daresay it is so; but what excites me is that it completely satisfies my taste for very good things. Even when quite new it agrees with my digestion, which I cannot truly say of white bread. Can you?

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Some Whys.

HAVING a curiosity mind, I wanted to know "why"? I learned this. When a grain of wheat is thinly sliced and looked at through a low-power microscope it is seen that the grain consists of three parts. There is the germ or embryo, the kernel, which is much larger, being 85 per cent. of the whole grain and which provides nourishment for the germ and the outer shell, known as the bran. It is difficult to make fine powder of the bran, so that is generally excluded in the usual processes of grinding, as also for other reasons is the germ. Which means that much of the nutritive value of the wheat is lost. But there is a satisfactory way of "flouring" the germ, with good results. For example, Hovis flour is a mixture of one part germ meal to three parts of ordinary flour. In short, this flour-mixture is near to what Dame Nature has prescribed for us, and she is no fool! I learned a lot more, but this is not the place to make any further disclosures, except to say a word about our helpful friend, Mr. Vitamin B, without whose assistance we shall suffer from loss of appetite, anæmia, constipation and other things which we can quite well do without. When rightly made of the right flour, what I call brown bread, is richer in Vitamin B than is white bread.

So now I understand why the old farmer, in the West Country song was so happy in that he was blessed with "Home brewed, brown bread, and a cottage well thatched with straw."

Toast.

CAN there be any more exhilarating "sniff" to greet a hungry man when he goes down to his breakfast than the scent (I can not say "smell") than that of red-hot toast? If there is such, I know it not. Do you? I can remember mornings long since when we used to have hot, round rolls for breakfast, brought to our door by a man with a basket and a bell. They were very good. But brown bread toast, hot, beats them holler. Not that I confine my attention to the toast, I would not make my little brown loaf jealous, for "I love thee!"

Have you ever tasted marmalade? Tasted, I say, not eaten? You have not done so if you have not partaken of it laid generously upon *hot buttered brown toast!* It is the most topping top-up to a tip-top breakfast. I have even known dainty ladies fall before its temptation. It is, indeed, a temptation which it is a sin to resist. I am sometimes tempted to be good as well as to be naughty. I love to be good—to myself.

Being of an adventurous disposition in the matter of eatings, I persuaded "she who rules" the home and whom I sometimes disobey, to purchase some of the flour out of which my little brown loaves are made. Behold! There followed the home-manufacture of such gorgeous gingerbread, such 'licious little cakes, such scrumptious biscuits, as I never did know afore. Their flavour rich and rare. I am a thick and thin Brownist!

Brown Adventures.

THIS was the beginning only of my adventures with brown bread. Adventures in cookery lead to delicious discoveries, sometimes. Had it not been for an adventurous he or she, millions of years ago, there would never have been any cooking! Said I to myself, said I, would not brown breadcrumbs often be as excellent as white for cookings? They are. Brown breadcrumbs, fried, are good with roasted or baked fowl, pheasant, partridges, and others. Contrived thus, put thin slices of the brown bread in a coolish oven, and when they are quite crisp, take them out and rolling-pin them until they are a fine powder. Fry in lard, and then dry in the oven, turning ver now and then to make sure they do not stick together again. A spoonful or two are jolly added to an omelette.

Puddings.

THERE are lots of puddings which are better made with brown than with white bread. Here are some. Mix thoroughly together a pint of scalded milk, half-a-breakfastcupful of brown sugar, the beaten yolks of a couple of eggs, the grated yellow jacket of a lemon, and a breakfastcupful of brown breadcrumbs. Put the mixture in a fireproof dish and bake for about half-an-hour. Dust it with sugar before eating. And this: make a mixture of two full breakfastcupfuls of brown breadcrumbs, a teacupful of currants, two tablespoonfuls of brown sugar, two of finely chopped suet, a little powdered nutmeg, a dessertspoonful of lemon-juice and a well beaten egg. Add no more than enough milk to make the mixture moist. Put it into a well-greased fireproof dish and bake for about an hour. Whether you meet it hot or cold you will approve of it. The proof of the pudding is in the approval thereof. Just one more. Peel, core and cut into pieces three or four apples, according to their size shall be their number. Put them in a shallow fireproof dish. Sugar them. Pour over them a mixture made of two well-beaten eggs, a breakfastcupful of milk, three tablespoonfuls of brown breadcrumbs and a flavouring of cinnamon. Bake for about half-an-hour. Instead of the cinnamon you can use a little grated lemon rind, if you prefer.

A Tasty Savoury.

YOU know, I hope, those little earthenware, fireproof potlets called cocottes? Using as many as you need, put a thick layer of brown breadcrumbs at bottom of each, moisten with milk, savour with mixed herbs. Then very carefully pop in an egg, being careful not to break the yolk. A sprinkling of pepper and salt, and a very thin shaving of butter. Stand in a pan of boiling water that comes three-quarters up the cocottes. Keep it boiling. Cook till the eggs are to your liking.

Oh, dear friends, I could go on about brown bread and its uses for pages and pages, but as this is the end of the page, I must hold my hand. I would much rather hold yours, if you are a pretty cook lady!

CHILDREN'S HOTELS.

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THE love of field sports is inherent in every normal boy. The lad who takes no interest in shooting or other outdoor sports lacks one of the most essential features of a Britisher. The Christmas holidays afford a capital time for the youngster to commence his training, and many there are who have eagerly been looking forward for a long time past to their first handling of a gun and to that blissful moment when the first "kill" is recorded.

There are two important points about which one cannot be dogmatic—the age at which a boy may begin his shooting career and the type of gun with which he starts. Obviously, the first is the concern of the parent. The second is dependent on the first and on the intelligence and physique of the boy himself. Thus no hard and fast rule can be laid down, but, generally speaking, I consider that a boy should start with a 28 bore, or if of sturdy physique a 16, before being promoted to a 12 bore later on.

The Choice of a Gun.

The choice of the youngster's gun is a matter of supreme importance. Many people advocate a light single-barrel with a reduced charge. But here I disagree. No one is going to use a single-barrel throughout his shooting life. The handling of it is entirely different to a double-barrel, and therefore just at the time when a boy has become a fairly proficient shot with the one, he has to change over to the other, and suffer a considerable set-back in consequence. A reduced charge means loss of killing power, and thus a boy who is possibly shooting quite correctly finds that he is maiming instead of killing, and naturally he wonders why.

The recoil of a single-bore, too, is relatively greater than that of a double-barrel, and in the early stages a youngster may be put off by a series of "kicks," and a possible "trigger finger," which encourages him to become afraid of his gun. It is not, of course, suggested that he be given a double-barrelled fully loaded. For a considerable time one lock can be fixed and one hammer removed, so that there is for all practical purposes only one barrel. But he has the advantage of using the same type of gun he will always use.

Early Days.

Every instructor has his own individual methods of training, but it is common ground that a gun must be a reasonable fit. It is unnecessary, and it is not desirable, that the gun should be altered exactly to match every stage of a boy's growth, but it should be such that he can handle it with ease and bring it up quickly without undue strain. While these early lessons in handling are in progress due regard should be paid to a correct balance and movement of the feet.

The most important lesson of all, however, for the beginner is summed up in the word safety. A boy must be taught never to point a loaded or unloaded gun at anyone, even in fun; when carrying, the barrels must always be pointing either to heaven or to earth; when the gun is carried on the shoulder the trigger guard must be pointing upwards; and when surmounting even the smallest obstacle the cartridges must be removed. No doubt our pupil will see some of his elders getting over fences with guns



Teaching the young idea the art of changing guns.

THE YOUNGSTER AND HIS GUN

By E. T. BROWN

only at "safe," but it must be impressed on him that no deviation from the absolutely safe method can be tolerated, and any lapse should be immediately checked. It is a good plan to make a boy carry a gun unloaded as often as possible, even on his walks, and handle it as it should be handled in the field.



The First Shot.

Assuming that a good deal of manual exercise and theoretical instruction have been given, and that our pupil understands that his hand and his eye working together will automatically align his barrels on the mark, he may proceed, provided he brings his gun up correctly to

the shoulder, to shoot at a fixed object. This may take the form of a large white sheet with a black bullseye. This is a good form of target, as the result will show the boy the pattern of his shot and where the centre of it rests, so giving him practical illustration of anything he may be doing wrong. Never let him aim in the true sense of the word, as this leads to the "poking" and "following" habit, which, as every shooter knows, is fatal in the field.

Important though it is, too much time should not be spent at the fixed object or at sitting rabbits, for instruction in the art of swinging is essential. To this end a boy should be encouraged to note the pace and flight of birds, and to judge distance, so that in bringing his gun on to a moving object the "swing" becomes automatic. However good his eye, a boy will never become a first-class shot unless he can judge by instinct the height and pace of birds, and what allowance to make for movement. This instinct can only be perfected by constant observation, practice and self-training. At this stage a few shots daily at clay pigeons thrown at different heights and angles is very beneficial.

Conduct in the Field.

At an early stage of a boy's tuition there are a few simple principles which can with advantage be instilled as to his behaviour when taken out with other guns. Perhaps the chief of these is always to keep his mouth shut. Not only does the human voice effectually scare all game birds, but it is apt to have a disturbing and irritating effect on the tempers of his seniors when walking up or waiting for driven partridges or pheasants.

Lastly, a few "don'ts" to our future first-class shot:—

Don't fire at distant birds—it is better to miss six than to wound one. Don't take a bird in front of another gun. Don't say a bird is down when you have knocked a couple of feathers out of his tail. And, above all, don't forget that carefulness, courtesy and modesty are the attributes of a true sportsman.



Above: Shooting at driven partridges. Below: A lesson in the butts. If a pupil understands that his hand and his eye are working well together he will automatically align his barrels on the mark.



BRITANNIA'S OPEN FORUM

In order to give as wide a selection as possible from the large number of letters we continue to receive, correspondents are asked to limit their letters to a maximum of 200 words.

A Fascist Challenge.

With reference to the Marquess of Londonderry's very unconvincing article on "Has Democracy Failed?" in which he intimates that in his opinion Fascists have acted in ignorance, may I through your courtesy challenge him on behalf of this League to a public debate on this vital question?

I think that if he would accept this invitation he would find that the method by which Fascism chooses its governing caste is more "democratic" than what is called "Democracy" itself.

A. S. LEESE.

Member of Directorate, I.F.L.

The Rising Generation and the War.

It appears to be the fashion, among writers on matters connected with the War, to refer to "the generation which is growing up" to whom the War is no more than "a dead page in history," and to whom the appalling sacrifice of life means no more than "heroism which it is their duty to emulate and, if occasion demands, surpass."

I was at school throughout the War. My recollections of it consist of hearing my old headmaster, with tears in his eyes, add another and yet another name to the list of old boys who had made the Supreme Sacrifice. Then there was the big military camp, my own O.T.C., the camp of German prisoners a few miles away, and the Zepp. raids.

As a young married man, just settling after a few years penury into the solid comforts of my own home, I do most assuredly realise what those older fellows gave up fourteen years ago.

This year I paid my first pilgrimage to the Belgian battlefields, which are to us for ever sacred. Yet here, where the very ground is soaked with the blood of nations I found the old "Hymn of Hate" being sung lustily. No, not by our old enemy, but by a one-time officer and gentleman in our own Army, a man now earning his living by keeping an hotel on the littoral for tourists and adding to his income by acting as guide for a well-known British tourist agency. Do his employers know the type of stuff that this fellow is dishing out to the tourists to pay to go over there to see for themselves?

Let the older generation leave the "next war" to us. We pray there will never be another, but if there is we shall be ready. They are making our task no lighter by perpetuating the old hatreds.—ONE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

Is Insurance a Wager?

Referring to "Woolsack's" statement that insurance is nothing but a wagering contract, there are no less than seven differences between an insurance contract and a wager.

In an insurance contract:—(1) The party effecting the contract of insurance must have an insurable interest in the subject-matter, while in the case of a wager, neither party has, of necessity, any interest in it.

(2) The event provided against is not, *prima facie*, to the interest of, and its happening is not, in itself, desired by, either party to the contract; while in the case of a wager, the happening of the event is not an adverse circumstance to the winner of the wager.

(3) One party only to the contract, the insured, is immune from loss thereunder, while in the case of a wager, either party may win or lose. It may be contended in this connection that the insured loses and the office wins the premium paid, but such payment is the consideration for the contract. The payment of the premium is not in any way dependent upon the issue of the event.

(4) It is known before the happening of the event which party is immune from loss under the contract, while in the case of a wager, which party will lose and which party will win is unknown until after the happening of the event.

(5) An essential to the contract is the observance of good faith (*uberrima fides*) by both parties, while a wager is not a contract requiring *uberrima fides* on the part of either party.

(6) Indemnity only is secured; while in the case of a wager the stakes are not paid by way of indemnity, since in whatever way the event is determined or whatever may be the fate of the subject-matter of the wager, the loser can suffer no loss against which he may be indemnified.

Finally, an insurance contract is fully enforceable at law, while in the case of a wager, neither party has any legal remedy.—Yours faithfully,

C. J. G.

Nicotine in Cigarettes.

Having been continuously engaged for more than two years on scientific research with the object of elucidating many of the problems presented by the numerous constituents of cigarette smoke, I have read with great interest the articles appearing in *BRITANNIA* entitled "Do You Smoke?" and "More About Smoking."

In "Do You Smoke?" it is stated, "Most of the nicotine is destroyed by the heat of the burning tobacco, so that only a small quantity passes into the inhaled smoke," and again in "More About Smoking" it says, "Less than one per cent. of the nicotine in Virginia tobacco, smoked as cigarettes, passes over in the smoke." Both these statements are seriously in error. If a cigarette of normal moisture content be smoked automatically with a continuous "pull" of such a strength that it is completely consumed in sixteen to seventeen minutes, the smoke drawn through the cigarette contains between fifty and sixty per cent. of the nicotine in the tobacco.

These conditions, however, are not comparable with ordinary cigarette smoking, which is intermittent. If, therefore, a cigarette of normal moisture content be smoked automatically in such a way that it is "drawn" for three seconds and allowed to "rest" for twelve seconds before being "drawn" again, and if the strength of the "pull" is the average of a normal smoker, the cigarette will take about fifteen minutes to burn and the smoke will contain thirty to forty per cent. of the nicotine in the tobacco. These figures are very different from the one per cent. given in the articles referred to.

If the nicotine in the smoke is too low, its primary stimulant action so desirable in inducing to normality in individuals is lost, and if, on the other hand, it is too high its energetic effect stimulating the brain is followed by a definite lessening of its activity.

A nicotine-free smoke would be entirely unsatisfying and tasteless, but the manufacture of cigarettes to ensure a minimum of pyridine in the smoke merits the closest attention, as there are many controllable factors which determine the quantity of this undesirable constituent developed in the course of smoking any particular tobacco.—S. W. BUNKER.

Lord Birkenhead and President Coolidge

Could anything be more fair, impartial and enlightening to the world at large than Lord Birkenhead's reply to President Coolidge in a recent issue of *BRITANNIA*? Such material facts as supported that article are an education to all who in the things that count prefer right to might and only make use of the latter as a last resource in the interests of common justice.

To be really big, one must do big things. If, after the lapse of time, there are those who feel they might have acted differently it is not for them to belittle the doings of those who went "all out" and did not consider the cost. Still it was ever thus, and will be until the end of the chapter, that, having fallen short at the crucial moment, the stinging prompts unkind thoughts and hasty words.

Lord Birkenhead, in the interests of the Allies in the Great War, is to be congratulated on his masterly and diplomatic handling of a subject delicate only to those who are just now beginning to see themselves.—FRANK H. BECK.

Railway Staff Work.

I think your correspondent BM/OVS6 is mistaken when he states that the "railway company is bound to find a seat for a passenger at the starting station." In the conditions of issue of ordinary passenger tickets (and I presume J. A. W. O. was travelling under these arrangements) the railway companies state clearly:—

"... that the company shall, if there be not sufficient accommodation in a train, or in carriages for the class of which the ticket is issued, incur no liability for failure to carry the passenger by the train for which the ticket was issued; but in such cases, the fare paid will be returned. . ."

Furthermore, they continue:—

"If there be insufficient accommodation of the class for which a passenger holds a ticket, such passenger shall not be entitled to travel in a superior class of accommodation without paying the extra fare. The company shall be at liberty to permit passengers . . . to travel in a superior class of carriage . . ."

It might be argued that the conditions mentioned are merely the company's own conditions and by-laws and would not be upheld in a court of law, but in the absence of a "test case" this is a debatable point, for, provided the passenger, holding an ordinary ticket, duly reaches his destination, no matter by what train, the company have fulfilled their contract as common carriers.—B. M.

[This correspondence is now closed.—ED.]

Answers to Bridge Correspondents.

F. H. B. (JERSEY).—On Spades, 2; Hearts, K, J, 10, 9, 7, 6; Diamonds, A, Q, J, 10, 9, 7; Clubs, —, I recommend at any score a bid of One Heart. The hand is too strong to necessitate an initial Diamond. I do not recommend pre-emption on a two-suiter of this pattern.

R. L. T. (KENSINGTON).—At any score on Spades, A, K, x; Hearts, xxxx; Diamonds, xxxx; Clubs, A, x, I should employ the (unorthodox) bid of One Diamond. A bid on any 4 cards, however weak, is less dangerous than one on any doubleton, however strong.

On Spades, A, xxx; Hearts, xxxx; Diamonds, xxxx; Clubs, A, I recommend an initial pass at any score, despite the quick tricks. The pattern almost ensures further bidding.

Your third hand holds 3 Spades to A, K; the lone Club A, and five small cards in each red suit. As the hand contains 14 cards I should ask for a re-deal. Should one of the red cards be superfluous, I should bid one trick in the five-card suit; should the small spade be superfluous, I recommend a bid of One Heart.



Taking the last fence in the Reading Steeplechase at Newbury. Kakushin (No. 19), the winner, was "Blackfriar's" selection.

I ALWAYS regard the racing man as the Supreme Optimist. No matter how scurvily Fate may have treated him in the past, no sooner does a new year dawn than his losses are forgotten or forgiven and he is filled with wonderful dreams and hopes for the future. Looking back he can see exactly how and where he went wrong and he determines to profit by those mistakes to the confusion of his traditional enemy—the book-maker.

It is with such thoughts as these that he turns to the first raw material for his new plans—the entries for the Spring Handicaps. This, of necessity, must be in the nature of a preliminary survey. It would be madness to venture a light at this stage. Time enough for that when the weights and acceptances are known.

Taken all round, the entries are well up to the average, both in class and number. Even the Lincolnshire Handicap, which for years has been showing a marked decline in popularity, has filled well, though the absence of a horse like Sunny Trace, who seemed eminently suited to the distance and is being kept fit this winter jumping hurdles, is surprising. Lord Dewar, however, has put in Break of Day, who is quite a useful sort.

As usual, four-year-olds form the majority of the entry, and the most interesting of these is undoubtedly Reigh Count, but as his mission is the Gold Cup it cannot be intended to train seriously the American crack for this. Possibly the object of his entry is to see how his capabilities are assessed in comparison with others of his own age.

Parwiz and Guards' Parade.

Third-season horses generally show up well in this race. They filled the first five places last season and altogether five of the last ten "Lincolns" have fallen to one of their number. Outside Reigh Count, the best of that age entered this time are, perhaps, Parwiz, the sole nomination from the powerful Whatcombe stable, and Guards' Parade. I shall be particularly interested to see how the handicapper treats the latter, for he strikes me as an ideal type for the race. Guards' Parade, who began his victorious juvenile career by suffering an unlucky defeat in the Brocklesby Stakes on the Carholme track, was in Harry Cottrill's stable until he

was disposed of along with the rest of Sir Abe Bailey's horses. He is now with Reg. Day at Newmarket.

Parwiz, the full-brother to Manna, has been a big disappointment to the Aga Khan, the only contribution he has made towards the 10,000 guineas which he cost as a yearling being the £2,227 which his success in the Gratwicke Stakes at Goodwood last year brought his owner. Victory on the Carholme

Week-End Selections.

LINGFIELD PARK, FRIDAY.
Newleaf S. Hurdle.—Braygola.
Stayers' Handicap Hurdle.—Kinnaird.
Corinthian Handicap Steeplechase.—Hawker.
Blindley Heath Hurdle.—Vellero.
Howard Steeplechase.—Goodford.

LINGFIELD PARK, SATURDAY.
Lingfield Amateurs' S. Handicap Steeplechase.—Fortissimo.
Dormans' Handicap Steeplechase.—The Sheriff.
Eden Vale Handicap Hurdle.—First Magic.
Weald Handicap Steeplechase.—Great Span.
Tandridge Court Hurdle.—Woomerah.

HAYDOCK PARK, FRIDAY.
Warrington Handicap Hurdle.—Cheek-taker.
Friday S. Hurdle.—Star of Argos.
Gerard Handicap Steeplechase.—Sans Blague.

HAYDOCK PARK, SATURDAY.
Birchfield Four-Year-Old Hurdle.—Master Dabber.
January Handicap Steeplechase.—Wind-swept.

would make amends for the unlucky defeat of Zionist by the hundred to one chance King of Clubs in 1926.

Watch Caballero.

Baytown's fine efforts in the highest class last season are sure to result in him gaining a high place in the handicap, and I shall look for him more hopefully later in the season. Mr. Tom Walls' patron, Mr. H. E. Steel, has entered a likely couple in John Silver and Caballero. I have an idea that there is a big handicap to be won by Caballero. I remember how easily he beat Golden King and Felstead over seven furlongs at Epsom in his first venture as a three-year-old. At his next

WEIGHED IN

By "Blackfriar"

attempt he defeated Lacock, Kirkheaton and a big field just as easily over a mile at Kempton. Caballero is a horse to be watched closely.

The brothers Joel have entered their usual big fleet, and it is expected that both will be out to win a race that, between them, they have carried off four times. Last year's winner, Dark Warrior, has gone abroad, but the runner-up, Philammon, appears again on Mr. J. B. Joel's behalf, along with Playboy, Friendship and Elphenor. Much more impressive, however, are the quartette nominated by Mr. S. B. Joel, namely, Fohanaun, Porthole, Trelawny and Thackeray.

Plenty of people will be ready, I suppose, to risk their money over Pondicherry; but I shall not be among them. I fancy Lord Glanely's horse gained a false reputation when he won that race at Doncaster. He ran atrociously afterwards in the Cambridge-shire, anyway. But, of course, much will depend on the weight allotted.

Another which will become prominent as soon as a market is formed is Orbindos. This horse, who was undoubtedly desperately unlucky not to win the race in Priory Park's year, and afterwards easily carried off the Newbury Spring Cup, did not win a race last season; but Gwilt had a lot of trouble with him, and for a considerable period the horse was under veterinary treatment. He is quite all right now, however, and must be marked as dangerous if he gets in with a reasonable weight.

The Liverpool Cup.

Sans Changer and Yosemite can represent Lord Derby; but I shall be more interested in the former's weight for the Liverpool Spring Cup. Sans Changer ran like a non-stayer in the Autumn Cup there last season, yet as he is the sole representative of Stanley House for the Spring trophy it is fair to assume that his ability to get the course is not questioned by his connections.

Mr. Washington Singer, who won the Autumn Cup with Plantago and ran second with Lucky Tor for the Grosvenor Cup at the same meeting, has entered this pair. When he beat Promptitude in November by a short head Plantago gave start to most of his rivals. Consequently that performance was a far better one than the form book suggests. I fancy he will be the main hope of Manton, all going well in the meantime.

Most of the entries here are also in the Lincolnshire, but among the interesting "newcomers" may be noted Pictoralas, Grandisson and O'Curry. Pictoralas was a most consistent horse last season, and when recording his last of five victories gave ten pounds and a comfortable beating to Hartford for the Breeders' St. Leger at Derby. Whether he succeeds or fails at Liverpool, Pictoralas should win some nice races for his new owner, Mrs. J. Pease.

Equally consistent was the half-bred O'Curry, who, after running a good third in the Two Thousand Guineas, won four races in excellent company.

THE problem for the second of our weekly competitions takes the form of a series of hands on which bid or lead must be suggested.

Only one reply is to be submitted to each of the six hands. Answers, which should be addressed to "Bridge Competition," BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C., must reach this office by Friday, January 11th.

PROBLEM II.

(i) North-South, 0; East-West, game and 0. South deals and calls one Club; West, One No Trump. North holds: Spades, A, 10, 4, 2; Hearts, K, J, 3; Diamonds, K, 10, 4; Clubs, 8, 7, 3.

What should North call?

(ii) North-South, 0; East-West, game and 0. South deals and calls Three Hearts; West, Double; North holds: Spades, A, Q, 10, 7, 3, 2; Hearts, —; Diamonds, A, J, 10, 2; Clubs, K, J, 5.

What should North call?

(iii) Game all: North-South, 28; East-West, 0. South deals and holds: Spades, K, 9, 3; Hearts, K, 10, 7, 2; Diamonds, A, Q, 7, 3; Clubs, K, 5. South calls One No Trump. West, Double; North, No Bid; East, No Bid.

What should South call?

(iv) Game all: Love all. South deals. South, West, and North all Pass.

What should East call, holding: Spades, A, K, Q; Hearts, 9, 7, 6, 5, 3, 2; Diamonds, A, K, 3; Clubs, 7?

(v) Game all: love all. South deals and calls One Diamond; West, One Spade; North, Two Hearts; East, Double; South, No Bid; West, Two Spades; North, Three Diamonds; East, No Bid; South, No Bid; West, Three Spades; North, No Bid; East, No Bid; South, Four Dia-

BRIGHTER BRIDGE

An effort to improve the Average Player's Game. Conducted by G. H. W. RAMSEY.

monds; West, Four Spades, North, No Bid; East, No Bid; South, Double; West, Re-double; North, No Bid; East, No Bid; South, Six Diamonds; West, Five Spades; North, No Bid; East, No Bid; South, No Bid.

North holds: Spades, 7, 3; Hearts, Q, 10, 5, 4, 2; Diamonds, A, 9, 4, 3; Clubs, K, 8.

What should North lead?

(vi) Game all: North-South, 28; East-West, 24. South deals and calls One Spade; West, Two Hearts; North, Three Clubs; East, No Bid; South, Three Diamonds; West, Three Hearts; North, Four Diamonds; East, No Bid; South, No Bid; West, No Bid. West holds: Spades, K, J, 2; Hearts, K, Q, 10, 7, 3, 2; Diamonds, A, 9, 3; Clubs, 3.

What should West lead?

The Negative Double Again.

Last week I referred to the use, and abuse,

It is not the policy of BRITANNIA to organise competitions for large monetary prizes. We realize, however, that a small inducement lends added zest to the solution of problems, and we therefore offer fifteen free annual subscriptions for the first five correct solutions to our Bridge, Crossword and Chess problems respectively. The Editor's decision must in all cases be final.—Ed.

of the Negative, or Informatory, Double. I remarked that it was fatal to double without six Tricks in hand.

The "six tricks" do not, however, involve Ace-King at the head of three suits; the "pattern" of the hand may render a double on a much weaker combination both permissible and advantageous. For example, Dealer calls One Spade. Second player holding: Spades, 10, 7, 4, 3; Hearts, A, Q, J; Diamonds, A, K, 3; Clubs, A, Q, 10 would be foolish to double; his hand has the wrong "pattern." On Spades, 4; Hearts, K, Q, 9, 3; Diamonds, A, Q, 4, 3; Clubs, K, J, 10, 2, however, a double would be correct.

Specimen Hands.

A pound of example is worth a ton of precept. Therefore, do *not* double one Heart on such a hand as this:

Spades, A, 9, 4, 3; Diamonds, K, J, 2; Clubs, Q, J, 10, 7; Hearts, J, 5. Pass, and if your partner passes also, lead the Queen of Clubs.

Do *not* double one Heart on this: Spades, A, K, J, 3; Diamonds, K, Q, 4; Clubs, K, 8, 2; Hearts, 8, 7, 2.

Call one Spade. Your partner will deny the suit if he must.

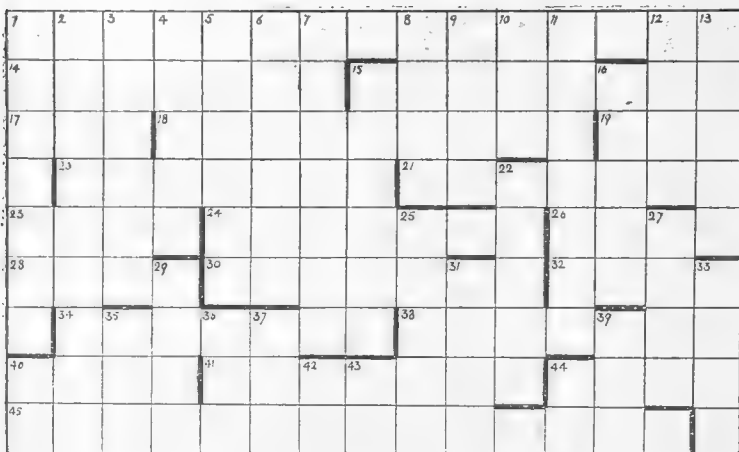
Do *not* double one Heart on this: Spades, A, 10, 4; Diamonds, A, K, 2; Clubs, A, 10, 4, 2; Hearts, 10, 8, 6.

You may, however, double one Heart on this: Spades, A, 10, 4, 2; Diamonds, A, J, 10, 2; Clubs, K, Q, J, 3; Hearts, 3.

That is the ideal type of doubling hand, both in its "pattern" (i.e., suit-distribution) and top-card strength.

(Answers to Correspondents will be found on page 52).

BRITANNIA CROSSWORDS.—No. 6.



CLUES:

Across.

1. Suddenness.
14. A Spartan military band.
15. Pertaining to an ancient Greek poet.
17. Heavy weight, but small.
18. Murderer.
19. Fifty-two.
20. Hoarseness.
21. Evil creature of German folk lore.
23. Trigonometrical term.
24. A language of New Testament.
26. Silence!
28. An infernal river.
30. Genus of water lilies.
32. Supplies indigo dye.
34. Yeast plants.
38. A Shakespearean wink.
40. Girl's name.
41. Can be dissolved.
44. River of the Tyrol.
45. Knowledge of everything.

Down.

1. Isolated.
2. A lawless law.
3. A science.
4. Moisture.
5. Bird.
6. Dress.
7. Genus of owls.
8. An Assize.
9. A dark clay.
10. Saint (abbr.).
11. Sea Unicorn.
12. Start a voyage.
13. To snivel.
15. Vestigial gland.
16. To separate and remove.
22. French school.
25. Protozoa.
27. Nice people never put it on.
31. Cholera.
33. Learn.
35. Grampus.
36. S. American Republic (init.).
37. Nile tributary.
39. Animal.
42. Interjection.
43. Aloft.
44. Twin vowels.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD No. 5

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Siderographist.
12. Isogeny.
14. Halo.
16. Clo.
18. Males.
19. Epicurean.
20. Uberose.
21. Nomads.
23. Evil.
25. Ryals.
27. Rota.
28. All.
29. Avowed.
31. Byres.
33. Clys.
36. Epidictic.
42. Reseda.
44. Fum.
45. Rhino.
46. Unsalted.
47. Grades.
48. Mods.
49. Hyetology.

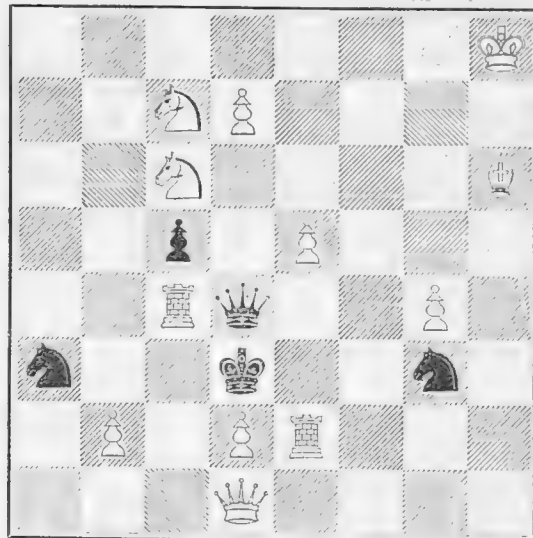
CLUES DOWN.

1. Simulacrum.
2. Isabel.
3. Dole.
4. Egeria.
5. Resolvedly.
6. Gypsy.
7. Rhinae.
8. Plum.
9. Horary.
10. Ice.
11. Tongas.
13. Neuropath.
15. A cold.
17. Last.
22. Dor.
24. Vly.
26. Sbirro.
30. Wifey.
32. Eine.
34. Leno.
35. Seas.
37. Dude.
38. Emit.
39. Chal.
40. Tid.
41. Cosy.
43. S.S.D.

CHESS.

By T. C. EVANS.

Problem No. 6. By NORRIS EASTER.



Problem No. 5 (Marsfield) Key K-R3 (threat Q-Kt2).

A square vacating key, pinning a W Kt and allowing a Black ch. The unpinned B-Kt6, and Kt-Kt6, are finely rendered, and the self-blocks, QxR and Kt-Q5, are excellent! A nice point in construction is the avoidance of duals by the key.

End-Game No. 5 (Rinck): b5Kt; 6P; 8: 1B; 2Kt5; 8: 5P; 3K; (White to play and draw).

Solution of End-Game No. 4: 1 R-Kt ch.; K-Kt7; 2 RxB! KxR; 3 K-B2! The White K just strolls from B2 to B1, and Black cannot win. A delicious trifle!

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the "Forsyth" notation, and as we are now using this notation for End-Games, Mr. Easter's problem, adjoining, is here given in "Forsyth": 7K; 2KtP4; 2Kt1B; 2P1P3; 2R2P; Kt2k; 2Kt1; 1P1P3; 3Q1. Remember that White pieces are in "capital" letters, and start counting from the top left-hand side, then there should be no further difficulty.

A "Ladder" Solving Tournay will commence shortly.

Prizes will be awarded periodically, when the scores of the winners will be annulled. They start again at the bottom of the "ladder," while others continue to climb. Novices, even if they confine themselves to 2 movers, need not, therefore, despair.

Correct solution of Prob. No. 3 has been received from J. H. M. Gray.

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions (postcards preferred), should be addressed Chess Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, W.C.2.

SELECTED GAME

Game No. 6. Recently played in the Civil Service v. Essex match, board 1.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
G. Wernick (C.S.)	E. W. Osler.	G. Wernick.	W. E. Osler.
1 P-K4	P-K3	14 BxKt	KtxKt
2 P-Q4	P-Q4	15 KtxKt	BxKt
3 Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	16 BxB	PxB
4 P-K5? (a)	KKt-Q2	17 O-O	P-QKt1 (c)
5 QKt-K2	P-QB1	18 Q-K4	R-QKt1
6 P-QB3	Kt-QB3	19 Q-B6 ch.	B-Q2
7 P-KB1	P-KKt3?	20 Q-Q6	R-Kt2
8 Kt-KB3	Kt-Kt3	21 B-B5	Q-Q1
9 B-K3! (b)	Kt-B5	22 KR-Qt	P-B4 (d)
10 B-B2	KtxKtP	23 R-Q2	K-B2
11 Q-B2	Kt-B5	24 QR-Qt	R-Kt1
12 PxP	Q-R4	25 Q-R6!	Q-B1
13 Kt (K2)-Q4	BxP	26 QxR wins (e)	

- (a) A deliberate departure from the book, because Mr. Osler is an expert on the French Defence.
- (b) Good strategy! White plans to gain the Q's and Kt's open files.
- (c) Analysis proved that 17...O-O would have been unsound.
- (d) Providing a home for a harassed King, and making way for the KR.
- (e) If QxQ; 27 RxB ch., of course.

You and your Money

By A. G. WALSH

AS most investors are more concerned with the probabilities of the future than with the realities of the past I propose to leave to others the review of the year just ended.

I prefer to submit a few salient statements as may be useful in helping you to decide what may be reasonably expected during the present year in the world of finance.

The principal problems bearing on the investment and the speculative outlook this year may be stated briefly as (1) gold movements and the bank rate; (2) political developments; (3) the industrial situation in relation to the coal problem; and (4) the general trade position.

There are, of course, several other factors of importance, which may, or may not, come into operation.

Gold and Investment Values.

DEALING first with monetary problems. To the average investor, gold and the bank rate at once suggest High Finance. But the influx and efflux of gold; a change in the bank rate; and other monetary developments affect you.

These influences are felt at once on the Stock Exchange. They determine the values of investment and other securities. And they even check or give stimulus to the volume of business.

Gold is the basis of credit. The gold held by bankers may be extended by five or six times its amount in the shape of loans or credits.

Obviously, if gold flows out of the country to any extent a contraction of credit must follow.

It is here that the bank rate machinery comes into play to preserve the credit structure. By raising the rate of interest the gold which is constantly flowing between the various gold standard countries is at once attracted here.

WHETHER this step will be taken in the near future is a matter of conjecture at the moment. Much will depend upon the gold position.

If you are interested in the subject you should follow closely the gold movements, as recorded each day in the money market reports. A rise in the bank rate means a corresponding advance in general interest rates and yields.

Naturally, prospective investors expect a slightly larger return from gilt-edged securities; hence values are readjusted to slightly lower levels. That is to say, you might witness a decline of one or two points in government securities and other active investment stocks.

But I should regard any such recession as temporary.

Trend of Investment.

BEFORE dealing with the general trade situation in relation to stocks and shares I would remind you that it is a truism that the Stock Exchange is usually inactive when trade is booming.

In other words, when industry is stagnant, the surplus capital in the country is diverted into other channels, which generally lead to the investment and speculative markets.

But it does not follow that you should not invest when markets are inactive. True, there are fewer opportunities for quick capital appreciation, but the chances are greater of investing to better advantage.

Doubtless when trade liven's up, investors who have no opportunity of putting their money directly into industry will buy the shares of concerns associated with reviving industries.

But will trade revive this year? The general trade situation depends largely upon an early solution of the coal problem. In fact, any measure that would lead to the more economical production of coal must stimulate industry in many ways.

SAFE AND SOUND.

The City Editor of BRITANNIA (Mr. A. G. Walsh) will personally reply to inquiries re investments and finance. His absolutely unbiased opinion will be given, free of charge, on the understanding that no legal or other liability is thereby incurred.

All correspondence, accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope, should be addressed to the City Editor, BRITANNIA, Inveresk House, Strand, London.

Actually, it is almost impossible to name any manufacturing industry whose fortunes in some measure are not affected by the condition of the coal industry.

Industry's Mainspring.

THIS brings me to the question of the possible revival of our depressed industries. These are the coal mining, iron and steel, and heavy engineering; possibly, also, shipbuilding, for a resumption of overseas coal exports would give a fillip to shipping and conceivably might mean orders for more vessels.

In the home market the iron and steel industry is the largest consumer of coal; but in recent years this consumption has been about 10 million tons per annum below that consumed in 1913.

What a difference an increase of 10 million tons would make to the coal industry!

Our iron and steel industry is stagnant because of the high cost of production and consequent lack of orders. Foreign countries are beating us. Last year's output of pig-iron in this country was only 71 per cent. of that of 1913.

I have not complete figures for last year, but for 1927 the output of coal was 260 million tons as against 292 million tons in 1913. Here is a decrease of 32 million tons at a time when the world's total coal production has increased.

This shrinkage of 32 million tons represents an enormous loss to the industry, to the railways, and to shipping. It represents a loss in wages and a reduction in the spending power of the community.

Coal Shares as a Lock-up.

WITH so many industries dependent upon cheaper coal, conditions cannot go on as they are. An improvement must come in time. When the first signs appear I expect to witness a demand for colliery shares.

These are not shares I should recommend for immediate dividends. Part of any future profits may be required to re-finance the concerns.

Colliery shares should only be bought purely as a speculation for possible capital appreciation when the industry gets into its stride.

Discrimination is necessary in making a selection. I should select Amalgamated Anthracites.

My reasons are three: Because of the good prices and special demand likely to prevail for anthracite coal; because the company controls fully 90 per cent. of the Welsh anthracite production; and lastly, because I feel convinced that Lord Melchett would not have formed this combine unless he had confidence in the industry's future.

Other promising coal shares are: Powell Duffryns, Carlton Mains, Bolsovers, Staveleys and Fife Coals.

And Engineering.

IN heavy engineering, the shares that appeal most to me are those of Vickers (13s. 6d.), Cammell Laird (8s. 6d.), and South Durham (35s.). Baldwins at 5s. 9d. I should regard as having speculative possibilities as a lock-up for a year or two.

And I say the same of Birmingham Small Arms (8s.) in view of the company's activities, which extend into the lighter engineering branches.

It must be stated that the specialised branches of the engineering industry have exhibited greater stability throughout the trade depression than any others.

Take, for example, Guest Keen, with its diverse interests; Babcock and Wilcox, the successful boiler makers; Vulcan Foundry, the locomotive builders; and Stewart and Lloyds, the tube manufacturers. These firms all have a prosperous future.

The electrical industry, too, has done well comparatively, although now working below capacity. But prospects are good.

Textile machinery makers, perhaps, have been the least favoured by Fortune. Lancashire trade depression and dearth of orders from abroad, where money is scarce, are among the reasons for the machinery industry's plight. At the moment I can see no signs of early improvement.

Lancashire's Troubles.

I AM not a pessimist; but, frankly, I cannot foresee much recovery in the Lancashire cotton industry this year. Those
(Continued on page 57.)

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED.

ADVANCE IN PROFITS.

CIRCULATIONS WELL
MAINTAINED.

INCREASED REVENUE FROM
ADVERTISEMENTS.

UNEMPLOYMENT PROBLEM.

MR. WILLIAM HARRISON'S
VIEWS.

The Second Annual General Meeting of Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., was held on Friday, December 21st, at Cannon Street Hotel, London, E.C.

Mr. William Harrison, L.L.B. (the chairman), presided.

The Secretary (Mr. W. C. Nisbett) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors was also read.

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I beg to submit to you the accounts for the year, with the directors' report, and, following the usual practice, I propose to take them as read. I would, however, like to deal in some detail with the accounts. If you will turn to the directors' report you will see that the profit for the year ended November 30th amounts to £268,883 18s. 3d., and adding the amount brought forward from last year of £19,575 6s. we get a total of £288,459 4s. 3d. From this sum have to be deducted £18,000 for Debenture stock interest and £4,150 for directors' fees, amounting together to £22,150, leaving a balance available for distribution, subject to income-tax, of £266,309 4s. 3d. The provision for income-tax amounts to £47,318 6s. 1d., leaving a net balance of £218,990 18s. 2d. I should just like to interpose here, as one employing or responsible for the employment of vast numbers of men in industry, to stress the point about income-tax. The sooner we get that down the better it will be for industry in this country. Dividends on the Preference shares for the year, less income-tax, absorb £100,792 16s. 2d., leaving available for distribution among the Ordinary shareholders £118,198 2s. after income-tax has been provided for.

THE DIVIDEND.

We propose this year to apply this available balance in this way: to wipe out the remainder of the preliminary expenses, amounting to £21,243 6s. 1d., and to pay a dividend for the year of 8 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, less income-tax, absorbing £89,600, so that the sum required to write off the balance of the preliminary expenses, and to meet the Ordinary dividend less tax, is £110,843 6s. 1d., leaving to be carried forward to next year £7,351 15s. 11d.

Now, it would not be amiss at this stage to compare for a moment or two the results of 1928 with those of the period presented to you last year, covering some 17 months. If you will look at last year's balance-sheet you will find that the profit for the 17 months ended November 30th, 1928, amounted to £355,940 1s. 5d., so that taking an arithmetical sum we arrive at a 12 months' figure of £251,000, or thereabouts, as the profits for 12 months last year. The profits for the year, therefore, we are now reviewing are some £17,000 up. This year, to meet the request of many shareholders, we decided as a board to bring into line our subsidiary company, the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., so far as their accounting period is concerned, and you have all had sent to you, or should have had sent to you, the directors' report and balance-sheet of that subsidiary company for the 11 months ended November 30th last. I will deal with that particular subsidiary in a moment or two. I would, however, stress this point, that the profits of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., in which we hold some 95 per cent. of both classes of shares—that is, the Preference and Ordinary—are about the same for 11 months this year as for 12 months last year, and no portion of those profits—the amount that we will get, at any rate, £62,000, being our 95 per cent.—is included in these accounts. We prefer to keep it as a nest-egg. We will get that dividend from our subsidiary to-morrow, and it amounts to this, that practically one-half of next year's Preference dividend will be in our till to-morrow morning from that subsidiary and we do not encroach upon it so far as the Ordinary dividend of 8 per cent. is concerned. (Hear, hear.)

BALANCE-SHEET FIGURES.

Now, coming back to the balance-sheet of the parent company—Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd.—it calls for little comment when compared with last year's. We find that the stocks—we are not carrying very big stocks—are approximately the same—some £14,000 or £15,000; that our debtors in the year under review are £201,000, against £229,000 last year; and that the cash at bank and in hand this year at the end of November is £135,000 approximately, as against £139,000 last year. The sundry creditors and credit balances this year are £141,859, as against £134,000 last year. The greater part—at any rate, £50,000 or £60,000—of the sundry creditors in both last year's and this year's accounts consist of income-tax.

Coming now to the Illustrated London News and Sketch, whose report you have all had, the position there is extremely satisfactory. We find, as I have already told you, that our profits for the eleven months this year are practically the same as for twelve months last year, and if you will refer to the balance sheet of that company I am sure you will agree with me that it is in a very satisfactory state indeed. The result is that, so far as the Illustrated London News and Sketch is concerned, we find ourselves in a position to increase the Preference dividend, which is a participating one—as to dividend only, I think—from 7 per cent. to 8 per cent., and the Ordinary dividend of the Illustrated London News and Sketch is increased from 29½ per cent. to 45½ per cent. this year.

THE SCOURGE OF UNEMPLOYMENT.

Speaking of the business in general, might I say this: that the circulations of all our papers have been well maintained, and, what is more important still, our advertisement revenue has increased. But to-day, ladies and gentlemen, there is one topic that I would just like to touch upon so far as this company is concerned; and it affects all companies—not only those working newspapers, but all great industrial companies—and that is the scourge of unemployment in this land. Until we get some permanent, lasting cure for this state of affairs in this country, which has lasted far too long already, we cannot look for any great improvement in the trade of the country. I have advocated on many occasions recently—I am not going to make a political speech, I can assure you—that the only way of dealing with this great problem, which is at the root of all our troubles, is for the Prime Minister of the day to set up an industrial body of those at the head of big industries and those responsible for the great unions, and to have an inquiry conducted by them outside the pale of party politics, so that these men, having evidence before them, will be able to judge and give a report to the nation of their stewardship and say what, in the interests of this land, should be done—putting politics on one side for all time so far as unemployment is concerned—to make this land the prosperous land industrially that it is entitled to be. (Hear, hear.)

PROSPERITY OF FRANCE AND GERMANY.

I wonder how many of you have read during the last three or four weeks the official report on the prosperity of France, a country with a debased currency, and even this morning in *The Times* the unparalleled prosperity at the present moment of Germany, the land of the vanquished, and yet this week, in this very City, the Prime Minister of this country is appealing to the nation to dole out charity to miners in their present tragic state. I am taking this opportunity to-day to plead with the powers that be to obliterate from the pale of party politics questions such as this. Industry should come first in this country and politics last. (Cheers.)

FUTURE OF ADVERTISING.

Dealing now with the advertising side, I would just like to say this: You are probably not aware that your company is engaged in a highly competitive business, and profitable results can only accrue to us so long as we give our readers publications of the present high quality, and so long as we are able to make what is more important, a profitable return to those advertisers who use our pages as their medium. Advertising has become a scientific business, and expenditures are planned with the greatest possible care by those skilled persons, the advertisers, and it is satisfactory to note that the revenue from advertising shows a steady increase. There is little question that the use of advertising in the future is bound to increase, and that our papers will retain the present volume of their advertising and get their fair share of the new expenditures that arise.

During the course of the year we have moved to our new premises at Inveresk House, and I feel confident that the staff which is now working under such hygienic conditions will be able to give you far better work in those surroundings than in the old buildings they used in the past. Last year I told you that we had spent during the year a considerable sum of money in developing the *Graphic*, which is a fine old paper, and I am pleased to say—and I say it to the credit of the editor, Mr. Alan Bott—that that development expenditure has already borne fruit, and I look to its bearing greater fruit in the coming year.

TRIBUTE TO MANAGING DIRECTOR, EDITORS AND STAFF.

In conclusion, may I pay my tribute to the managing director, General Campbell, and the Editors—who are also directors with us—Mr. Huskinson, Mr. Bruce Ingram, Mr. Maddick, and Mr. Stowell, the working directors—for the work which they have done during the year under review? Last, but not least, I should like to express my appreciation and thanks—and I am sure the appreciation and thanks of all of you—to the staff in general, through whose united efforts we have been able to obtain the results which are now before you in respect of the past year.

I beg to move that the directors' report and balance sheet be adopted, and will ask some shareholder to second the motion.

Mr. Pasfield seconded the motion, and, the Chairman having replied to shareholders' questions, it was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. G. J. Maddick, Mr. E. Huskinson, and Mr. H. J. Stowell) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Layton-Bennett, Chiene, and Tait, and Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co.) were reappointed.

The Chairman announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH.

IMPROVED POSITION.

HEALTHY AND SATISFACTORY
BALANCE-SHEET.

The thirtieth ordinary general meeting of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Ltd., was held on Friday, December 21, at the Cannon Street Hotel, London.

Mr. William Harrison, L.L.B. (chairman of the company) presided.

The Secretary (Mr. John D. George) having read the notice convening the meeting, and the Representative of the Auditors having read their certificate,

The Chairman said:—Ladies and gentlemen, I do not propose to detain you very long, because I have just dealt with the directors' report and the balance-sheet of your company at the meeting just ended of the Illustrated Newspapers, Ltd., the parent company. It might be as well, however, if I shortly review the work for the 11 months ended November 30 last. We are dealing here with an 11 months' account as against the 12 months' account heretofore, and we have made this change for this reason. The financial year of the controlling company, the Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, ends on November 30, and as that company holds some 91 per cent. or 95 per cent. of the total Preference share capital of the Illustrated London News and Sketch, Limited, and a similar percentage of the Ordinary share capital, we thought it a good thing that our shareholders in the Illustrated Newspapers, Limited, should be able to receive a balance-sheet of your company made up to the same date as their own, in order that they might get a true perspective of the results not only of the parent company but of the main subsidiary company during the year.

TRADING PROFIT AND DIVIDEND.

You will see from the report of the directors that the result of the 11 months' working shows a trading profit of £76,141 18s. 7d., as against £76,172 17s. 5d. for the complete period of the 12 months of last year. The profit for the 11 months of this year is, therefore, within £30 of last year's profit for a complete 12 months. This is extremely satisfactory. You have a profit, as I have said, of £76,141 18s. 7d. on the 11 months. Interest on Debenture stock takes £8,273 9s. 4d., directors' remuneration £962 10s., and there is a balance carried to the balance-sheet of £66,905 19s. 3d. With the sum of £14,515 6s. 7d. brought forward from last year, we find ourselves with a sum of £81,421 5s. 10d. to deal with, and your directors propose to deal with this sum in the following manner:—The payment of a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, as against 7 per cent. last year, on the Participating Preference shares for the 11 months ended November 30, 1928, which will absorb £27,500; the payment of a dividend at the rate of 45½ per cent. per annum, as against 29½ per cent. last year, on the Ordinary shares for the 11 months, which will absorb £39,101 11s. 3d.; and to carry forward £14,819 14s. 7d.

COMPARISON OF ACCOUNTS.

I would now like to go with you through the figures of the balance-sheet, even though you as outside shareholders are only left with an interest of about 5 per cent. in the company. The balance-sheet, I would say at once, is an extremely healthy and satisfactory one. As compared with the figures at the close of the annual accounts last year there is practically no difference to record. Stock was approximately £25,000 at the close of the 1927 account and at the close of the 1928 account. Sundry debtors we find at the close of this year's accounts amount to £78,000, as against approximately £72,000 in the previous period. Cash at bankers and in hand last year was £52,182, as against £55,935 in the accounts this year. On the debit side we find our sundry creditors and credit balances, including all provision for income-tax, amount to £47,005, as against £49,303 last year.

I think the results this year reflect the greatest possible credit on the managing director, Mr. G. J. Maddick, who has rendered such signal service to this company for nearly 40-odd years, and to our brilliant editor, Captain Bruce Ingram, and, indeed, to all the members of the staff. I think the results obtained are extremely flattering to all those responsible for this achievement.

There is one point I might mention, and it is this. We have sold—but the figures do not come into these accounts—some portion of our freehold property that we did not require for £30,000. This property stood in our books at £13,000 and this gives you a healthy indication of what is in the balance-sheet.

A TRIBUTE FROM AMERICA.

There is one further matter which I think I ought to mention to you, Mr. Maddick, and to the shareholders present. When I was in the States this year on a business trip I met many of those responsible in that great Continent of America for the production of magazines and illustrated newspapers similar to our own produced here. They were all of one opinion that the greatest scientific illustrated paper in the world was produced in London—the *Illustrated London News*. I think that great paper never stood higher from a scientific point of view in the eyes of those who read these publications than it does to-day. (Hear, hear.) I do not think there is any more that I can say, and I will therefore move that the directors' report and balance-sheet, which have been submitted, be adopted.

Mr. Kuypers seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

The retiring directors (Mr. William Harrison and Mr. Condie Sandeman) were re-elected, and the auditors (Messrs. Price, Waterhouse, and Co., and Messrs. Layton-Bennett Chiene and Tait) were reappointed.

The Chairman announced that the dividend warrants would be posted that night, and the proceedings terminated.

YOU AND YOUR MONEY (continued).

countries that once were Lancashire's best customers are now making their own cotton goods. Their markets are lost to us.

Another factor is the competition from Japan in Far Eastern markets. Again, the change of fashion from cotton and calico to artificial silk has dealt yet another blow to the industry.

They are hard-headed and capable business men in Lancashire and I know that great efforts are being made to resuscitate the spinning industry. But I would not buy textile shares just yet.

You may ask why. Because better opportunities exist in other directions.

Artificial Silk.

WHAT about artificial silk shares as an investment? Apart from Courtaulds, I prefer to wait and look on. The fact that reductions have had to be made in yarn prices suggests a poorer demand.

Since the duties on artificial silk became effective in July, 1925, fully a score of new companies have been formed in connection with the industry. Bear in mind, too, that Courtaulds and British Celanese have enlarged their productive capacity.

My view is that some of the newer companies will have a hard struggle to achieve commercial success. There is little room for the small company.

IN contrast with conditions here, I learn that the artificial silk industry in the United States is doing extremely well. Courtaulds' associated enterprise—the Viscose Company—has had a record production. The general prosperity there is due to exceptional sales of artificial silk goods.

Production of artificial yarn in the United States for 1929 is estimated at 125 million lb. Of this, 100 million lb. will be viscose silk. So far the acetate and other processes have not caught on there.

Foreign Investments.

SO much for the outlook for our heavy industries. Many investors undoubtedly have preferred to invest abroad during the industrial stagnation.

It is a good plan, where you have a considerable amount of capital to lay out, to invest abroad, particularly in undertakings under British control.

Apart from rubber, oil and mining propositions, the most popular investments, because of their comparative dividend stability, have been in railways. No railway—or other enterprise for that matter—progresses in a perpendicular line without reactions. And railways have their lean years. But the far-seeing and shrewd investor, who studies the weekly traffic returns, generally knows when to sell out.

THIS year promises to be one of great prosperity for the big Argentine lines, which are British-owned. These stocks, in my opinion, offer the greatest degree of safety among foreign rails.

The snag (if it be one) is the dividend. The chief Argentine companies are paying 7 and 8 per cent. on their ordinary stocks.

To pay more, and the increasing revenues would justify such a course, might reopen the local agitation for lower tariffs for the public and more pay for the employees.

Still, these prosperous years enable the companies to build up large reserves, which one day may prove beneficial to the shareholders.

Among the smaller lines I should select as a speculation for 1929, the stocks of the Cordoba Central. I would split up the money between the debentures at 79½, the 5 p.c. preference at 62, and the ordinary stock. By so doing a good return is obtained coupled with a prospect of capital appreciation.

Home Railway Plans.

ON several occasions recently I have expressed the view that the British railways have seen the worst of their troubles, and that 1929 should witness a slow but sure improvement in their fortunes.

During the past year widespread economies were instituted. For this year ambitious plans are in preparation to win back lost traffics.

I learn that the railways are to become one vast transport system (road, rail and water) and thoroughly modernised. By rapidity and efficiency it is hoped to counteract all forms of competition.

Let me repeat my former advice that no holder of Home railway stocks should sell now. Keep them and you will regain, part at least, of your lost capital.

To those of you who do not mind speculating without any thought of a return for a year or so, let me recommend L. and N.E. Railway preferred ordinary stock around 24 and the deferred ordinary around 11. You ought to have a fine profit by next Christmas.



Now the music lover can listen to a radio symphony concert without fear of cold shivers; for the *New Amplion Speaker* not only reproduces the high notes with liquid purity—it deals equally faithfully with the deepest bass. Every note throughout the scale is re-created exactly as it is played; nothing is missed; nothing is over-emphasized. Only the *New Amplion* with its hair-breadth accuracy of adjustment, repeats authentically every performance it receives.

In handsome cabinets of Oak or Mahogany, £9 10s. to £42. Chassis only £6 and £8. Standard and Junior Amplion Speakers 35/- to £5. Catalogue from Graham Amplion Ltd., 25/26, Savile Row, London, W.1. WORKS: SLOUGH. Manchester: 10, Whitworth Street, West. Glasgow: 6/8 West George Street.

AMPLION

BRINGS IN THE BASS NOTES



THE SPACE-DEVOURING CAR

By the HON. VICTOR AND MRS. BRUCE

FEW of us who make habitual use of the motor car for business as well as pleasure stop to think of the wonderful service which the vehicle gives us. It has changed all our ideas of distance, and rendered easy the impossibilities of a few generations ago. Journeys across London which once involved the better part of the day are now accomplished in an hour or less, in spite of traffic conditions, while the seaside is brought almost to our front doorsteps!

These reflections are due immediately to the fact that we—the authors of these notes—are to start on a journey which is striking tribute to the space-devouring qualities of the motor car. We are leaving London in about a week on the first, though unofficial, stage of the Monte Carlo Rally. Having chosen Riga, in Latvia, as our official starting-point, it is necessary to convey the car and ourselves to that Baltic port. Since the road is the car's natural element, we are driving to the starting-point, and the trip will necessarily be fairly rapid, from the ordinary motoring point of view. But it is when the actual Rally starts that the car is called upon to work miracles—or what would have been miracles not so very long ago.

In the course of the nineteen hundred miles' journey, which has to be performed in three days and nights of continuous travelling, we shall cross eight different countries, visiting the capitals of six of them. The countries are Latvia, Lithuania, Poland, Danzig, Germany, Belgium, France, and Monaco—and perhaps we may be forgiven for claiming the tiny States of Danzig and Monaco as "countries," because they are, of course, technically separate from Germany and France respectively.

The Unknown Quantity.

From the start at Riga to the finish in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo, an average of twenty-five miles an hour has to be maintained, the only allowance in respect of stops that is made being a total of five and a half hours in respect of the various frontiers that must be crossed. As these number fourteen, it is obvious that the allowance is little enough, and that any difficulty encountered, such as arrival at a *douane* after closing time, would seriously imperil the possibility of running to schedule. For the most part the frontier officials of Europe are used to motorists, and the formalities are completed with praiseworthy celerity.

Poland, however, is the unknown "x" of the equation; and of course, the principal difficulty is that of timing one's arrival at all of the frontier posts during working hours. Every hour wasted, either in stops for rest or food, or in hunting up missing *douaniers*, means an hour to be picked up on the road, and as twenty-five miles an hour is already a fairly high average to be maintained day and night for nearly two thousand miles, ability to get through in time is almost as much a matter of luck as of judgment.

However, our luck in four previous Monte Carlo Rallies has held, so there is no reason to suppose that we shall be prevented from completing the run this time. In any case, it will be our endeavour to keep readers

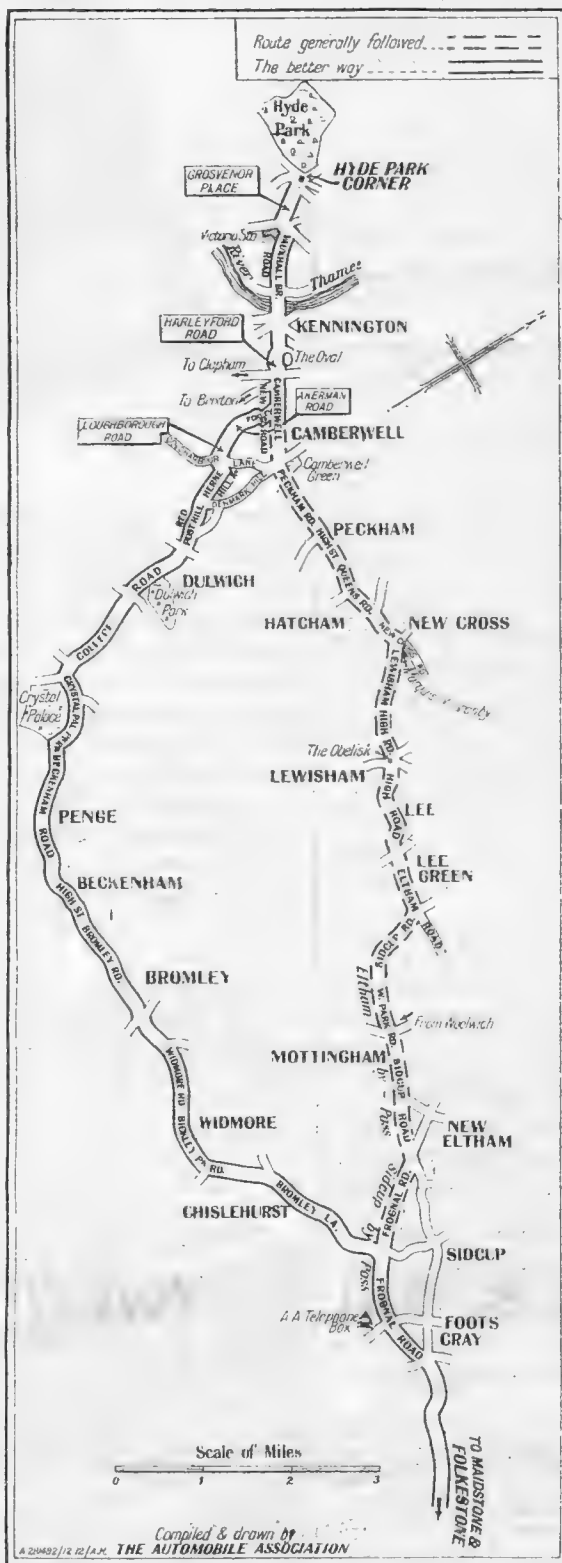
LIGHTING-UP TIMES: JANUARY 4th

London ...	...	...	...	4.37
Manchester ...	...	...	...	4.36
Glasgow ...	...	...	...	4.30
Plymouth ...	...	...	...	4.59

of BRITANNIA posted as to incidents on the route, and as to the final placings of the competitors. These include parties from all over Europe, with a notably large British contingent, starting from John o' Groats.

The Better Way.

THIS week's Better Way route takes the motorist out on to the Folkestone



THE BETTER WAY.

Road by ways which avoid most of the tram-lines of South London. A slight detour is involved, but so far as time is concerned, the longer way is probably the quicker, as it is the easier.

Without a map, the way is a little complicated for the stranger to find, but a close study of the plan reproduced here will serve to fix the various turning-points in the mind of the motorist, who will have no difficulty in remembering the route on his next south-eastern journey.

Trying Out the 16-50 H.P. Humber.

Engine ... Six cylinder, 65 m.m. bore and 106 m.m. stroke; 2,110 c.c.; overhead inlet valves, side exhaust.

Tax ... £16.
Gearbox ... Four speeds, central change.
Clutch ... Disc.
Brakes ... Four wheel, mechanical servo.

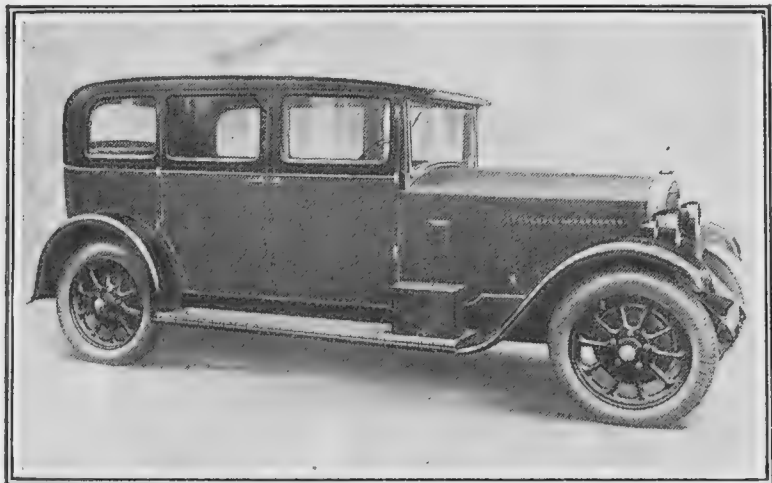
Cooling ... Pump and fan.
Springs ... Half elliptic all round.
Price ... Chassis, £340; saloon, £497.

THE name of Humber is almost synonymous with the qualities of reliability and refinement, and one would be vastly disappointed to discover that a modern example of the make fell short in any respect of the high standard which has been established in the course of years. As a matter of fact, however, the latest 16-50 h.p. six-cylinder model is probably one of the best cars that the firm has ever turned out, for its reserve of power and acceleration capabilities on top speed lead one to doubt whether it is possible that the right engine can be beneath the bonnet!

The cylinder capacity is so little greater than that of the average "two-litre" car that its performance is really remarkable. It is to all intents and purposes a top speed car, for it will pick up steadily (except, in the particular model tested, for a rather bad flat spot in the carburation) from an absolute crawl with such rapidity that even the most impatient and sporting of drivers is scarcely even tempted to drop into third gear. All the controls are light and easy, the steering being of the modern low geared variety, which has the virtue of being practically immune from road shock.

Braking is encouragingly positive and smooth, with the one disadvantage, that in coming to a complete standstill the car is apt to rock somewhat after the wheels have come to rest. Gear changing is simple, a long central lever being conveniently placed at the driver's hand, while the driving position is relatively upright and comfortable, with an excellent view of the front wings.

In spite of the fact that the taxation rating is only £16, the 16-50 h.p. Humber is distinctly a big car, the body on the test model being an unusually ample five-seater saloon, coach finished, of dignified lines and proportions, and upholstered and equipped in the highest quality material. This is the more remarkable in view of the fact that whereas the Humber has never been a notably cheap car, this new model is priced at less than £500, which is strikingly moderate having regard to the car's outstanding capabilities.



16-50 H.P. Humber.

Traffic in Knots.

TRAFFIC congestion reached its zenith during the pre-Christmas period; but it remained for the extraordinary Bloomsbury gas explosion to show what London really can do in the way of tying itself into knots! The main thoroughfares for miles around the actual scene of the explosion were utterly impossible and impassable, and it was necessary to make a detour almost up to the Marylebone Road or down to the Embankment in order to circumnavigate the phenomenal traffic block.

And what was the principal cause of the congestion, the most obtrusive item in the miscellaneous collection of stationary vehicles? Why, the poor man's motor, the ubiquitous and 50 per cent. superfluous motor bus!

The streets mostly affected—Hart Street, New Oxford Street, Tottenham Court Road, Charing Cross Road, and so on—were packed from kerb to kerb with buses, so that it would have been possible without much gymnastic skill to walk along their roofs; and only one vehicle here and there was more than half full.

This was an abnormal occasion, of course, and many reasons might be advanced to account for the emptiness of the buses; but it served to emphasise very forcibly the fact that these vehicles are the principal cause of London's growing traffic problem. If it could be proved that the number in service is necessary for the transport of the millions of Londoners who use them, one would have little to say. But there can be no doubt that except at the rush hours of morning and evening, there are far more buses than are really required on the streets. The question has been raised and seriously considered before, in connection with the traffic problem, and a settlement presumed to be satisfactory at the time was reached—if memory serves, the agreement was that the number of buses then in service should not be increased.

Whether this recollection is accurate or not, it must be painfully obvious that reconsideration, in view of the changed conditions, is essential. From a casual observation it would appear that the average takings of these half-empty vehicles cannot cover the cost of running; but, however that may be, the position in London is becoming so serious that the motor omnibus question demands immediate revision.



Half-empty motor buses in Piccadilly Circus

FOR VALUE AND PERFORMANCE

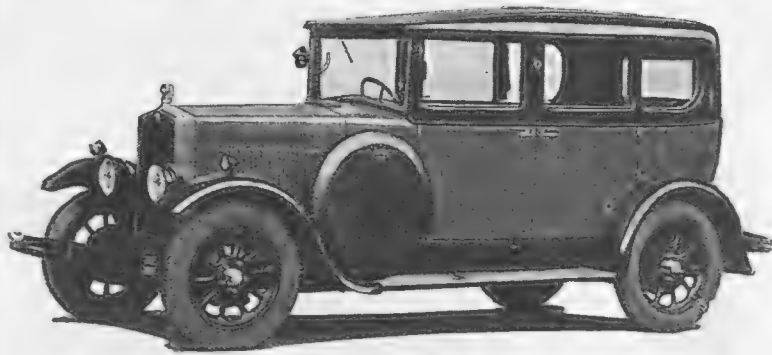
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And whether running with full or a light load, the driver of a Morris Six always has at his command an effortless flow of willing power, brakes that check and hold, beautiful springing and a sense of response from the whole car that makes motoring truly worth while.

Sixty miles an hour (easily); over twenty miles to the gallon (definitely); every desirable accessory as standard; choice of five coachwork colours (duotone cellulose); the finest Service backing obtainable (ubiquitous); and the price is £365, or if Triplex is desired, £377 10s. Arrange a trial run to-day. Only Morris could give such value.

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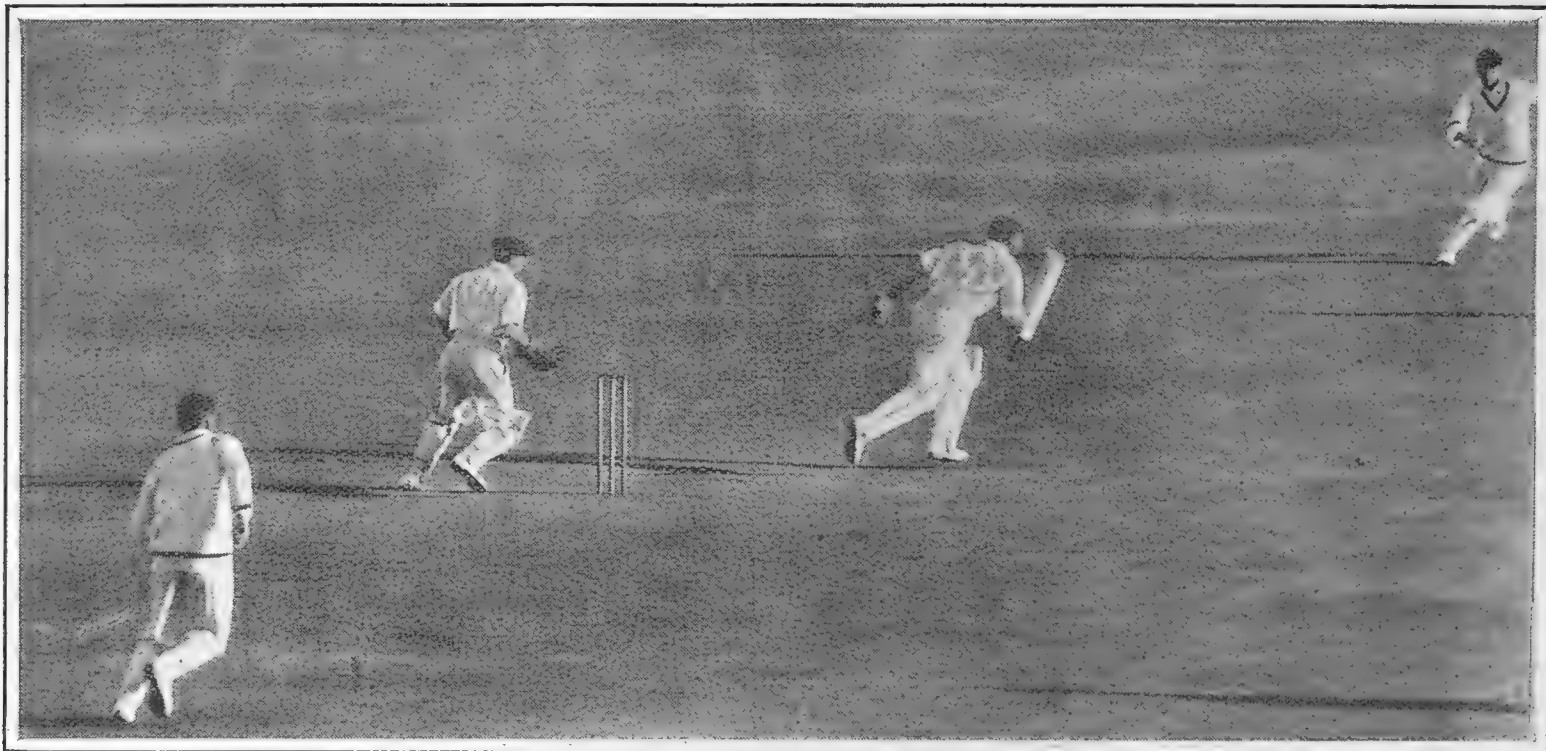
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BUY BRITISH AND BE PROUD OF IT





England v. an Australian XI. at Sydney. Jack Hobbs makes the winning hit with a pat to cover off R. H. Bettington.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

By "ARBITER"

THE *FIELD* seems to be a little perturbed at the incursion into the field of journalism of famous cricketers of other days. With the rather stiff hurdle to surmount that a goodly proportion of its own sporting staff have no inconsiderable records on the field of play, it proceeds to draw the fine distinction that the pukka amateur cricket journalists are "educated men," the inference being, I suppose, that our Woolleys, Armstrongs, Hills and Macartneys have no right of admission to the charmed circle because they were not at Eton, Winchester or Harrow.

As a matter of fact, Clem Hill and Macartney are products of two of the most

famous public schools in Australia. Their illuminating commentaries, as well as those of Frank Woolley, on the Test Matches in Australia have exactly the same justification for finding their way into the pages of leading English and Australian newspapers as the brilliant articles on lawn tennis of Cochet, Lacoste and Tilden, so admirably defended by *The Field's* own lawn tennis critic, Mr. Wallis Myers—they are experts.

With certain of the strictures, however, passed by *The Field* on the distinguished writers who are apparently anathema to it, one is inclined to agree. Every line that is written in criticism of Armstrong's super-fault-finding with Chapman (who got an

Australian side out for 66, yet is criticised because he began with the wrong bowler!) is justified, and one may add that Armstrong has added little to his reputation by his attacks on Larwood.

Armstrong and Larwood.

In the *Evening News* Armstrong went so far as to accuse Larwood of "bowling deliberately at the batsman," and added: "If he continues these tactics, the spectators might think there were more sporting ways of getting results, and it would be a pity if a player like Larwood ran the risk of unpopularity when he has the talent to send the ball up differently."

The only comment to make on such a charge as this is that Larwood does not need any defence, as those who know him are well aware. How criticisms like these would have amused Ranjitsinhji and Victor Trumper, who used to stand up to the fastest deliveries of Tom Richardson, Ernest Jones and Walter Brearley, and flick their fastest leg stuff "off their eyebrows" without a tremor!

The Australian selectors, as one expected, have been quite unmoved by the unsolicited advice pressed on them by writers both here and in Australia radically to alter the side for the third Test Match. Thus they have turned a deaf ear to Armstrong, who advocated the exclusion of Grimmett and the inclusion of Ebeling. And they have not abdicated in favour of Gilligan, when it came to choosing the captain, but have, as most people expected they would, stuck to Ryder as Australia's leader. Ryder made his English critics look rather silly by another great innings "against the collar," this time at Melbourne. Nor have the selectors listened to the clamour for the inclusion of Bettington, whose methods are too well-known to Hammond, Hobbs and Sutcliffe, who have so often taken toll of him on English wickets in the county championship.



D. R. Jardine is bowled by R. H. Bettington at Sydney.

THE M.C.C. ARE VICTORIOUS DOWN UNDER



O'ldfield fails to turn Tate to leg in the M.C.C.'s match v. an Australian XI.

Macaulay is noted for the number of appeals he makes when bowling, but he met his master, Chapman said, when Bill Reeves, the old Essex professional, was umpiring. Macaulay had made his usual number of appeals until at last Reeves became tired of them.

"Not out, doctor!" he exclaimed, when Macaulay shouted "How's that?"

"What the — do you mean by calling me doctor?" demanded the irate Yorkshireman.

"Well, you see," calmly responded Reeves, "there's only one man in England who makes more appeals than you, and that's Dr. Barnardo!"

And the game went on.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

By "PENDARVES"

LAST Monday's International, France v. Ireland, in France, the first International of the season, awakens vivid memories of French Rugby crowds in my

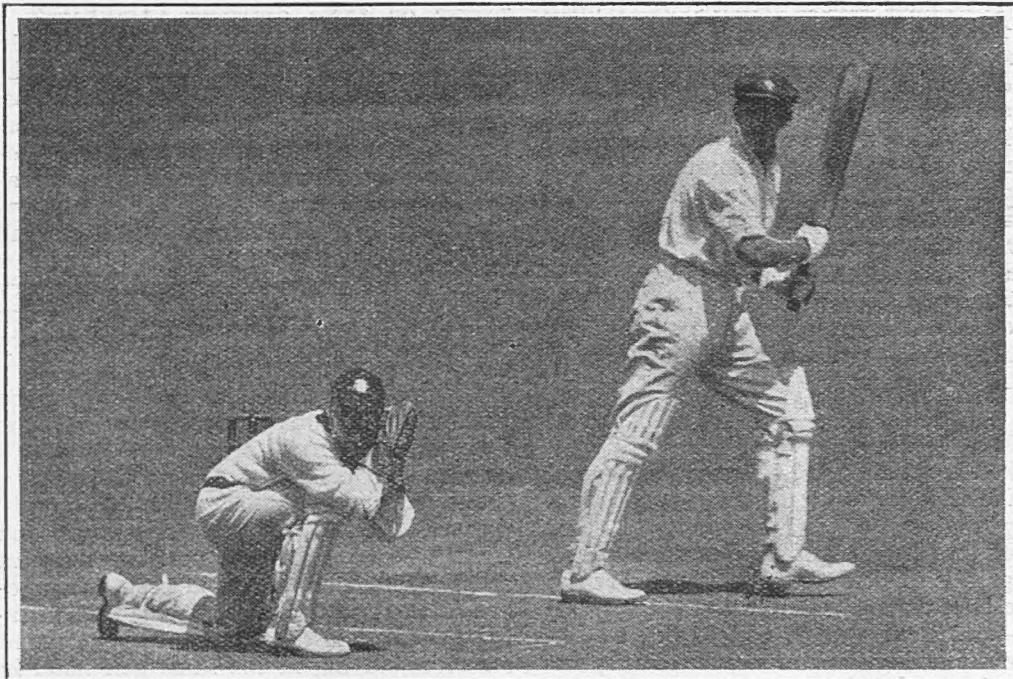
Killing Cricket.

Melbourne cricket crowds, after breaking their own 1925 record by turning up over 60,000 strong on two successive days, proved that there is a limit even to their tolerance of funereal play by preferring the races and the beaches on New Year's Day; 168 runs for a full day's cricket. What a travesty!

Kippax and Ryder might well have been forgiven if they had taken their time at the crisis on the first day; but they scored 161 runs in 162 minutes—a fact which proves that they were not overwhelmed by the occasion, and treated the bowling on its merits.

But what earthly justification was there for the funereal proceedings of the remaining Australian batsmen, and of Sutcliffe and Hammond, on the second day?

Warren Bardsley's faith in Ryder has been magnificently justified. Ryder rather has the laugh on Armstrong who persistently overlooked him in the Tests here in 1921. Kippax too has proved what a tragedy it was for Australian cricket that he was passed over for the English tour in 1926. Every lover of cricket will rejoice that Kippax has at last come into his own. He will surely be one of the great attractions in the Test Matches here eighteen months hence.



Dr. Nothing in luck. A snick off Geary avoids wicket-keeper and goes to the boundary in the dress rehearsal for the Test Matches at Sydney.

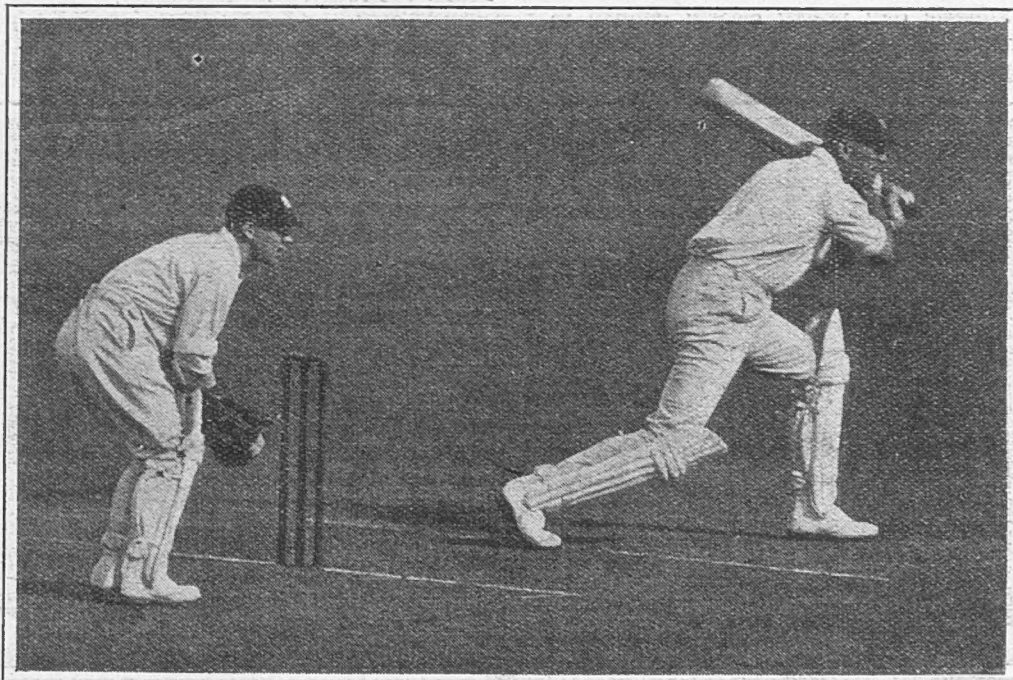
The Baiting of Duckworth.

One is glad to see the protest of Australia's leading newspaper, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, at the scandalous baiting of Duckworth by the barrackers.

The *Herald* describes it as "one of the most disgraceful episodes in the history of Australian cricket." All Australians (including the writer) will re-echo the *Herald's* straight-from-the-shoulder hitting at this ugly blot on Australia's good name. There has been altogether too much of this sort of thing lately.

The Week's Good Story.

When the N.S.W. Cricket Association entertained the M.C.C. side at Sydney, Chapman told a new story of Macaulay, the Yorkshire bowler, which may perhaps throw some light on the reason why this cricketer has been so persistently passed over by the M.C.C. for its tours in Australia.



Dr. R. H. Be'lington, playing for an Australian XI., lets out at Geary.



The Racing Club de France beat Blackheath at the Rectory Field, Blackheath, by 14 points to 12. Our photograph shows some of the muddy but happy visitors at half-time.

mind. On no account should any Britisher miss an International match on French soil if ever he finds himself in that country when one is being played.

It is the most exciting pastime for spectators I know of. They assemble in enormous crowds from all over the country. They are all deadly keen on the result—much more so than we are—and most of them have only a very rudimentary knowledge of the laws and finesse of the game. And they voice their views. Gosh! how they voice them. Their hostility is directed chiefly towards the wretched referee, whose body is sometimes in definite danger after the “no-side” whistle—and is not always left immune, as we all remember.

Temperament, Feeling and Keeness.

The French must not, however, be thought ill of for this curious trait in their characters. They mean awfully well by the game. But you know how dreadfully excited we of phlegmatic British temperament become sometimes during hectic games, and how we yell—and curse. Well, add to this tenfold by remembering the volcanic Latin temperament, ignorance of the rules, and tremendous partisan feeling, coupled with ambition to excel at *le sport*, and you will have the composition of the average French spectator on a *Nationale* day pretty clearly defined in your mind.

A Rugby Man on Golf.

I always feel infernally sorry for the referee on these occasions. He hasn't a dog's hope of impartiality from the stands. Not that this matters two sous to a man like Barry Cumberlege, who refereed this Franco-Irish game last Monday. Of all the players and referees I have ever met Barry is *par excellence* the man to handle ugly situations with complete composure. After all, was he not one of England's most illustrious full backs? A great strapping brute of a fellow (I use the word in a complimentary sense!) who would tackle any two men at once, going hard, if he could, and thoroughly enjoy it.

I remember seeing him ten days after the Welsh match in 1921, when he had to fight most of the Welsh forwards in England's defence by himself, generally three at a time. The whole of one side of his body was still black and blue. But he had loved that game, he said! He used to take man and ball, head on, and hold both in a vice-like grip. You felt this for some time afterwards! And last summer when we found ourselves staying in the same golf hotel in Scotland, he, having sprained a knee while climbing out of a bunker, had the audacity to tell me that he found the game of golf “rather too rough” for his liking!

Defeated by Temperament.

One of the most pleasing aspects of modern Rugby football to my mind, is the quite meteoric rise to greatness of the French “class” players. No longer can any of the countries old at the game view the French match with anything but a deadly seriousness. Scotland particularly!—you never know what may happen to you. And when one reflects that it was not until the season of 1909–10 that France came into the International Championships, playing each of the four countries that year for the first time, the greatest possible credit is due to her sporting spirit.

Of her skill at the game there has never been any question. Over and over again would she have won International games, and won easily, if her temperament had not defeated her in the last few yards from the goal line. We have seen French sides get clean away—four or five men up with the ball and only the opposing full back to beat—and then a ghastly fumble, due to over-excitement. But you see that less and less to-day. When you cease to see it altogether you will see French victories—and several in succession, and on our grounds.

Clashing Dates.

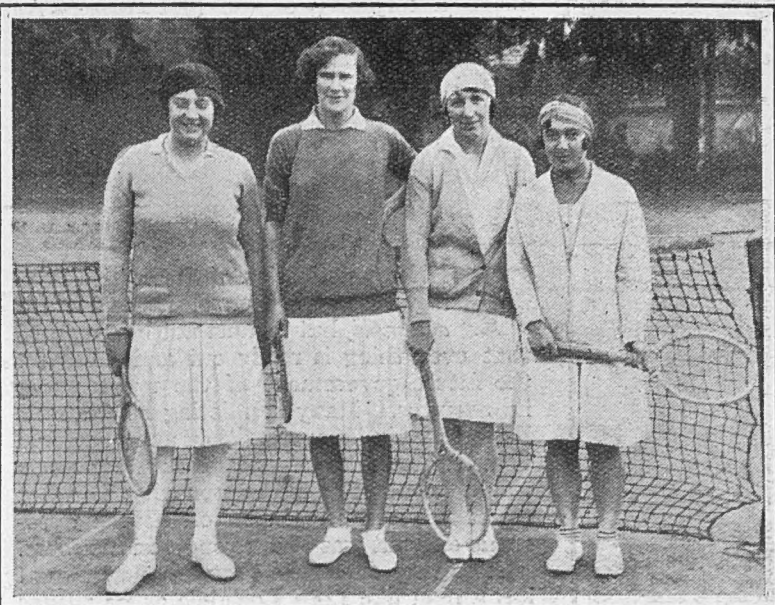
It is a great pity, but unavoidable, that two International matches have to be played on the same day. So many of us want to be in both places simultaneously. However, there it is; and Scotland plays France in Edinburgh on the day that England meets Wales at Twickenham, on January 19th. To-morrow, the 5th, both England and Scotland will decide by a Final Trial on their respective sides for their first International. We have already commented in these pages on the likely composition of the ultimate English-side, and our hopes and fears will be, no doubt, confirmed by the Selection Committee next Monday, as usual.

Not by any means so certain, however, can one be about the composition of the Scottish side against France. The selection of the “Scotland” XV *versus* “The Rest,” on the 5th, gives you cause for questions (and the usual layman's criticism!). Most curious—unless he is crooked—is the dropping of the fly-half, Waddell from either side. When I saw him with his old partner, Nelson, in Scotland recently, I saw all the old brilliance of this splendid pair; and yet he has gone.

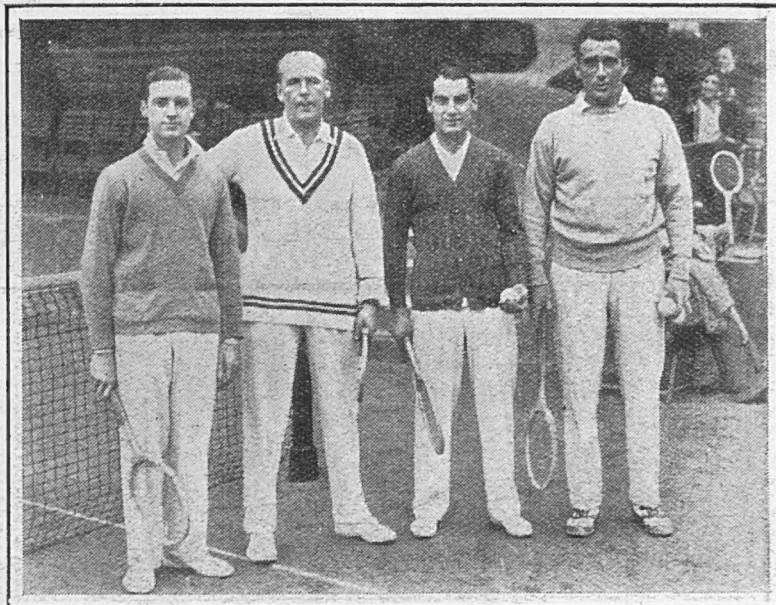
Nor can I understand why they still harp on G. P. S. Macpherson in the three-quarter line, whose lack of defensive qualities is



The old rivals, Blackheath and Richmond, were in opposition for the 98th time last Saturday. The “Club” won somewhat unexpectedly by 16 points to Richmond's 5.



The Finalists in the Ladies' Doubles: Left to right, Miss Boyd and Mrs. Satterthwaite; Miss Thompson and Mlle. Weizers.



The Men's Doubles Finalists: Left to right, F. R. Seixell and C. A. Magrane; C. F. A. Aeschliman and G. de Stefani. The latter pair won.

THE INTERNATIONAL LAWN TENNIS SEASON OPENS AT CANNES.

more woeful this season than it ever was. Nor why they have relegated David McMyn to the Rest side? Nevertheless, from the 30 men playing in this Final Trial, it is abundantly clear that Scotland's side this year should be as good as usual—which gives all Rugger playing Englishmen furiously to think.

LAWN TENNIS

By F. GORDON LOWE

AT the beginning of a new year it may be well to consider one or two things which may benefit players during the coming season. This, by the way, will be here very shortly now. English tournaments, starting off at Hampstead on March 15th, will be continuous right through the season into the middle of November.

Help for Young Players?

The first thing for every player, young or old, to remember, is that he must work out his own salvation at the game. Once he is on court facing his opponent with the umpire up, no one can help him but himself. A fairly general complaint amongst young players of both sexes to-day, one hears it all round, is, "Why can't we have more done for us?"

What is really meant by this is difficult to understand, unless it be that everyone nowadays thinks they ought to have free tournaments, free coaching, and their expenses. If young players are obviously keen to improve I do not see why they should not be helped financially to partake in a round of tournaments before the Championships, as is done sometimes in America. Our amateur rules, however, say that no one, unless they are officially representing their country, county, or club, can receive their expenses. So there the matter has to end.

Great Opportunities.

Some who are especially inclined to grouse will blame everyone, including the L.T.A., except themselves for their failures to make good. As a matter of fact, there never was a time in the history of English lawn tennis when more was done for the young player. There are tournaments galore, junior and senior championships and international matches of every description in which the young player has his or her chance to make

good. Before the war there was not nearly so much going on or a quarter of the publicity given to the game. The competition to-day is enormous, but the player with merit and determination must come to the front in the end.

A Lack of Liaison.

The Lawn Tennis Association are by no means perfect, and in the past have been severely criticised on more than one occasion. They have been too inclined to hem in the game with hide-bound regulations and have neglected the development of the playing side. Now a new régime under the presidency of Lord D'Abernon has set in, and fresh legislation, as far as it affects the amateur rule, has been dropped for the time being. The plank in the forefront of the battle is now for a higher standard of play.

One of the chief troubles in the past has been a not ceable lack of liaison between the councillors and the players; the gulf at times has been wide. The selectors, for

instance, whenever they used to put in an appearance at the trials, would by their very aloofness only have the effect of upsetting those taking part. This sort of spirit does not breed confidence. It is, however, much better than it was.

Physical Fitness.

I firmly believe that our young players, and old ones for that matter, could improve their lawn tennis a hundredfold by a closer attention to physical training. Hardly any man in this country really trains for the game as he should. The example of Tony Wilding should always be remembered. He was probably the fittest champion who ever stepped on to a court, and his wonderful training was chiefly responsible for the high position he held in the game. It was only because the late Colonel Mayes was so supremely fit that he could hold his own in the late 'forties against any opponent in the world.

A well trained man does not suffer from nerves, that bugbear of some players. From every point of view he is in a sounder condition to face the ordeal of a match. Morning exercises are invaluable to training and attention should be paid to diet. Even before Davis Cup matches, and directly they are finished, some of our players can be seen lighting up cigarette after cigarette. Do you see Tilden and the Frenchmen smoking before their important matches? Certainly not!

Late Hours.

Late hours are common during tournament weeks, and very often are kept on the eve of a final. This sort of thing clearly does not improve a man's chances, or his stamina. No one, of course, can be expected to make a fetish of training, but more care can and should be taken by those who have a chance of going far. Particular attention should be paid to detail, as Lacoste does. Higgs, for instance, at the last Wimbledon, mistaking the time, turned up at two p.m. instead of one p.m. for his match against Hopman on the first day. He was consequently flustered and unable to do himself justice when it came to playing.

It's the "I'm as good as you" kind of feeling which must be cultivated when up against the leading players of the world. It is gradually coming, and British tours like the present one will help it on. It has, however, not quite arrived yet. The mistake



Two promising junior players. Miss Heely (left) and Miss Susan Noel.



Senorita Lili d'Alvarez, the famous tennis star, enjoys a ski-ing tour at St. Moritz.

of becoming "over-played" must be avoided at all cost. This is really a worse state than not having played enough. It is always better to start a big championship with your reserves unused.

Selfish Lawn Tennis.

Tournaments admittedly are the most selfish form of lawn tennis. It is then everyone for himself, yet none will deny that tournaments are indulged in to excess by almost every well-known English player. The congestion at English meetings to-day and the number of easy rounds for the better players which the system provides does not help to improve the standard of play in this country.

The Frenchmen, on the other hand, seldom take part in a match or practice game in which they are not thoroughly keyed up.

More hard games, therefore, and fewer tournaments would be a good motto to follow for those wishing to do themselves greater justice during the coming season. Continuous tournaments tend to produce an ultra-defensive game, while hard non-competitive matches must have the opposite effect.

Ordinary stroke practice with a kindred spirit and a dozen balls makes an excellent way of polishing up one's game. Double play should be carefully watched. If only an experienced player would pair up with a junior more often, the latter would be helped on enormously. Take the example of how Austin came on after his partnerships with Lycett. In the same manner Cochet has improved the play of both Boussus and De Buzolet.

It is really selfish for the two best players of a small tournament to pair up and thus

make a certainty of the first prize. An unruffled temperament and perfect court manners are very important assets in big lawn tennis, or in any form of the game for that matter.

BOXING:

BY "BREAK AWAY"

THE reconstitution of the British Boxing Board of Control is now a *fait accompli*, but it must not be supposed that everything is ready cut and dried for the future government of the sport under its auspices. Many conflicting interests lie hidden within its composition, and a personal view is that its chance of future success would be all the more promising if what might without offence be called the autocratic element was still stronger in numbers.

It is very fortunate that the new Board has a man like Lord Lonsdale as its titular head. His personality has been stamped on many kinds of sport, but the noble patron of the noble art confesses to a very special interest in boxing. At the now historic Australia House meeting where the Board, after much labour, was reborn to, let us hope, a more effective existence of control, Lord Lonsdale informed his hearers that he was specially ambitious before he died of seeing the boxing game put on a recognised basis.

He also visioned a future in which England would give the same lead to the rest of the world in the government of the game as it had done years ago in

providing the best principles of its "sweet science."

As I have indicated, the composition of the Board, outside the president, two vice-presidents and six stewards, who, having no financial interest in boxing, may be said to represent a sort of Jockey Club appeal court, has many opposing parties. Promoters do not look with a kindly eye on managers. The latter are not regarded as the happy medium between the just demands of the modern boxer for his pound of flesh in the shape of a decent emolument for his fighting, and the strictly business point of view of the man who stages the show and hopes from the strenuous traffic of the ring to gain a more or less deserved dividend. Managers and boxers are joined together in legal control, but they, too, are often sharply divided in opinion as to what constitutes equity.



Ski-ing and Skating lessons are now compulsory in Switzerland during the winter months. It is evident that these lessons are being enjoyed by this jolly party on the Kurverein Rink at St. Moritz.